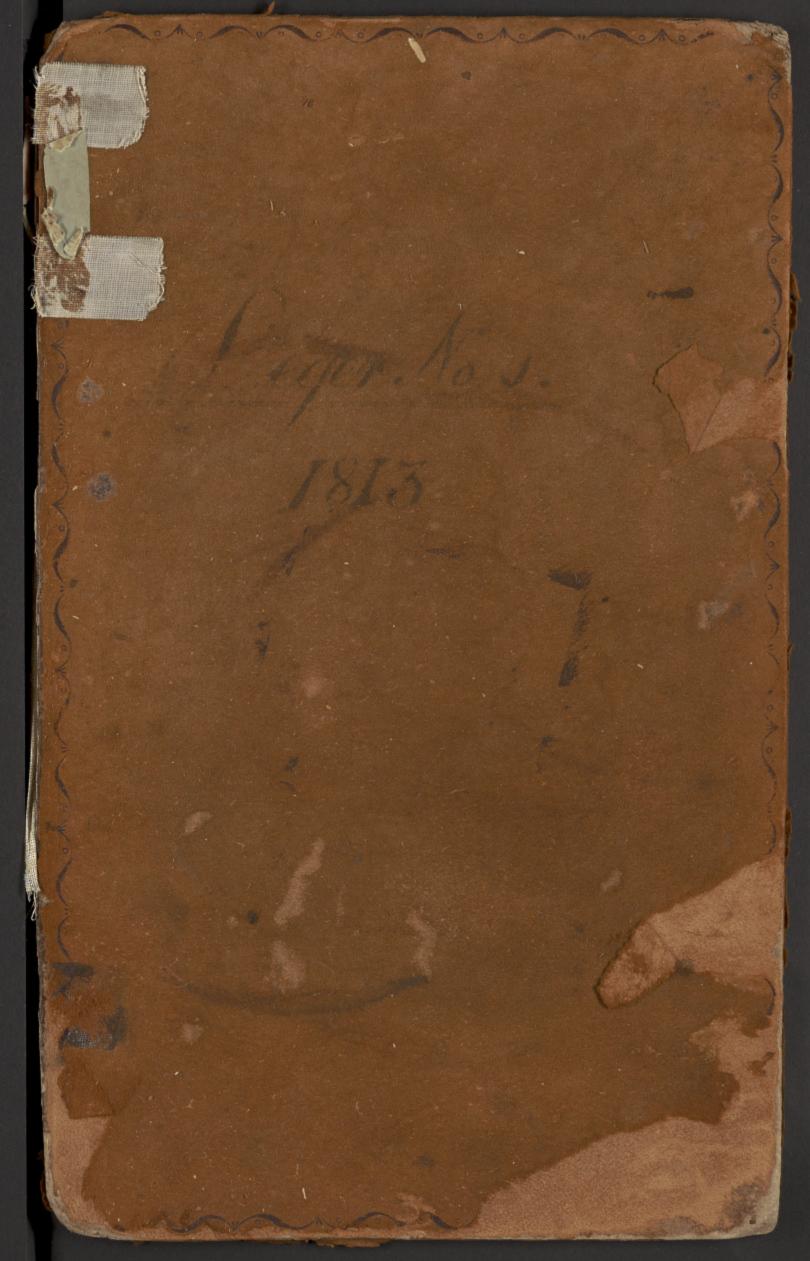
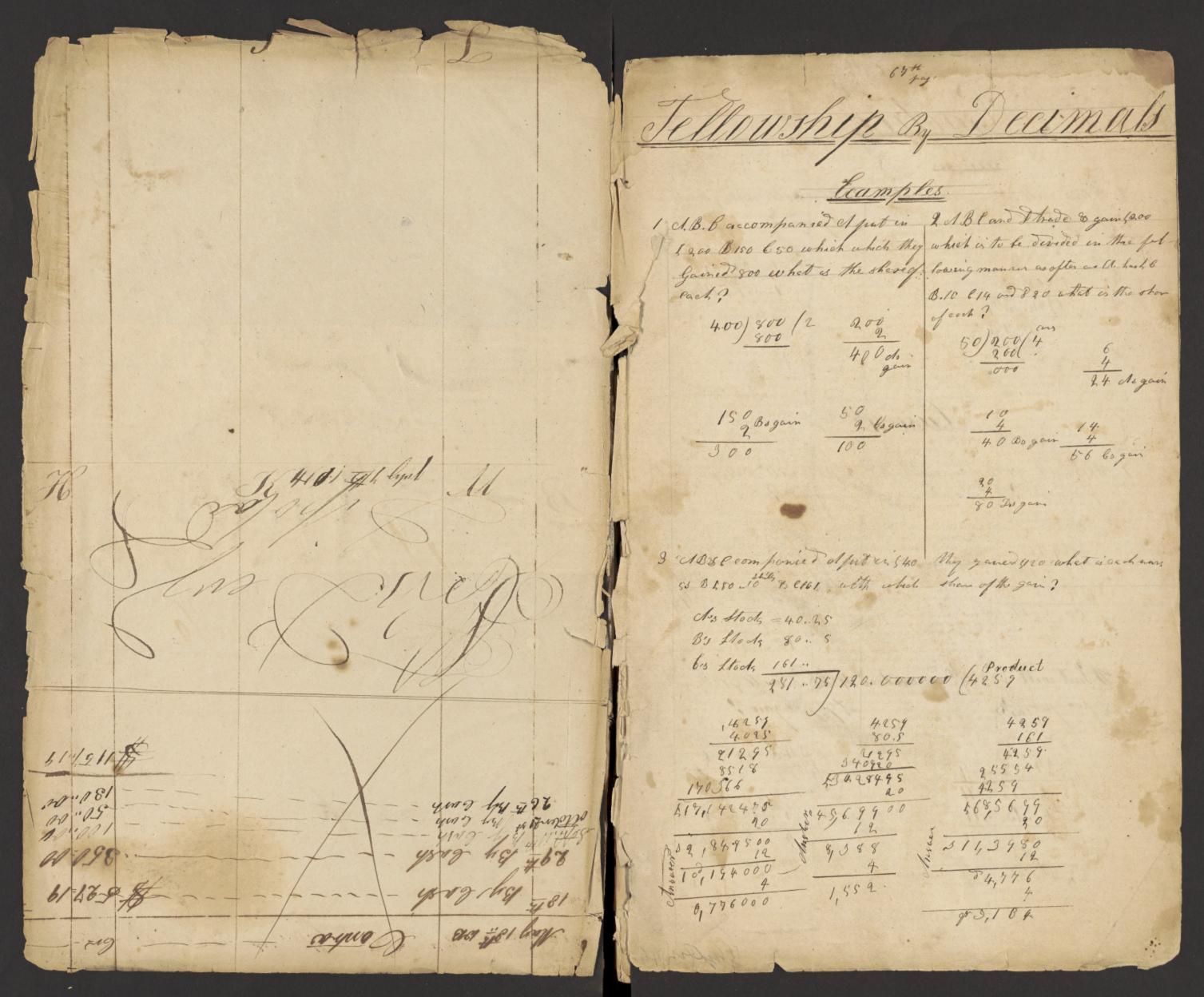
MRS. FREDERICK W. MORRIS 71 EAST 92ND STREET NEW YORK CITY # 460. Thoream Ino Scrap books Conlawy minerous news clippings, Poetry and Bree, Much of it relating to Slaney. 2 Vals. falis. Old undressed Calf. On one of the Valo, is mouthed Began March 1844. H. L. Thoreau, Control. Mass". These Clippings Comprise Ruthshed metrugo of Whittier Longfullow, Mrs. Branning, Lennyson + others I am sorry that I did not Im a Catalogue to sent for, but Capier The from my vale Cat. I told Im.

today the name of the underbidder and he said that he mmed See What Coned to dom. Mr. mitches for to be lest at The Galleries at the Time dan my sorry that for time Tran ill and take that from Melony mie to kermadant. Levey Rylism morro may, 15th (1922.







FOR THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER. REVIEW CONCLUDED.

Mother Goose's Quarto; or Melodies Complete. Some of which have been recently discovered among the Manuscripts in Herculaneam, and others diligently compared with the emendations of the most approved annotators; illustrated with copious engravings. London, 1832,

In a former number of this Journal, we took ceasion, in speaking of the new edition of Moth-c Goose's Melodies, to mention some of the plaarisms committed upon her writings by the salest geniuses of ancient and modern times .-We fixed, as we flatter ourselves, the precise peod in which she flourished, and set the question t rest forever. Our task now assumes a more deasant and agreeable character; for our numer-us readers may be assured that it is no small pleaare for as reviewers to hold up to admiration the eanties of our classics at a time when the press ems with works that call for our severest aniidversion. We shall now proceed to point out me of the exquisite beauties contained in the ork, the title of which we have placed at the

We need not inform the lovers of Goose that tance in a very natural manner, while speakamstance in a very nation manner, who have been upposed that we consider this brevity as a fault; "The cat's run away with the pudding bag string!" to means; it is one of her chief beauties, and have are nothing more or less than short minrepared to prove that they are according to ent-

According to Aristotle, the first thing to be conhich it refers is more or less so. The three eat qualifications of an action are, first, that it ould be one action; second, that it should be an stire action; and third, that it should be a great ction. These, Aristotle says, are the main re-nisites of an epic poem. We shall not illustrate em by reference to the Hiad or Enend, for we d to presume that our classical readers We shall, therefore, only observe, for the ment of our common readers, that an action is nc, when it has unity; that it is entire, when it complete, or when it has a beginning, a middle nd an end, and that it is great, when it is not mall, or to be plain, when it is great; for to say the trouble of an explanation. We shall proeed to apply these rules of Aristotle to Mother ms, and see if they are epics; but iguishes our author from all the declares, that because of these ep; Modern critics have maintained sme opinion with regard to Virgil, and we ght, if our critical bump of imitation were ently developed, maintain the same opinion respect to Tasso, and all other epic poets with This is one cause of her great popuat she has not been imitated in this respect dulge more and more in episodes, and render present century that will rival in size the vo-inous romances of the Scaderis. There is an the heart of my beloved Jemicia Goose."—But laminous romances of the Scaderis. There is an illustration of this remark in the case of a distinguished construing a force whom we can never the shall now quote three poems that have We shall now quote three points and we do it tham to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it tham to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it tham to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it tham to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it tham to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it tham to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it tham to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it tham to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it tham to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it tham to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it than to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it than to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it than to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it than to unitate. There is the subject of much criticism, and we do it that the subject of much criticism.

all the other epics in the world together. Though ur cotemporaries may say, through want of judgnent, of this great epic, what Waller has said in one of his letters of the Paradise Lost, of one John Milton—"That blind old schoolmaster, John Milton, hath lately written a tedions poem on the man; if its length be not considered as merit, has no other"-yet we stready see the y coming, when after the names of Homer and rgil, and Milton, are forgotten and consigned to ivion, the priestess of the Temple of Fame will bear this wonderful production through its portale, and lay it upon the altar "as a sweet-smelling sac-rifice," the richest offering that can be made to the Goddess. But we are falling into the very sin of digression that we are deprecating. To eturn from this episodical digress

We cannot of course extract all Mother Goose's poems, as small as they are; but shall give only those that strike us as most beautiful. The following is entire, and not a fragment, as a German annotator supposes ---

"Sing! sing! what shall I sing!The cat's run away with the pudding string."

Here she breaks into a lofty exclamation that has an air of the grand and sublime. "Sing! Sing!" but checking her enthusiasm, she naturalasks what many poets of the present day would well to ask before they strain their throats-What shall I sing?" Then mark what a sublime subject breaks in, like an electric shock, uphe pieces that have come down to us, and are on her mind; one of those out-of-the-way sub-nown as her "Melodies," are extremely short jects that are permitted to dawn upon none but extraordinary minds-

"The cat's run away with the pudding string."

as characteristic of Mother Goose as conciscues. On: out this is not warrant of style is of Tacitos, the historian of the Roman we have seen, though we are willing to allow the passage would be more touching with the alteration. Now as the cat thus felonically (we don't as characteristic of Mother Goose as concisends. Oh! but this is not warranted by any of the copies isshop, we believe, that all Homer's poems might tion. Now as the cat thus feloniously (we den't e compressed into a nutsheil; now, although we often pun, most classical reader,) run away with the string account a compression without a sacrifice of longer; on the contrary, our great wonder is, that she we do firmly believe that, if, in consequence of such compression, they could be more itself and closely examined, her beauties would sacrificed a hundreal fold. No long and consider a hundreal fold. No long and consider all the remainmultiplied a hundred fold. No long and connued narration of Mother Goese-has come down ing poems that are in this collection as spurious.

It is it not evident, is it not natural to suppose, that, as Mother Gooss, as we mentioned in a for mer number, composed her precious works before breakfast, if her cat had run off to the Mountaine of Thrace with this pudding string, or been drowned in the Pierian Springs, is it not evident, dered in an epic poem, is the fable, which is we say, that there would have been an end of Je-ricet or imperfect, according as the action to missa Goose's dumplings, and that she must have perished from mere starvation, for it is a well known fact that puddings were eaten by the ancients at their morning's meal. But thunks be to praise! this cat had the goodness to return.— Some critics suppose that the pudding string was only entangled about her hind leg, as she was smelling, as an honest cat would do, of said dumpling, and that being somewhat burnt, she took fright and run off; whereupon Jemima Goose began to sing, and when she had finished her , the cat returned, as any good, domesticated car would do. This poem is a perfect epic. It has naity, has a middle, and thanks to the cat, a good end; it moreover is a great action. It has unity for the best of all reasons—viz. that it is one, and has no digression but that of the cat's renning away, which can hardly be called one. It is entire, for it has, as we just observed, a beginning, a middle, and an end. "The cat"that's the beginning—the cat what?—why, "runs away," and that's the middle—runs away with what?-why plainly enough, "with the pudding string," and that's the end. That it is great, no vill dispute-indeed into what mere shadows dwindle Achilles and Æness, in comparison with this heroic cat, this wenderful epic cat? Ho-mer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice, and Virgil's poem on the Gnat, are sublime nothings to Cat of Jemima Guese! It matters not whether this cat was a male or female, though we suppose of to Tasso, and all other epic poets with the fe person will deny; and what a noble kind of Paradise Lost and Goose are alone faultiess in this greatness, exhibited at the outbreaking of the Trojun war -a cat running away with a pudding suppose a selection would be very easy, but this string!! sublime conception! immortal thought! is more difficult than is imagined. We shall exparticular. This is one cause of her great popu-arity, and it is no proof of want of excellence in string!!! sublime conception! immortal thought arity, and it is no proof of want of excellence in string!!! sublime conception! immortal thought r numerous successors. So far are they following her illustrious example, that they e more and more in episodes, and render moral grandeur and sublime effect of the poem of ms more voluminous as the world grows, which we are speaking -- "Low my eyes overflow with bring tears, were I not satisfied this

new theory of our own respecting them. These are the poems to which we refer

"One-ery, you-ery, ekery, Ann, Phillisy, follosy, Nicholas, John, Quee-bee, quaw-bee, Irish Mary, Stinklesem, stankle-em, buck." "One-ef-zol, zu-ef-zol, zig-er-zol, zan, Rob-tail, vinegar, little tall Tan, Harum, Scarum, Virgin Marum, blindfold." One-ery, you-ery, ekery, haven, Spin, spun, must be done, Hollow-bone, tollow-bone, twenty-one."

Now the unlearned reader, we presume, he often called this unmeaning ponsense, and, they are so different from the sublime poems ti merally associated with the name and me y of Jemima Goose, he has unquestionably of ntertained hard feelings towards her, and n ons of all ages and nations have often repeat ese poems that we have just quoted, winderstanding one single word of them. ill right and is done every day, and we have be bjection to it; but we cannot have it thought Goose did not herself know what she was don when she composed them. Opported a Ry sian commentator upon these poems, supposes that they are nothing more or less than specimens of the languages of the east after they were con-founded at the tower of Babel, and we must confess his arguments have never yet been refuted.
One of the Latin Fathers, St. Augustine, mai tains with some plausibility that they are specimens of the language of the witches that were common in the early period of the world. Vo taire maintains they are just such words as mig be expected from one who, like Jemima Goose was an eye witness of the dangers that threater ed Greece at the time of the Trojan war. Now with all our admiration of the French critic, we ast say that his argument proves too much, and therefore proves nothing at all; because, by this reasoning, all the peems of our author would be of the same kind as those we have quoted, which no man in his senses will affirm. Others suppose they are not genuine, but that they were written ink his name with that of the immortal Goose. We took down, when we were last in Europe about fifty different theories upon the subject, and some of the largest volumes in the Vatican contain claborate dissertations upon the question, but we have neither room nor inclination to mention any more of them. We acknowledge the strength of the arguments advanced by the mentator; we own that we are wholly unable t efute them; but yet, against our conviction of their soundness, we must adhere to our own their We say, then, that there is no good reason for supposing that these were not at the time they were written, as sublime epics as the rest. Northern Barbarians, when they ransacked Rome and spread desolation over the fairest portion of

Europe, it is well known, cared very little for the works of the immortal minds of the plundered city or of Greece; but we find it mentioned by one of the Fathers, which is alluded to by Gibbo in a note, that "a Scandinavian soldier carrie home with him a copy of Mother Goose's Mele dies," and, adds St. Benedictine, "it was tranlated into the Scandinavian tongue,' probability the English translator made use this version, which was in fact much worse tha the original Greek. with the Scandinavian tongus, he made poor work in translating, and especially with the three poems to which we refer, as they related to some names and localities of which he was ignorant. a new English translation was made, these three poems were inserted because of their oddity, and hence we have them to this day. This is our theory, which we have described in Europe to have written a dissertation upon the subject, and presente it for the medal which was offered by the French stitute. We cannot let this subject pass, wi out expressing our pleasure at having here in the New World unburthened our mind of what he long been weighing upon it. We also here as knowledge our kindness to Mons. Blucher, of the Royal Library of Prussia, for having assisted u-

Where beauties are so numerous, one wou

Three wise men of Gotham, Went to set in a bowl: And, if the bowl had been stronger, My cong had been longer."

This is a perfect Epic, according to the rules of writers would be as wise as these men of G

From the Herald of Freed THE READERS OF THE HERALD.

beloved editor and brother, Kimball, has spent for the slave: he has gone to his Editorial genius and aspiration among seek loftier 'occupation' and more honoragenial, and thriftful fields of service. Shall gallant little Herald be abandoned and die? ong New Hampshire's hills, shall it no more tors, with the tasteful title of 'nigger Herald! heard? Shall coming 'Freedom' be pred on its glorious way by no 'Herald' in our granite land? no precursor up in these s of hill-top-the ramparts wherewithal liberty is wont to guard her retreat? no

cmantis to break the silence of this wil- ent and energy demanded by the crisis-but I our rough little commonwealth is vocal all r with the cheer and outcry of the printer. multitudinous editorial chorus enlivens your tiering capital with . Concord of sweet sounds ;' and from every quarter, from government seat and shire-town, half-shire and hamlet, issue louds of Couriers and Observers, Patriots and Statesmen, Sentinels and Gazettes, Eagles and Owls-borne on winds,' while Minerva shakes her blazing ' Ægis' from the very peak of the White Mountains-all, all instinct with party patriotism, rampant with liberty of the press (subject only to the high censorship of slavery, and its Northern overseer, the mob) atilt every

one in the heroic lists of-party chivalry! in the sublime service of-office hunting; not a glance of the eye deigned towards your vulgar negro fanaticism, not a column or a square degraded to the appeals of your low and 'misguided' philanthropy; oh no! a most 'deferential horror' and silence on the 'delicate subject; ' a most total, tee-total, abstinence from all allusion to the great 'abstract' evil, that deyours humanity by the wholesale in the south and gangrenes northern liberty to the very core -cavete-hands off from the 'peculiar institution'-noli me tangere-nemo me impune, &c. but a pioneering, instead, of this mighty people along the track of their high destiny, to the goal and ultimatum of republics and the very end and aim of revolution-viz. the clamoring of aspirants into a little 'brief authority;' de ciding the awful alternative, in this self-govern-

ment, who shall get the pay, and experience the tremendous consequence of being what is styled 'our RULERS;' which of two rival Casars, shall be captain-general, for instance, over this entire state for a twelve-month; with salary, and aids, and excellency; secretary of state, perchance, or adjutant general of our musters. Solemn results! worthy the labors and agonies of that 'mighty engine, the press!'

Meantime the 'great experiment' of liberty and equality and self-government works glori-Fourth of July comes at least once a year; the land is rife with celebration; convention and nomination, and free suffrage wielded with both hands; the nostrils of the goddess of liberty regaled from every point of compass with rum and gunpowder, poured out, and fired off, in libation at the foot of 'liberty poles, on every village green,' and the pomp and circumstance of independence boisterously kept up; while down south, yonder, the sunny air rings with the incessant report of the man-whip, pro pelling human machinery to unpaid labor; is burdened all the way up to heaven with the despairing cries of lacerated and cut up humanity; a whole sixth of your countrymen lie weltering in slavery's bottomless pit; the Upas of the domestic institution shedding its breath and casting up its death-shade over the land up to Canada line, blighting and blasting the rights and liberties of every man of us; freedom left nowhere among us; liberty of conscience and right of opinion straitened and regulated by a kind of protestant popery; the right of free as-sembly mobbed out of all the state-houses and

Free discussion throttled and strangled; freedom of the press, muzzled, demolished, snor pown! The right of petition resolved out of s. His generous young life, worn down your General Courts, and kicked out of Congress, by the vassal heels of its own appointed The chair, of your Herald which he so and sworn defenders. All this, in the face of and faithfully filled is vacant. No champresents himself in the breach his fall has save, perhaps, the careful Register, and save the glorious 'Star,' gleaming yonder through the mists of Cocheco falls-the only press of a our regiment of them, that can, or dares, to remonstrate, in manly earnest, is greeted, for its solitary bugle-note for liberty, blown advocacy of liberty, by one of our leading edi-Readers, in a state of things like this, the

charge of your publishing committee on me, to undertake the editorship of your Herald, I do not feel at liberty to decline. I cannot undertake it in prudence-I could not if I had the talwill nevertheless, so far as I can at my distance from your press, and consistently with other duties which I cannot at present neglect; and with able friends near your printing-office to assist me, by the blessing of God, keep the antislavery banner awhile affoat, with a view, should the orderings of Providence favor it, to the permanent editorship, under circumstances more favorable to entire attention and devotion to the paper and the cause.

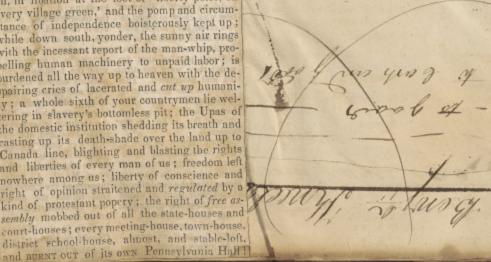
Your liberality, and charitable allowance, I need not ask. I shall have them as I may need. And now for our cause. It advances, it prospers, it will triumph. But you must not falter n your zeal and labors. There must be a mighty increase of both. The enemy falters, but you must press on. 'Press on,' as Bruce cried at Bannockburn, when he 'spied' England's 'slackening storm.'-

Carrick, press on—they fail—they fail— Press on—brave sons of Innisgail, Press on brave sons of Inn The foe is fainting fast-

For Scotland, LIBERTY and life, The battle cannot last.

Your cause is just. You can look for God's blessing on it. You can pray for God's blessing on your every effort. Your principles are Your measures are right, are fit, adapted, effectual-the measures, and the only meastres. Press on. Heaven will surely crown THE SLAVEHOLDER'S SOLILOQUY. our faithful prosecution of them, in the conomation of your great purpose, THE ABOLI-OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

N. P. ROGERS. lymouth, June, 1838.



POETRY.

For the Liberator. GITIVE SLAVES SHALL BE RETURNED

A spirit is abroad, Which tyrants cannot chain; It speaks in every flood, That rushes to the main;

Is swells from every lake,-Through forest, field, and glen :-But most its giant heavings shake The hearts of free-born men!

No more '-(they sternly give Their strong hearts utterance now)-No more the fugitive

Beneath your lash shall bow ! Base hunters of your race! Insult the land no more! A freeman tells you face to face,

You cross no freeman's door. A lawyer and a writ?-

Ho! kinsmen! bear our guest In safety hence ! 'tis fit That we, so long oppressed,

By chains we might have broken, So many a year ago, Should brook this bitter token

Of bondage and of woe. Tis fit a freeman's powers, To shelter the oppressed, Should be no longer ours,

Beneath the weight of scorn Such bondage well may bring! We better had been bondmen born! Away such shackles fling!

While silently we rest

Throng, throng throughout the north To every fane and hall ! Pour all your millions forth, As to a festival !

And shout with one accord-SUCH OUTRAGE SHALL NOT BE! And LIBERTY'S resistless word

M. W. C Shall make the nation free!

For the Liberator. Now here I stand, With whip in hand,

To show my independence; With fifty slaves, My colored knaves, To give me their attendance.

Such 'bills of rights' Are my delights: As to the Declaration' That all are free,

Or ought to be -Tis 'merely declamation.' Yet surely I Do not deny

The right to make petition : But there's no need That Congregs read The stuff on abolition.

For we can say To folks astray-Or most politely tell 'em-Whenever they

Inquire the way -You may inquire, and welcome." Intemperance, too,

I do eschew, (Bid Sambo bring more toddy ;) And slavery's yokes-

(Give him ten strokes,) · As much as any body. That is to say,

I talk and pray Against them in 'abstraction;" Though in 'concrete,'

I find them sweet, And love them to distraction. E. B. K.

Cucomit one breeze Grund to booke way buy 19 - 1800 & himunoto light To los as in a comment in a house of the of the Esses till # 4 4 min 2101 Heling 2 th Bery estell 29.9 July for the 1818 1 0.62 12,12

herald of Freedom.

Bursting of the Paixhan Gun. The reader has heard, by this time, of the body knows, probably, - nobody cares. terrible catastrophe on board the nation's They mentioned his death among the sta-War-Steamer, Princeton - where five of our ristics of that deck, and that is the last we governmental chieftains were stricken down hear of the slave. His tyrants and enslaat once by the exploded fragments of a great vers are borne to their long home, with pomp death-engine-intended by them for the des- and circumstance, and their mangled clay truction of others. They were practicing with it, and amusing themselves with exhibitions of its hideous power. Five chieftains, and a slave killed, John Tyler's slave. The bursting of the Paixhan gun has emancipated him-and left his owner behind. How busy death has been on everyside of that owner, since he was thrown up into power by the fermentation of 1840, -above him, and below him, in place," their insatiate archer," (as poetry has called a dull genins, that never shot an arrow in his life,) has brought down the tall men, and left him standing, like an ungleaned stalk, in a harvested corn field. He seems to have been the subject of a passover. I saw account of the burial of those slaughtered politicians. The hearses passed along, of Upshur, Gilmer, Kennon, Maxcy, and Gardner,-but the dead slave, who fell in company with them-on the deck of the Princeton, was not there- He was held their equal by the impartial gup-burst, but not allowed by the bereaved nation, a slave in the funeral. The five chiefs were borne pompously to the grave, under palls attended by rival expec- Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound. tants of the places they filled before they fell, -not those they now fill, but the poor Thou hast my earlier friends, the good-the kind slave was left by the nation to find his way thither as he might, -or to tarry above The venerable form-the exalted mind. ground. Out upon their funeral-and upon the paltry procession that went in its train. Why did'nt they enquire for the body of the other man who fell on that deck! And why has'nt the nation inquired-and its press? I saw account of the scene, in a barbarian print called the Boston Atlas-and it was All passage save to those who hence depart; dumb on the absence of that body-as if no such man had fallen. Why, I demand in the name of human nature, was that sixth man of the game brought down by that Beauty and excellence unknown-to thee great shot-left unburied and above ground -for there is no account yet, that his body Are gather'd, as the waters by the sea; has been allowed the rites of sepulture .-What ailed him, that he was not buried?-Was'nt he dead? Wasn't he killed as dead as Upshur and Gilmer? 'And did'nt the And grew with years, and falter'd not in death. same explosion kill him? And wont his corse decay, like theirs? Dont it want bury- Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered; ing as much? Did they throw it overboard from the deck of the steamer,-to feed the Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd. fishes? What have they done with it! Six men were slain by the bursting of that gun Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last, -and but five were borne along in that funeral train. Where have they left the Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past! sixth. Could they remember their miserable colorphobia, at an hour like this? Did the corses of those mangled and slaughtered secretaries revolt at the companionship of their fellow slain, and demur at being seen soing with him to the grave? If not, what ail, the black man, I ask again, who died on the deck of the steamer with Abel Upshur and Thomas Gilmer, that he could'nt be buried? Are they cannibals, at that government seat, and have they otherwise disposed of that corse. For what would not they do to a lifeless body-who would enslave it. when alive. I will not entertain the hideous conjecture-though they did enslave him | Him, by whose kind paternal side I spring, in his life time. But they did'nt bury him, even as a slave. They did'nt assign him a Fills the next grave-the beautiful and young. / jim-crow place in that solemn procession,

that he might follow, to wait upon his en-

slavers in the land of spirits. They have

gone there without slaves, or waiters .-Possibly John Tyler may have had a hole dug somewhere in the ground, to tumble in his emancipated slave. Possibly not. No-

honored and lamented by a pious people .-The poor black man-they enslaved and imbruted him all his life time, and now he is dead, they have, for aught appears, lefthim to decay and waste above ground. Letthe civilized world take note of the circum-

But I meant only to say a word here inroductory to the remarks- of Henry Clapp, of the Essex Washingtonian-on this ghastly catastrophe-which here follows.

TO THE PAST.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Thou unrelenting Past ! Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain, And fetters, sure and fast,

Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign. Far in thy realm withdrawn,

Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom, And glorious ages, gone,

Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb Childhood, with all its mirth,

Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground And last, Man's life on earth,

Thou hast my better years-Yielded to thee with tears-

My spirit yearns to bring The lost ones back-yearns with desire intense, And struggles hard to wring Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain-thy gates deny Nor to the streaming eye Thou giv'st them back-nor to the broken heart

In thy abyeses hide Earth's wonder and her pride

Labors of good to man, Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith,-Love, that 'midst Grief began,

Full many a mighty name With thee are silent fame,

Thine for a space are they-Thy gates shall yet give way,-

All that of good and fair Has gone into thy womb from earliest time, Shall then come forth, to wear The glory and the beauty of its prime. They have not perish'd-no!

Kind words, remember'd voices once so sweet, Smiles, radiant long ago, And features, the great soul's apparent seat;

All shall come back, each tie Of pure affection shall be knit again; Alone shall Evil die, And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold And her, who, still and cold,

111000

From the Liberty Bell for 1844. OUR FIRST TEN YEARS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Ten years of trial and determined strife Have trailed the shadows of their fleeting vans Down to the sunless grave!-years fraught with scenes Of earnest conflict, since the banner-folds Of startled Freedom beat the air anew, And the shrill trumpet of her bloodless war Maddened the slumbering echoes, as we rushed Into the whirl of this great battle ;- years That have stamped deep their impress on the age, And lit high Hope in man's despairing heart.

Ten years of conflict with the powers of wrong Have passed, and yet our foe is in the field,-A merciless demon, with armed multitudes Around his midnight banner; while of us Some have grown weary, and laid down their arms; Some turned, with cruel treachery, to the foe, And stabbed their brethren; some, worn down and wenk,

Centre their lives in every home-sent blow, And dart their souls through all their burning words; And some, whose hearts were folded to our own In pure and deep affection, have gone up Into the brightness of the Unrevealed, Crowned martyrs, beckoning us to braver deeds-Unseen, yet with us in their deathless love.

Now we are left to battle on alone Against proud legious :- ah! how earnestly, Could we but know with what dark weight these years Swept over the lorn captive !- Ten long years Of added wrong, to centuries which have plunged Into the dark abyss, up-treasuring wrath Against a day of terror and revenge; Years, whose dread foot-fall bath crushed, breath by breath.

The life from anguished bosoms, and trod out Soul, mind, and strength, and manhood, spark by

Was it for us to fold our hands, and dream Of quiet fields and a serene repose, While the flushed dragon of Oppression stalked Blood-drunken even to madness, with his limbs Bathed in the crimson life-drops, by his hand Wrung with slow torture from ten thousand hearts? Ab, no !- we found far other theme for thought, And field for earnest action, when we saw The grim-browed Horror, in his traffic, tear The new-born infant from its mother's breast, And hurl it, wailing, to his hangry whelps, Whose cry for blood rings yet through all our land. Not then had we soft words and pleasant wiles To lull the monster to a false repose, While every hour gave to his iron jaws New victims, and no night came darkling down, But with it brought more agonies than stars. Not then had we the bland, complacent smile, And bow precise, for lily-fingered Pride In Church or State; who, crowned alike in each, Set bloodhound Law upon its human prey, And sanctified the slaughter that it made, We had no time to laud a gilded name, Or make one for ourselves, but in blunt truth Spoke out our word, regardless if it marred Our own or other's fame; for name and rest, And even life, in humble trust, were laid On Freedom's altar, in the strength of God. There let them lie till fire come down from heaven, Red-winged, and heave the offering to the sky; For, from their ashes, phonix-like, shall spring Diviner life, new peace, and holier fame.

Ten years of warfare ! and our clanging arms Have struck live sparkles from the foeman's crest, And bowed by times his haughtiness to dust; Till now his howl of agony ascends With his torn victim's cry, as fiercely yet He drives his bloody fangs into the flesh Of Innocence, and clings, as clings the wolf To the young lamb the shepherd's hand would save

Fearlessly onward have the nobler souls In Freedom's host the tide of battle borne; And on them rain the fiery darts, which pour From the mailed legions of the maddened foe, Malignant Hate, by holy walls entrenched, Masked Treachery and unblenching Scorn hurl fo

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Their dreadless malisons in Religion's name, itary-and such total absence of unpop-To blast our vanguard in their bold career. O God! forgive them, if amid the fierce Opposing onset, they forget by times The gentle charities we owe to all, Though darkly erring, even till bitterness Tinge the hot tide of their indignant hearts. The tongueless Truth may be no longer dumb; Upon their souls the mighty utterance weighs, Which, woe to them, if now they breathe it not The Past, with all its glory and its toil; The Present, speaking with its tongues of flame; The sublime Future, whose insatiate thirst To be is its best prophet ;-all, as one, Bid their seer souls speak out their manly thought In fearless trust, for Liberty and God :-And now, what marvel if their words he stern, When law, and custom, and the multitude Would dam them back?-what miracle of wrong, Though human weakness fling one dissonant jar Into the God-breathed music of their souls? Go ! proud contemners of the gallant free, Nor ask for harmony, when ye rudely smite The lute through which it trembles into life.

Our years of struggle against giant Wrong Have not gone voiceless to the dark inane ! Their hold words thrill far down the soundless gulf Of Being, stirring its eternal flood With tide-like aspirations, that o'erleap All bounds, exulting to be greatly free ! Hope springs, and kindles into living Trust; Joy wreathes her garlands for the conquering soul Oppression trembles, and its own foul shade Creeps sure and chilling o'er its stolen light, As darkness treads upon the lessening moon. Freedom shall yet redeem her heritage,-The living spirit ;-even now her reign Dawns in bright promise to the faithful Seer! No more, as once, she stands in mean attire, Leaned on the broken staff of her torn flag, Drenching its folds in tears ; but in the array Of majesty, she comes with queenly tread Over the regal heights of holy Thought, In the soul-world, -her banner, like pure fire, Flung out, and fluttering in the gales of Truth ! I thank thee, O my God, that I have lived

Amid these years, and in this glorious dawn Of a more glorious Future ; that my days Are of these giant times, whose every hour Is burdened with great prophecies, and deeds Of mightiness, whose far-extending arms Take hold upon the Infinite, and wed The sublime Present to Eternity? Not wisely, nor with deep truth, has he read The record of the Ages whose divine Apocalypse is of this, who spurns To-day, To adore its germ in shadows of the Past. To him the solemn Centuries speak in vain : Their great out-gushings of the heroic soul, In deeds sublime, and miracles of thought, Were but fore-splendors of this living Now-This glorious promise of the great To-come !

Happy are we, who faithfully may serve This present hour,—that out of it shall spring The goodness undelay'd,-and nurse this plant, Whose seed's seed verges to the Perfectness!

BENEVOLENCE.

How sweet to do a generous deed-Plant youth in virtue's track-The naked clothe-the hungry feed-To bring a wanderer back !

From the White Mountain Torrent.

The Thirtieth.

Friend Editor: I had the satisfaction of witnessing the siege of Boston, the other day, by fifty thousand Teetotallers, -and I know no paper so suited to be the channel of some sort of sketch of it, as yours, small as it is to contain sketch of so immense a proceeding. The day occasion, -nor should their Yankee was all that an out-door meeting could desire,-clear, breezy, and dustless after the rains. I did not go among the doings on the Common, for I was appre- and that, not on the breast or cap, but in aration, and patronage, -so many great nance. There should have been but that men to be present-such a quantity of badge alone throughout the host.

ularity, that the war would turn out to be, mainly, but manifesto and declaration. Governors were to be speakers, and the arbiters of popularity for the times, were to be present, and to grace the mighty procession. I was rejoiced however, that it was to be such a tribute of adhesion to the temperance cause, -and if nothing more, would be a magnificent indication of the rank, Tectotalism had attained in the estimation of the people. I did not go on to the Common after it was occupied by the Tectotalers. I did, in the morning before-and the gatherings there in anticipation, the flockings on to reconnoitre, and to see the field, were quite animating to behold. That glorious Common, with its army of shade trees,now getting to be ancient and venerable. which is the glory of trees,-with that "Old Elm," which stood there before the Revolution, and before, no doubt the old French War, and under which they used to meet and nurse their patriot wrath, in the days of the Stamp Act and the Port Bill, all now getting into the thick of summer foliage; the rich green of the grass, and the lively look of the bundred paths the footsteps of the city have marked upon it in every direction, -- and the grand highways of the Mall, broad enough for the march of a host,-the dome of the old Commonwealth, with its pillared supports, looking proudly down from Beacon Hill,-the proudest State House among the governments of the earth, -for Massachusetts is the proudest State on earth,-then that row of Boston's super-haughty aristocracy, whose abodes flank that State House on the right, and which have battlemented their unapproachable fronts, all along, with impervious tree-tops,-the platforms of the teetotal oratory, erected about on the Common, and intimating by their number that the auditory to be addressed there would be such that it would take something of a host of speakers to reach them, -the booths along the front, not for the sale of rum-but of the innocent refreshments of a teetotal day,-all furnished quite a spirited and animating spectacle. And all countenances looked friendly and brotherly,-not like General Muster's faces, or Election's, or 4th of July's .-They all looked as though something was afoot for the benefit of common humani-

Towards noon the proces ion began to move on Washington Street, the thoroughfare of the city. I got position in the chamber of a citizen, with a few dear friends, (one of them, my friend of friends, a teetotaller, as well as universal philanthropist,) where we could enjoy a near bird's-eye view of the passing host. They came on with banner and bugle, with trump and drum and clanging cymbal. I was sorry to see the hateful military among them, and a hundred other distinctive badges, cutting up their ranks into separations, when the host should have been but one, There were the ' Odd-Fellow" ensigns, and the Free Mason, with their square and compasses. I was sorry to see it. I did not like the green badge of dear old Ireland, even,-which surpassed all other, in numbers as well as in orderly beauty. I did n't like it, because I did n't wish to see its foreign distinction. It seemed to senarate the noble Irishmen who wore it, from their other countrymen who were in the line. They should n't have remembered Erin on that brothers remembered New-England. The teetotal badge was all they should have any of them worn, of the whole march,hensive there was such amount of prep- the beaming, total abstinence counte-

but one banner,-a flag, in the centre or countenance, and such march of the milthe van, -and of stainless white.

The host was of immense length, and a long time in passing by. There were bands of music-enough, if collected together, to have formed a small regiment. It was fine to see the sun gleaming from their long brass instruments,—but finer to hear their gallant blasts of music, as they poured along-band after band. They were variously dressed-but all had ... too much a savoring of the military-as though the natural dress of music was that fitted to the army. Is music made only to animate the human family to battle! Does she belong, with her instruments and her uniform, only to the tented field, and the scarlet-colored troop! Can't she dress herse!f for the processions of humanity and of peace! She will. " The Hutchinsons' don't wear plumes on their heads, or any of the trappings of war on their breasts. They go forth at the head of humanity's march, in the every day garb of peace. They sung, I understand,

several times for the great occasion. I saw scarcely any women in the coldwater procession; - and only one of the colored people: It was an abatement of the interest of the occasion, to see any classes of the people wanting-who could conveniently have joined in it. One colored lad, however, was there-not as a menial, but bearing a banner,-and I don't know but any number of them would have been welcomed, had they presented themselves. I heard of a noble incident which indicates that they might have been. Some of the gentry corps of the city told the gallant Marshal, I understood, the noble and large-hearted Samuel A. Walker, that if they were to take station in rear of the Irish, they should n't join the procession. "Stay away, then," was the prompt and glorious response. "The societies walk, without distinction, according to their age." word more as to the Irishmen of the line, who at this time are such objects of jealousy and mistreatment, by the Native Americanism of the country. They were the best-looking and the best-behaving of the whole procession. They were the most cleanly and the neatest in their dress and appearance, as well as the most numerous and powerful of any of the distinctive bodies of the whole procession. I could not help clapping my hands involuntarily, as the noble fellows passed by, and I was glad to see that some of them looked up and noticed it, and appreciated it too. They felt it was a cheer for old Ireland. I wish the whole people had given three times three, as they passed, in rebuke of the infamous and barbarous treatment recently inflicted upon them by the bigoted Protestants of Philadelphia. As they did n't-I will give them here. Nine cheers, then, for the Irish Emigrant in America !- and nine more for old Ireland across the water. And as for this Catholic and Protestant distinction, may it be obliterated,-not by the catholics turning protestants, or protestants catholic,-but by both turning humane and loving men and brothers.

A whale-boat came up from New Bedford, drawn by four horses (not the steeds that draw it at sea,) and manned by a boat's crew of teetotal whalemen from the spermaceti town. It was quite picturesque to see a boat that had borne the bold harpooner on the distant Pacific,there, navigating the narrow Washington street, and on such an occasion. The oddity of the expedition must have struck the hardy tars themselves. They looked quite at home, though. They had rowed forty or fifty miles, on the dry land. The beat's commander was erect near the stern, at, as I took it, his post of command when they go to rouse the whale.

But the most appropriate and signifi-

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nt affair in the procession was the old Well,-borne along in full shape-curb, post, sweep-pole and bucket-and alland the identical, real water to draw up, in "the old oaken bucket"-whether was a stoned-well I could n't say. It wasn't a dug one,-but to all outward appearance, it was a bona-fide well .- And on the Common in the afternoon, as I was passing, I saw them drawing away at it, and pouring out for the people, and they drinking, as natural as life,-and as so many workmen come up to the old farm house, from the field at noon. An old "moss covered bucket"-hung, in quite good taste, dangling by the well-post, as they drove along the street in the procession. They had all sorts of banners and mottos. One bore, "The Cause." the picture of the two Jackasses, illustrating force and moral sussion. The forceed, or legal-suasion Ass hanging back with all the obstinancy of a mule, and the other pushing ahead like a race-horse .--I was pleased to see the banner of your young Tahantos,-the stately Indianwith his aboriginal foot on the serpent .-I wish the Pilgrim fathers had regarded that snake as the noble chief Tahanto did, -here on the banks of the Merrimack two hundred years ago.. It would n't then have stung so many of their posterity to death as it has done. But I am telling a long story for your little sheet, and I will break off. I saw one barouch in the procession-and one only. I was glad to see Baltimore "Bill Mitchell" in it, along with the Massachusetts Governor, who it is said behaved nobly and like a real peace-loving Washingtonian, throughwidow the entire day, and made a grand speech xxi. 3. also in the evening. It is one of the best day's works I ever knew a governor doexcept that of the New Hampshire Governor, when he subscribed in behalf of the State, for a hundred White Mountain Torrents, for one year-and then again for another year--for the poor fellows shut up in the State Prison.

Yours, in much haste and teetotal abstinency from all that can imbrute in the way of drink. A SPECTATOR. Concord, N. H., June 3d, 1844.

From the Boston Courser.

TEXASI

THE VOICE OF NEW-ENGLAND. BY J. O. WHITTIER.

Up the hillside, down the glen, Rouse the sleeping citizen, Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion-crouching low, Like a night-storm rising slow, Like the tread of unseen foe,

It is coming-it is nigh! Stand your homes and altars by! On your own free hearthstones die !

Clang the bells in all your spires ! On the gray hills of your sires Fling to beaven your signal fires!

From Wachuset, lone and bleak, Unto Berkshire's tallest peak, Let the flaming heralds speak !

O, for God and Duty stand Heart to heart, and hand with hand, Round the old graves of your land !

Whose shrinks and falters now, Whose to the voke would bow. Brand the craven on his brow.

We have only left us space For a free and fearless race,-None for traitors false and base.

Like the angel's voice sublime, Heard above a world of crime, Crying of the end of Time,

In the proud ear of the South, With one heart and with one mouth, Utter Freedom's mighty oath :

Make our union-bond a chain,-We will snap its links in twain, We will stand erect again!

Give us bright though broken rays, Rather than eternal haza Clouding o'er the full-orbed blaze.

Keep your land of sun and bloom, Only leave to Freedom room For her forge and plough and loom Take your slavery-blackened vales,

Give us but our own free gales Blowing on our thousand sails.

Live, as paupers, mean and vile, On the fruits of unpaid toil, Locusts of your glorious soil!

Live, if it be life to dwell In your tyrant citadel, Mined beneath by fires of hell!

Our bleak hills shall bud and blow, Vines our rocks shall overgrow, Plenty in our valleys flow.

And, when vengeance lights your skies, Hither shall you turn your eyes, As the damned on Paradise!

We but ask our rocky strand. Freedom's true and brother band, Freedom's brown and honest hand,

Valleys by the slave untrod, And the pilgrims' rugged sod, Blessed of our fathers' God ! '

THE WIDOW'S MITE

BY L. E. L.

And he said, of a truth, I say unto you, that this poor

It is the fruit of waking hours When others are asleep, When moaning round the low thatch'd roof The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days Pent in the gloomy room, When others are abroad to taste The pleasant morning bloom.

Tis given from a scanty store, And miss'd while it is given ; 'Tis given-for the claims of earth Are less than those of beaven.

Few, save the poor, feel for the poor,-The rich know not how hard It is to be of needful food And needful rest debarred.

Their paths are paths of pleasantness, They sleep on beds of down, And never think how heavily The weary head lies down.

They know not of the scanty meal With small pale faces round, No fire upon the cold damp hearth. When snow is on the ground.

They never by their window sit, And see the gay pass by ; Yet take their weary work again, Though with a mournful eye.

The rich-they give, they miss it not-A blessing it cannot be, Like that which rests, thou widow'd one, Upon thy gift and thee.

From the Utica Daily Gazette of Dec. 4.

Tall Times.

The abolition Convention that was in session in our city last week, furnished a good deal of rich fun. The people composing it are deadly hostile to the third party, and look upon 'political action' with herror. A great many of the wildest, no-Sunday, no-government, women's rights advocates are here, and among them are some of the wildest tearers that Boston can turn out. Wm. Lloyd Gar-Crison, Abby Kelly, and some others not unknown to motoriety, are on the ground, and with right good will are 'blazing away.' We 'happened in' at their will are 'blazing away.' We 'happened in' at their meetings the first day of their sitting, and found a great deal to amuse and a great deal more to disgust. When we entered, Garrison (who, by the way, is a fine, gentlemanly and exceedingly mild oking man) was making a speech upon so Polutions that he had introduced, which resolutions went the whole figure for disunion and anarchy. If we could judge of their meaning by the language Yemployed, all existing constitutions and laws, all decisions of the Supreme Judiciary, every thing that honest, sober men regard as binding upon lov-Fers of good order, were to be trampled down. Garrison is a quiet speaker, with but little animation, yet possessing a rich voice, and a manner calculated Friend Fuller desired to be informed, before he voted, in what way that 'separation from the gov-"ernment,' which the resolution proposed and declared binding upon all 'consistent abolitionists,' answer was or could be returned, and which, if they had any brains, would have convicted the fanatics friend, the Quaker, had finished, one Frazy, or Freezy, or Frosty, with a color about nine inches wide turned over his coat, and which made him look for all the world like a mushroom boy, 'defined his po-sition.' This youth abounded in figures drawn from the heavens above, the earth beneath, and from the raters under the earth. Dashing waters, howling he said, of a truth, I say unto you, that this poor reezes, flashing lightnings, rattling thunderbolts, hath cast in more than they all.—See Lukshrieking women and squalling children, 'warn't a priming for sublimity, terror, and pathos, to the metaphorical gems that formed the beginning, middle and end of his harangue. Notwithstanding there had been considerable 'tall talking' in the earlier part of the afternoon, yet in order to cap the climax folly, and make manifest to the good citizens of Utica to what a pitch of phrenzy uncurbed fanaticism will carry its victims, it was essential that one S. S. Foster should 'play his fantastic tricks.' presented a resolution which denounced all antiabolitionists as base hypocrites, and the most execrable of slave-hunters. 'He first 'blew up' Friend Fuller for interrupting him some time previous, and then he opened the vials of wrath upon our unoffend-His tongue went like the old woman's in Old Mortality. 'Watch dogs,' 'hypocrites,' 'slave-hunters,' were the mildest of the epithets he applied to our good people. 'My eyes, what a steamboat!' Don Quixotte was a fool to him. Such a tearing, raving, rattling character never visited in midnight visions the couch of the immortal Cervan-And such a brave man! He had been arrested in Boston, but before his eye, the only weapon he had ever used, the mob quailed in terror—that eye, more terrible than the basilisk, more fascina than the rattlesnake's, more deadly than that futal gaze which drives from his rationality the modern Greek. What a magnificent lion-tamer he would make! But we reckon that the bravery of which he boasted, is 'all in his eye.' Terribly afraid of this S. S. Foster are the police of Boston. He is a wonderfully 'dangerous man.' He mingles with the aristocracy, but is not ashamed to identify himself with the workingman. Not he. Workingmen will appreciate his wonderful condescension. the evening, after Garrison, Frosty or Freezy, (what a misnomer) and Bully Brag Foster, had spent their breath, three fugitive slaves made their appear-They were ranged under the pulpit, song of triumph was sung over them. The President of the Society not only, at the top of his lungs, joined in the song, but made with his body such ber writhings, and with his arms such gesticulations, for the benefit of the audience and the negroes, that he reminded us of the clown in a pantomime. One of the negroes ascended the pulpit, and held forth. Ise jus got clar from dat dar country whar dev doesn't treat dis nigger right, no how.' He spoke of the manner in which he effected his escape--of the tall walking' he had made for many weary nights. He declared that 'Massa's ligion and mine didn't jine, nor warnt snonymous, no how'-that he was leaning for Canada, and that that was a happy night for him. Poor fellow. We fear it is a questionable hilanthropy that draws him from his home to confront frost and starvation. It must be confessed, however, that slavery is a bitter draught. We wish

this runaway all the good he can get, for his was the

best speech out.

From the same paper of Dec. 5.

Taller Times.

something was constantly occurring to shake the sides of our fellow-citizens. The Congregational church has been the scene of more laughter-inspiring acting than the boards of the New-York Olympic can furnish-for we have had, 'free gratis for nothing,' every species of farcical performance the ranting of Mawworm, to the Jim Crow' breakdown. We stepped in on Wednesday afternoon, whilst the female brother was exhorting the crowd. The rich, full voice, (for a woman) of Abby Kelley, the intellectual beauty of her face, her grace of this occasion to be hitter and her remarks were full this occasion to be hitter and her remarks were full this occasion to be hitter and her remarks were full to be able to the common to be a second to the common to the co manner, and her small, fair hand, are enough to attract attention, and, for a time, admiring attention. But soon, very soon, we forget all the charms and powers with which she is endowed, in the rant she pours forth, and in the vindictiveness which characterizes all she says. She apparently feels towards form, and all went on well, till Friend Fuller took all her opponents a bitterness of soul more worthy off his coat and cravat, to make his second onslaught of a spirit from the nether world, than of a woman whose graces and high intellectual attainments no prevent him, but the sudjected were quieted by the whose graces and high intellectual attainments no one can presume to deny. She differs from Bully Brag Foster in the manner, not in the matter of her speeches. He brawls forth his savageness in voice as harsh as a bassoon, and with gesticulation as disgusting as a Mormon itinerant; while her the sudience were quieted by the entreaties of the Rev. Mr. Spencer, and the manly conduct of our Mayor, who won for himself great honor by his noble action, and the whole affair was wound up by the reading of 'Tall Times,' by Mr. as disgusting as a Mormon itinerant; while her Garrison, amid great cheers and laughter.

Severity falls upon our car in accents of sweet museverity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that sic, enforced and adorned with uncommon grace of gesture. This was the first time we had ever heard for they love a mob, as the miser loves his gold.—

Well, the Convention is adjustance, and are as they were. To mob such people is absurd, for they love a mob, as the miser loves his gold.—

The severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the convention is adjustance, and the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the convention is adjustance, and the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the severity falls upon our ear in accents of sweet that the sweet Miss Abby, and as we listened to the fierce denun-ciations of all good men, that fell from her lips, well argue with a tempest. Ridicule and laughter and observed the perfect phrenzy of fanaticism into which she had wrought herself, we could not help feeling the conviction stealing over us, that she had wrought herself, we could not help feeling the conviction stealing over us, that she his appearance upon the last two days. He and his would be a far better, and more useful woman, were she employed in her own town of Lynn, knitting stockings, or cutting out shoe-tops, than to make herself a raree show for the gaze and laughter of staring crowds.

After Miss Kelley had taken her seat, the Rev. Theodore Spencer rose in reply; but our largest My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime, liberty' people spared no pains to choke him down. The very ones who had listened in silence, and with smiles of approbation, when clergy were called scribes, and pharisees, and whited sepulchres-when the community, en masse, were stigmatized as bandits, pirates, watch-dogs - when the Rev. Mr. Corey was branded, by name, as a hypocrite, would not allow Mr. Speucer to go on, fear he should say something harsh. He attemptedto speak in words of complimentary courtesy of Thou lookest forward on the coming days, Abby; and the President of the Convention, (who certainly 'Hath-a-way' of his own,) brayed out at the top of stentor lungs, 'Order, order.' He accidentally used the work Quaker, and Friend Fuller, who is a perfect pepper-pod, protested against op-

probrious epithets, and the rest of the brotherhood cried out, 'slang.' Pirates, thieves, slave-hunters, are 'in order,' and gentlemanly, in the sight of these men, but 'Quaker' is a sneering word, and 'Gov- Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone, ernor' is slang. Mr. Spencer managed, however, to advise them to use a little charity towards their uses, and not break down Christianity, and every thing high and holy, in their zeal against slavery, and then sat down.

Abby Kelley followed, in a speech more contempt-

all her charges.

In the evening, Garrison had spoken, and Bolly Brag Foster was on his legs, raving like a maniac, There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand when we entered. He exhausted the Billingsgate of fish-women, in his reckless charges. The devils in Milton's hell talked not more savagely. He went on unmolested, until he called the President of the United States a pirate. To this assertion the lie was given, and some confusion was excited, in the midst of which, a certain Tall-man arose, and made sundry fantastic bows and grimaces, which drew down the jeers and laughter of the crowded house. In the meantime, Foster had got on a new track, and, leaving the point that created the disturbance. had mounted his Rosinante, and with spear in rest, was rushing like a perfect dare-devil upon Church and State, human governments, southern plantations, and kitchen tables. 'My eyes, what tall talking!'-When I sit at the table of your aristocrals, my blood boils within me, when the servant-girl looks over my shoulder to see what I want. moral courage to 'blaze away' at the time, but now I can speak out like a man. I abhor your kitchen I hate them as I do a southern plantation. Those that know me, know I do. The girl that makes the beds, should sleep in the best one—the girl that cooks the meat, should have the rarest bit, and the best mince-pie in the batch should be given to her who bakes them.' This was the substance of his discourse. Hurrah for Foster! Garrison, 'hide thy diminished' head, and Abby, 'move your boots.' Foster is the 'bright and shining light' in the firmanent of fanaticism, the 'bully-boat' in that crowd of

As the afterpiece of this evening's performances, runaway No. 2, was placed in the pulpit. I come from-(O whar did you come from,' shouted a voice The Abolition Convention continued its sittings during Wednesday and Thursday of last week, and something was constantly occurring to shake the he had 'sot the tea-table for brekfuss,' and the imagined sorrow of his 'missus' when she woke up'de nex mornin' and found him missing. This runaway was a first rate fellow, but not quite equal to the beauty who appeared before the audience the night before, and who would'nt tell 'dat dar miller

what dis nigger was gwoine, no how.'
The afternoon of Thursday, Miss Abby 'led down the dance' with a speech upon anti-slavery this occasion, to be bitter, and her remarks were full of fine conceits and beautiful imagery. Did she always talk thus, we should listen to her with delight, and give her the meed of applause, be she

In the evening, several speakers took the plat-

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight; Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light, Years when thy heart was hold, thy hand was strong,

And prompt thy tongue the generous thought to speak And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep; A path, thick-set with changes and decays, Slopes downward to the place of common sleep; And they who walked with thee in life's first stage, Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting neu-

Thou seest the sad companions of thy age-Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die. Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn, Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;

Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides, Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour; ible than her first effort, and pledged herself to prove Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

> On his bright morning hills with smiles more sweet Than when at first he took thee by the hand, Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet. He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,

Life's early glory to thine eyes again, Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here, Of mountains where immortal morn prevails? Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear, A gentle murmur of the morning gales, That sweep the ambrosial groves of that bright shore, And thence the fragrance of its blossoms bear, And voices of the loved ones gone before,

More musical in that celestial air?

To 1 1 good 1 1000 g at -12 shrofferout yours 81

IT The following parody of the celebrate Song of the Shirt," has all the spirit of th original. Mr. Trafton is a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston. THE SONG OF THE HOE.

BY REF. M. TRAFTON.

With sinews weary and wors,
"Sith teats that ever flow,
"saa stands in tow cloth rags,
"ing her matteck and hoe,—
Dig! dig! dig!
In weariness, weeping and woe,
And still with a heart with sorrow big,
She sang the "Song of the hoe."

Work-work-work! While the muster is sunning himself, And work! work! work! While the wretch is counting his pelf: it's O, to be a slave-Where woman has never a soul to save, If this is a Christlan land.

And work! work! work!
With an infax! strapped to the hip,
Work! work! work!
With the crack of the driver's whip.
Plant—and hill—and pick,
And pick, and hill, and plant,
Till I almost sleep with howing low,
And mornaur liberty's chant.

O! men, with sisters dear! O! men, with sisters dear:
O! nee, with mothers and wives!
It is not cotton you're wearing out,
But human beings' lives.
Dig! dig! dig!
In sorrow, and sickness, and want;
Digzing at once with a feeble hand,
A grave—and a hole for a plant.

" A grave!" I long for a grave! "A grave!" I long for a grave!
There is rest from this wenry task!
O! glad should I be would death appel would smile at his hideous mark.
It seems so like a friend!
Because of my bitter grief!
O God! that this life might end,
That death might bring relief!

Work! work! work;
My labor never flags;
And what are my wages? a bed of earth,
A quart of corn and rags!
To be robbed of my children dear,
To hear them cry in vain;
To see my husband sold like a brute,
To see my husband sold like a brute,

Dig! dig! dig!
From dawn till the stars are bright.
Dig! dig! dig!
No hope to make labor light.
Hill—and plant—and pick,
Pick—and plant—and hill;
Till the heart is faint and the blood is on fire,
And the lash cuts to the quick.

Work! work! work!
Through winter, dreary and lone,
And work! work! work!
When spring and summer are come;
While the birds, on a free, light wing,
Seem to muck me wild freedom's song,
While smarting still from the stinging lash,
Ny manule toil gradone.

O but to breathe the breath
Of northern breezes sweet,
With God's blue beavens above my head,
And Canada under my feet!
O for the start of a day
Of the bloodmounds so cruet and fleet!
Swift as the wind would I speed away,
My brethren in freedom to greet.

O for one short hour,
O for one resting day,
No moment to feel love's soothing power;
No moment to rest nor pray.
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But tears away I dash;
My tears must stop, for every drop
Calla down the merciless lash.

With sinews weary and worn,
With eyes red with tears' hot flow,
Colombia's daughter, in tow-cloth rags,
Still she plies her heavy stare kee.
Dig! dig! dig! In weariness, weeping, and woe, And still with a heart with sorrow big, She sang this "Song of the hoe."

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only say it was indescribable. It was life-it was nature-transcending the musical staff-and the gamut-the minim and the semi-breve, and the ledge lines. It was the cry of the people, into which their over-wrought and illimitable music had degenerate -and it was glorious to witness them alighting dow's again from their wild flight into the current of song, ike so many swans upon the river from which they had soared, a moment, wildly, into the air. The multitude who heard them will bear me witness, that they transcended the very province of mere music,which is, after all, like eloquence, or like poetry, -but one of the subordinate departments of humanity. It was exaggerated, sublimated, transcendant so God be thanked the Hutchinsons are in the move-ment, for their sakes as well as for ours. Their music would ruin them, but for the chastening influ ences of our glorious enterprise. It will now inspire all their genius and give it full play, and will guard them from the seductions of the flattering which, but for its protections, would make them prey. I note them, not to praise them. I am above that, as they are. I do it in exultation for the cause, and for their admonition—though while they are ab-olitionists, they do not need it. Anti-slavery is a safe regulator of the strongest genius. I here take occasion to say, in defiance of all rule, that, Jesse Hutchinson, Jr. is the most gifted song writer of the time, so far as I know. None of our most approved coetry comes up to his, written in the hurly of the anti-slavery debate. It is perhaps owing to this and to the fact that he writes to sing rather than to read -writes under the influence of song, that the music 61 12 - Dundand herd po precedes the poetry in his mind,—that the words come at the call of the music, and are drafted into its service. or rather volunteer at its summons, that his poetry sings so much better than Pierpont's or Burleigh's, or Lowell's or Whittier's, or any of the bards. Burns wrote his immortal songs to match the tunes sent him by George Thompson. He couldn't sing like Jesse Hutchinson. I don't know as he could at all. His soul could, if his voice couldn't-and under its inspiration he poured forth his lays, in songster verse. What songs he would have left us, if he could have written under such a spell of music as possesses the Hutchinsons. Jesse's songs remind me of him. 'The Slave Mother' is hardly surpassed in simplicity and pathos by any thing of Burns. only mention it to call the attention of the people to what is going on in the anti-slavery field. They'll all miss it if they don't come there. 1816 Auly 16 12 Be hy with Son 3.00 28.17 8 101 A 101 20 62 Las A 101 A11 - 12 6 That from ly 50

From she Herald of Freedom,

New-England Convention.

It lasted three days, and was multitudinously atended, but did not impress me as a very enthusiastie meeting, or deeply agitated with the central spirit of abolitionism. This I attributed rather to the nature of the subjects introduced for discussion than to any lack of anti-slavery principle or feeling in those present. That principle was wanting is not to be supposed, or even denied. The natural tide of anti-slavery sentiment, principle and feeling, that flows in the soul of the mass of that Convention Las only hushed and assuaged to a calm, by the torporific character of the subjects that were prepared for discussion. And here I must say, that prepar tion of subjects,—cutting and drying matter to whic a meeting is to be limited and confined, inevitably deadens anti-slavery feeling, and palsies the gemus of the anti-slavery gathering. Subjects should be started in the meeting. They should spring up from individual hearts—spontaneously. Then the Convention will generate its business, and not business generate, or rather regulate and restrict, the Convention. Abolitionists will by and by give more consideration to this idea. It lies at the bottom of their movement, for it concerns their very instrumentalities. So long as these savor, in the remotest degree, of the system they are at war with, they will in effect be warring for that system, rather than

The commanding discussion, in point of time and speeches, was on the Constitution. It was terminated by a vote for the 'Dissolution of the Union.' Nominally it goes forth as Dissolution of the Uni of the States; a political dissolution, -such as the Hartford Convention was charged with plotting,and as Calhoun and Carolina have openly advocated. Now I rather the States should be united, than at war with each other. It is a bad Union, but it would be a worse disunion. I would not form such a union, --nor any political one, --but I wouldn't sub-stitute for it, when it was formed, a state of separation and warfare. For nothing but war can separate these States. Separation would be war. And besides, why should they separate? Are they not agreed? Are they not alike? Are they disagreed as to slavery, -or any other iniquity? The planta tions, where negro slaves toil and suffer, are in the South, and not in the North. But the sentiment that dooms them to it is North, as well as South, yes, more North than South. They shouldn't separate on the slave question, for they don't differ on The North is a little more servile and pro-sla very than the South, to be sure, but not enough to warrant any quarrel. They should separate, if at all, on some point of disagreement. And I do not see how it would promote the anti-slavery movement to have a political separation take place. I rather the Union would be extended, than dissolved. rather it would take in Texas on one side, and Canada on the other-Mexico on the West, and what lies East of the Atlantic, on the East, and to Cape Horn on the South. In short, annex all the world to the United States, and the United States to all the world. Annihilate national distinctions,-and then annihilate and drown, in a deluge of good will, the

But dissolution, in the popular sense of the word, is political. It must be effected by political bullets, and, as it would turn out, by political bullets. Antislavery has nothing to do with such ballots, or bullets. Its 'weapons are not carnal.'

military government of the then one nation of the

That abolitionists should repudiate the notional compact, so far as it regards slavery, is palpable and clear. That they should disclaim it entirely, and in all its provisions, as an anti-slavery instrumentality, is clear enough,-for it is a military compact, intended solely for carrying on coercive government, which is not the business or purpose of our movement. We are not at war with military government specifically, except that type of it understood by the name of slavery. If that cannot fall without the whole falls, let the whole fall. If pulling down the whole, is the speediest way of demolishing that, down with the whole. But down with it, by the energy of truth, not with brass cannon. Charge it with pen and tongue; not with bayonet and drawn sword, as all politics charges. I am for secession from the Union to hold slaves.

Pierpont vindicated the oath to support the Constitution. He admitted its pro-slavery provisions—but said they were not law, and therefore his oath to support the instrument did not embrace them. would here ask him, if his oath is not to support the Constitution, and not the legality of it? The entire instrument? Does he not swear to support the Con-Does he not swear to support the Constitution, whether it be law or not; whether it comport with God's law, in whole or in part, or not? To support it as it is written, and as it means? Doeshe swear to support the law of the land, or the Constitution, which, by paramount influence, is the law of the land? Not because it agrees with God's law, or the common law, but because it is the Con-

No matter whether it is moral, or im moral. It is the National Constitution, and thereby My heid is like to rend, Willie, becomes 'the law of the land.' gy between it and the British Constitution. The law of God and of morality, in Britain, constitute the British Constitution. Ours is written down. Our-Constitution is law. British law is the Constitution. Our Constitution is paramount to any other law of God, than what is there written. It is not true, that the divine law, so called, is paramount to t, or tantamount to it. Who says that it is, is a traitor to the Constitution; and he who violates any law made under it-any capital law-will be hung, divine law to the contrary notwithstanding. divine law would be no plea in bar. The stitution is above it. The Constitution, rather, is it. The Constitution is the oracles of God to the American politician. And so it is to the priest. Constitution first-before his Bible, even. He will bend his Bible to suit it,-and the politician will bend his Constitution, to suit his party and keep it in power. Idolators always serve their gods so. All their gods are made of India-rubber or wax. In truth, they have no gods. They are ' without God in the world.'

Pierpont says the law of God is paramount to the Constitution. He admits, too, that the law of God is the honest convictions of the heart,-whether writ down in scripture, or not. Then he is no citizen. The citizen's law paramount is the written Constiution, so far as an oath can fix it. He repudiates this. Yet he could swear to it—because he regards part of it as no law. If he thought it all law, he wouldn't swear to it. He swears to support it, because a part of it is illegal. That rescues his oath from its support of slavery. It seems to me only to burden it with support of illegality and immorality, as well as of slavery. The oath is to support the Constitution. The Constitution is the whole of what is written, and according to its bona fide meaning. Let Liberty Party march under a banner, which Pierpont pronounces pro-slavery and illegal! It is a good banner enough for the arch enemy of the anti-slavery movement. For our only political enemy is 'Third Party.' And it is a 'cat's paw' in the hand of that fiendish 'monkery,' the American priesthood, to put down anti-slavery and human freedom. Pierpont will come out from among them speedily. I predict it. I know it must be so.

I can stop to notice only one more distinguishing act of the meeting. Some of the very stars of the anti-slavery firmament so far forgot their spheres, as to turn baleful meteors to the right of speech. They carried a woman out of the Convention, for being a troublesome speaker there. They called her insane. She was in fact frantic, a portion of the time. How far that was owing to the deference to usage, that still lingers in the bosoms of many, of most, abolitionists,-more or less in all of us-I cannot say. Abigail Folsom's speech was treated in perfect good faith, as Charles C. Burleigh's speech is, or Stephen S. Foster's, she would, in my opinion, rarely become frantic enough to be eccentric,-never enough to seem insane. Had she always been treated so, she might have been hardly deemed eccentric. she has been borne with. But she shouldn't have been borne with. That is not the word. She should have been cherished,-or the right of speech should, in her person. So says, I think, the genius of antislavery. She should have been heard as respectfully as anybody else. If she perceives she has not been, and is not, it is in vain and ought to be, that she is tolerated. An insane person who cannot take a rational part in the meeting, by reason of mental derangement, and who is an embarrassment to the meeting, should be affectionately and impassionately removed, unless the meeting could remedy the mischief better, otherways. So much for principle. As to motive, I need say nothing.

One word more. The Hutchinsons. No one will any longer tax me with hyperbole or exaggeration, when I exult at these matchless anti-slavery songsters. They surpassed themselves at the Convention. They came out with some new strains, and sung some that were not entirely new with prodigious and indescribable effect. Ames says it takes an orator to describe an orator, or write his life. I say it would take musicians and music to describe these singers. Their outburst at the Convention, in Jesse's celebrated 'Get off the track,' is absolutely in describable in any words that can be penned. It represented the moral rail road in characters of living light and song, with all its terrible enginery and speed and danger. And when they came to that chorus-cry, that gives name to the song, when they cried to the heedless pro-slavery multitude that were stupidly lingering on the track, and the engine 'Liberator' coming hard upon them, under full steam and all speed, the Liberty Bell loud ringing, and they standing like deaf men right in its whirlwind path, the way they cried 'Get off the track,' in defiance of time and rule, was magnificent and sublime. They forgot their harmony, and shouted one after another, or all in confused outcry, like an alarmed multitude of spectators, about to witness a terrible catastrophe. But I am trying to describe it. I should

There is no analode Pm were in aff my feet, Willie, Constitution. The Dritain, constitute the written down. Our aw is the Constitution.

And head is like to rend, wine, My heart is like to rend, willie, I'm dryin' for your sake!

Oh lay down your cheek to mine, Willie, You rhand on my breast-bane—Oh so ye'll think on me, Willie, Winen I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sate grief mann ha'e its willBrit let me rest upon your breast,
To sob and and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never shall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A pure heart-broken thing, Willie,
Amither, yet nae wife.
Ah, press your hand upon my heart.
And press it mit and mair, Or it will burst the silken twine, Sae strang is its despair !

O'h wae's me fer the hour, Willie,
When we thegither niet—
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh wea's me for the loanin' green,
Where we were wont to gae—
And wae's me for the destinie That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willieg
I downa seek to blame;
But eh! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a ward's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your chieck,
And hailin' ower your chie;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For secrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this world, Willie, And sick wi' a' I see; I canna live as I ha'e lived, Or be as I would be. But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mais the white, white sheek,
Ye said was red languye.

A stoun' gaes threw my heid, Willie, A sair stoun' through my heart Oh! haud me up, and let me kiss Thy brow ere we twa part, Any otower we two part,
nither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!
arewell! farewell! through you kirk-yard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid:
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi'dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be;
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart
That ne'er lavit ane but thee!
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow harr,
That kiss the cheek and kiss the chin
Ye never shall kiss mair!

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herald of freedom. TONCORD:

TRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1844.

Wm. A. White, Garrison, Douglass, Collins and Pillsbury, made capital speeches at the first evening meeting. White remarked severely upon the application of the murderous epithet And the Lowell Convention was genuine "Infidel," to the abolitionists, by men who are part and parcel of such antislavery. The complaining against them for their denuncia- second day, as I said last week, we were tion and barsh language. No denunciation, indebted to "Elder" Thurston (I call him friend said White, was comparable to the mere charge Thurston) for a shelter in his little chapel. It of 'Infidel'-a charge as cowardly as it was has no steeple or other cathedral or popish apcruel and bitter. It was, however, tosing its pendage. An outlawed place of conventicle, I force, and would soon lose it altogether. Of suppose it to be,-among the temples of the friend Collins' address, I would say that spirited Spindle city. If it has not been heretofore, it and able as he generally is, nothing of his pow- will be hereafter, for it was guilty of letting in er as a speaker, can be gathered from what he a free, Anti-Slavery Convention. A convention says at anti-slavery meetings. Whenever | the Temples deemed it sin to give notice ofhave heard him at these, he is comparatively and deemed it honorable priesthood to suppress tame in argument and in idea-while he is notice of. overvehement and almost verbose in style. It The day was devoted, a good portion of it, to is at his Community Meetings, that friend C. the consideration of Liberty Party and Political lets out the soul and genius that are in him .- action. Garrison showed strongly and conclu-He regards the anti-slavery movement as but a sively the filliberal character of the 3d Party partial one, and therefore it is, may be, that he movement in Massachusetts, its unprincipled is confined and embarrassed speaking on its origin in New Organization -and the unprinciplatform-and, as technically carried on-and pled lead under which it has been thus far limited to the action and measures foreseen at prosecuted. Friend Douglass made an able its outset even by the most far-seeing of its ad- but unsuccessful effort to rescue 3d Party, as a vocates, it may be a partial movement. It is a mere political instrumentality, from the charge partial movement that contemplates turning the of new organization. He endeavored strenuslave into a "free negro." Or the mere eleva. ously to distinguish. Western 3d Party, from tion of the present free people of color to a level that of Massachusetts; and with some degree with the whites—as the whites now range—s as it seemed to me. It matters little to me, so zas, to the spirited strain of "Old Dan Tucker," man a descent, rather than an "elevation" -tc far as the anti-slavery movement is concerned, reach it. Anti-slavery in its broad and lofty in what political abolition originates, and whethscope, contemplates no such small business __ er it be its object to divert attention from the movement and its character_nothing could Such an aim may sait the compromises of a pulpit and put down Woman and "Garrison- have exceeded it in spirit. Jesse's call on the British Parliament, or of a Congress, at Wash. ism," as in New England, or to put down ington. Anti-slavery stoops not to it. It goes for freedom to the slave, as large as the white man's, and a freedom to the white man meanwhile, large enough to qualify him to set the slave free. A degree of freedom that, of which our sect-ridden and party-bound people can have little conception. Anti-slavery contemplates only was Liberty Party wrong, in origin and sung with electrifying energy, made the audimaking our so-called free population, Abolirionists,—and this will give them a freedom
they never yet dreamed of. And they must
have a freedom they are now scarcely comperight to compel the South by soil and soil by the soil by th have a freedom they are now scarcely competent to dream of, before they can bring deliverance to the American Slave. No remodeling or transmutations of their own present vassalage. transmutations of their own present vassalage, that no physical power was adequate to pro- under way, the spirited cry of "Get off o' the can enable them to extend freedom to the slave duce the abolition of slavery. We had no track"—and the warning at the crossings, to of the plantation. They can impart but what right to use it, -it would prove ineffectual, -it "Look out for the Engine," when "Liberty they have, Nay, they cannot impart that .--The outlet of the stream cannot be as high even as the fountain. It must be lower, or the ful experimenting in politics, the moral revolu appreciated. I proclaim it, to let the world 4/0/ stream will have ceased to be one. It will not rus. It will be no stream-but a long, stag. accomplished. I tried to show that no national staying away from Anti-slavery's Conventions. without current and without life. Anti-slaveryis a living stream. It is more than that-it is a torrent .- It is one dashing, sparkling, sound ing cataract, from spring to month; and rushes at last, like a mill-tail into the ocean. It is all old movement-or I do not apprehend it .-Such it is, or I transcend it. Such it is, or it will expend and exhaust itself, and perish short of its mark. Such I know it is esteemed and prosecuted by its deep souled pioneers. Simple and definite in its purpose and object-but unrestricted in its instrumentalities. It has no limits but good faith and sound discretion .-And "all its failings lean to" freedom's "side." i go for the demolition of the right of propertyif it will hasten the abolition of slavery. If it strike me, as an important preliminary to abolition, on the anti-slavery platform, I will there atter the impression, and palsied be the arm or the tongue, that shall deny the slave the benefit of the idea. It may be freely met, and put

down as a chimera or a falsehood, or an imper-

tinency. But not interdicted and excluded be- although it was compulsory, and would as soon

had to take an oath to support it, in all its pro- strain, visions. Friend Seaver, of Lowell, denied could not intend anybody but slaves-and that full to the pulpit's front. by other clauses of the Constitution, and by Pillsbury made a very able speech on the nawas left to operate on him alone.

to reply or to consent. The friends of old or- and documents, revealing the divine and almighganization appeared to regard the question as ty claims of the priesthood, and the appaling one not to be approached at all. Friend Seaver submissiveness of their people.

forehand as an extraceosity. Nothing is extra- use military power as civil-which I thought neous in the anti-slavery field, that can live consistent-if not tenable ground. In the course there in perfect freedom. And no friend of the of his remarks, Garrison had occasion to speak Movement will attempt to curtail it within nar- on the unfriendly position of the church and rower limits than these. Anti-slavery is "One clergy, as well as of political parties towards for Idea"-but as big a one-as our little Universe. anti slavery and reform in general-which It does not contemplate translating a plantation | brought the Reverend parson Miner to the rescue slave into a "free nigger"-either black or of questioned orthodoxy. He presented himself struck by anti-slavery upon sect and clericy, to every fall heavily upon himself-and that although orthodoxy disowns him as a divine, and his sect 1/9/ as christian, he was yet grompt to defend her in her pulpit and her corporation-against the claims of humanity and freedom I don't know this Divine, but he showed himself abounding in all that is self-sufficient and jesuitical in the //18/

> neetings-ever and anon bursting forth in a most appropriate song-composed on the spotpat to the point of the argument-illustrating and enforcing the right-and animating the hearts of all who heard them. I cannot refrain m from saying, that however this second flight from the family birds' nest at Milford-this second swarm from the hive of music there, the Concert Band who first sung at Anti-Slave. 5/8/ ry's gatherings-they need nothing but a little public practice-and the self-possession and freedom it would give them-to be quite a match in the argument was admirably borne. And when they came on, toward the close of the afmade to suit the occasion-with a rail road iltend the meetings and join the movement, was

"Turn out o' the Mills, Tarn out o' the Mills, Turn out o' the Mills-

had no tendency to produce the result we were Bell " rung-intered at full musical pitch, by seeking-and that after all our vain and wrong- these admirable singers-must be heard to be tion had got to be achieved still, or nothing was know what they lose (among other losses) by anti-slavery political action was possible, on ac. We have got the Music, as well as the Oratory / count of the character of the Constitution, which -of the times with us. And all I have to say was a pro-slavery compact, and all politicians to pro-slavery is, in stirring "Dan Tucker

that the Constitution was pro-slavery, or that it. The meeting in the evening was what was to made provision for the restoration of runaway be expected as a result and winding up of the slaves. He contended that slaves were not re- other meetings. The city was roused-and ferred to, in that clause providing for recapture having a spacious and central place of assemof fagitives from service-but criminals, sen-bly-the grand new Universalist meeting house tenced to hard labor. It was replied that pro- -manfully and judiciously opened by the comvision was made elsewhere for fugitives from mittee in charge-the city turned out-and filljustice-and this clause of the Constitution ed the house fall-pews, gallery and aisles up

State law, recaption of every class of fugitives ture of the anti-slavery movement-the neces. was provided for, but the slave, and this clause sity of it-the powers arrayed against it, ecclesiastical and civil-and summoned the people To my general position as to the rightfulness to the work of revolution and reform. He proor legitimacy of political action, no one saw fit duced to the meeting some astounding statistics

The Hutchinsons bore a fine part in the entire way

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Garrison read the sentence of death just pas. sentation, and to let in Senator Bates, into the sed by a Carolina Judge, on a young man by firm of Atherion & Co. the name of Brown, for slave stealing. He had married a slave girl, I believe, and they went est, indignant speech—such as a free heart away together. He was arrested and is under would naturally utter in view of all before the sentence of death. A more atrocious, unnatu. meeting. He asked the people of Lowell what

kidnapped, since boying himself, and narrowly

the Potomac. As the pursuers entered on the

bridge, they descried two men coming on at the

other end, and shouted to them to head the poor

fugitive. The inhuman monsters responded to

the call, and cut off her retreat. As they closed

up upon her, finding herself cut off from all

hope, she cast her despairing eyes upwards,

where she had heard was the home of God, and

heart of the immense audience seemed melted.

The pathos and deep feeling of the meeting

was most oppressive and painful. I really long.

ed for it to take a ne relieving torn. Douglass

ral, horrible document never issued from the they were made of, that they could hear and hand of coward murder. We publish it in this know all these things without breaking out in week's Herald. Garrison accompanied the read- exclamations of shame and indignation. He asked them if they were obliged to submit to ing with appropriate comment and exclamation. such a state of things and if there was nothing He read also the account by a Southern Editor they could do, to do it away, and to deliver of the seizure of the free colored girl lately, in themselves from participation in it. If they his neighborhood, in obedience to one of their were incompetent to shake it off-he bid them slavery laws, her sale into forty five years' for shame pack up and be off into some region hondage, for the expenses of the infernal seizure. that made no pretension to liberty. John W The reading of these, with his remarks, made a Pulsifer-a young working-man of Lowell, and deep and hushing impression on the vast audience. Lunsford Lane produced and read before one I was proud of as one of my native towns the meeting, the deeds of his bought wife and men and neighbors-a most worthy sound hearted and minded young man, got up and in children, and sold the audience how he had been carnest and manly tones called on the working people of the city—to come into the anti slavery movement and to carry it on in the spirit of this escaped being sold again into interminable slavery, on his way to the North. The effect on meeting. He expressed his determination to the meeting was electric, accompanied by his prevent, if possible, the excitement of this consimple statement of facts he had himself known vention flagging-and to have anti slavery and experienced. Frederick Douglass told the story told him by Seth M. Gates, member of ell, and called on the young working people to Congress, of the young slave girl he saw escape take hold with him and carry them on. He from a slave pen at Washington, and, chased spoke with great good sense and a noble firmby two slave hanters, run on to the bridge over

ness of spirit. It was getting towards midnight and the air of the house, vast as it was, had got to be very impure and oppressive. Yet the people staid and showed no signs of impatience or haste .-Jesse Hutchinson and his choir gave them one more, and parting song-in the favorite Hutchinson air of the "Old Church Yard"- the tune of their family song. He had made a few select sprung over the railing of the high bridge, down jons from that song, to suit the occasion-and into the friendly Potomac, and escaped slavery woven in to it several very happy stanzas-anand life together. Two of the Hutchinsons nooncing who of them were there present in the sung the sold slave mother and daughter, in ranks of the "Hundred Conventions"-where "Kathleen O'More" -- that most heart touching the four were-off at the west and what they and simple of Irish melodies. Never was song were about-and who were at home in the old more affectingly in place, of more appropriate Granite State, and when they all hoped to meet words, (made I believe, by some of the singers,) there-and what they meant to do for the cause or more plaintively and pathetically sung. The of freedom-when

"Shouting in full chorus, To the very Heavens o'er us,-We will carry all before us In the old Granite State."

took the platform again and poured forth a tide This, or something like it, was the closing of outraged feeling at the slave system, and the strain—to which the people gave an enthusiastic. cruel and barbarous indifference of the people response,—as also to a vote of gratitude to them of the North. Lunsford Lane, he said, had for their co-operation in the meetings,-and the spoken of his escape from slavery and the rest aid, as well as gratification, it had afforded,cue of his wife and children. He, he cried, was And they can carry all before them, -for antistill a slave. He stood there before them, a slavery,-that matchless family of bards and 2 3 SLAVE. And while he was speaking, liable, singers. We cannot too highly estimate their without the possibility of protection-every mo- accession,-or too enthusiastically exult in it.- 2 ment, to be taken and bound, there before their Music is the soul and life of such a movement eyes, and carried back to the mercy of his en- as ours. They bring us the very rarest and raged master-to be scourged, and consigned to sweetest that can spring from the heart of on fetthe sugar-service of the far South. And it tered and free genius, from the woods and hills would not be in the power of all Lowell to pro- of the country. Poetry we want. Not the wordy tect him from being carried off from their midst. scholar's but the freedom-loving minstrel's, Yes, yes, it would, they cried from various who is to sing it,-who writes it in song,-who parts of the house. No, no, my friends, said sings it, as it is composing in his burning breast. Douglass, gravely and calmly--your constitu- We want this, and they furnish it. Let the movement see to it, that they are sustained in 3 8 Garrison read a brief account of the behavior their generous devotion. They are working of Senator Bates, in relation to the resolves of men and women. Let them be freed from exthe Sovereign State of Massachusetts-and of pense by anti slavery, that they may be enabled Senator Choate, who sat by, mum as a horse- and encouraged to give their time and talents to-

HOW TO LIVE.

So should we live, that every hour Should die, as dies a natural flower-A self-reviving thing of power:

block, while the slaveholders trod his old Bay the enterprise till it is triumphant. The mee-

State under their feet-and introduced a resolu, ting broke up late-but reluctantly-and it wil

tion of condemnation-which was passed with take some time before calico weaving, and ser

hardly any dissent. I was sorry any notice mons, and the other devouring influences of a

was taken of the poor creatures -- who are the corporation community, can efface from the city

double slaves of a pro-slavery North and a of Lowell its grand impression.

slaveholding South-Servants of servants-

Slaves of slaves. I was sorry he let down the

tone of the meeting to their pitiable level-and

also ashamed that, in a moment of haste, I got

up, and moved the meeting, as Massachusetts

men, no longer to taunt New Hampshire, where I

came from, with being represented in Congress

by Charles Atherton. I moved them to come in

for a share of the honor of that sort of repre-

That every thought and every deed May hold within itself the seed Of future good and future meed.

From the Boston Recorder. ANTI-SLAVERY VERSES.

AFTER HEARING THE SPEECHES IN PANEUIL HALL, ON A LATE ANNIVERSARY OCCASION.

On this ' broad platform,' grimly stand Fanaticism's earnest band.

Earnest, but erring-O reflect How dire perverted intellect!

I see their eyes of maniac glare, I hear their words, and hell is there.

'Evil of dignities' they speak, . With venom strong, with logic weak.

Infuriate age and zealot youth Amaze the rabble with untruth.

Blow follows blow! shocks follow shocks! The Bible sinks! the Pulpit rocks!

I never spoke in Faneuil Hall Before, yet have an inward call

To say, if Sinai's Law this rod Appoints, I want not Sinai's God

If Calvary's Sufferer this curse Takes not away, no Christ for ug.

If Christians, who love Slavery well, At last win Heaven, give me Hell.

Hear me ! who've tenanted-time fails To tell how many-loathsome jails.

Ye wormwood words! invective stings! Concentrate of all bitter things !

Ye Balaams! cluster, thick as leaves, To curse the 'Brotherhood of Thieves.'

Blow follows blow! shocks follow shocks! The Bible sinks ! the Pulpit rocks !

And Woman, in her beauty, pleads; And rheumy Age, in widow-weeds. One sways, like felon in a noose;

One yells, as Bedlam were broke loose. One-who at times doth wear the breeches-

Knits hose, and drops and takes up stitches. One, of most liberal spirit, deems

The follower of the Koran's dreams; The worshipper of pagan Boodh;

The swearer by the Holy Rood; Believers in the land of Nod.

Or scorners of the Book of God;

Who think of Jesus Christ not much; (One said, with them she hoped they'd such ;)

Alike, may on this platform stand, All welcome to the motley band.

Alike, may jibber, fume, and squeak,

All equal, Mormon, Jew, and Greek. And they, who spew out slimy wit, And dip their weapons in the pit;

If even Christ were mountebank; And shame the devil by their sin, And hope, at last, success to win ;

And pour forth blasphemies, too rank,

And scorn to be with polish cumbered, Are with the gentle CLARESON numbered!

Yes! these, who make their cause pretence To outrage deceney and sense;

Who Freedom in their vileness steep, And make the friends of Freedom weep!

Whose ' Resolutions' breathe out slaughter; Who drink up sin like filthy water;

These at his pure and blessed source, Sucked in, they say, with WILBERFORCE!

My spirit spurns such crude allies; I march not 'neath a flag that lies.

I pity and I shun them-I, Who for the SLAVE would toil and die;

Who, if to snap his hateful link, Demanded principle, must shrink;

Who, to win Freedom, (gem unpriced!) Will not my freedom sell, nor Christ;

Who, with his fellows, asks success To thoughts, words, deeds, that God will bless.

ANTI-SLAVERY

The universe holdeth no realm of night More drear than her slavery-More merciless fiends than here stayed her flight_ Joy! the hunted slave is free! That bond-woman's corse-let Potomae's proud Go bear it along by our Washington's grave, And heave it high up on that hallowed strand, To tell of the freedom he won for our land. A weak woman's corse, by freemen chased Hurrah for our country! hurrah! To freedom she leaped, through drowning and death-Harrah for our country! hurrah! 42.12 moline mas g pro - (2 hours 1/8/ 1961 - mores mars ph 241 masks 8159 00 46 moni our for 4101 \$ 9 Hope Brat from house III of mont took

From the North Star.

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S ADDRESS TO THI NORTH STAR.

Star of the North! Thou art not bigger Than is the diamond in my ring : Yet, every black, star-gazing nigger Looks at thee, as at some great thing ! Yes, gazes at thee, till the lazy And thankless rascal is half crazy.

Some Quaker rascal must have told 'em, That, if they take their flight tow'rd thee, They'll get where 'massa' cannot hold 'em, And therefore to the North they flee. Fools! to be led off, where they can't earn Their living, by thy lying lantern.

Thou'rt a cold water star, I reckon, Altho' 1've never seen thee, yet, When to the bath thy sisters becken, Get e'en thy golden sandals wet : Nor in the wave have known thee dip. In our hot nights, thy finger's tip.

If thou would'st, nightly, leave the pole To enjoy a regular ablution In the North Sea, or Symmes' hole, Our & Patriarchal Institution,' From which thou givest many a ransom, Would, doubtless, give thee something handso

Althe' thou art a cold water star, As I have said (I think) already, Thou'rt hailed by many a tipsy tar, Who loves thee, just because thou'rt steady, And holdest the candle for the rover When he is more than "half seas over."

But while Ham's seed, our land to bless, 'Increase and multiply 'like rabbits, We like thee, Yankee star, the less For thy bright eye and steady habits. Pray waltz with Venus, Star of Love, Or take a bout with reeling Jove!

Thou art an abolition star, And to my wench will be of use, if her Dark eye should find thee, ere the car Of our true old slave-catcher, ' Lucifer, Son of the morning,' upward rolls And with its light puts out the pole's.

On our field-hands theu lookest, too-A sort of nightly overseer-Cen'st find no other work to do? I tell thee thou'rt not wanted here : So, pray, shine only on the oceans, Thou number one of Northern notions.

Yes, northern notions-northern lights! As George Fox hated holy water, So hate I all that Rogers writes, Or Weld-that married Grimke's daughter. hate I all those northern curses, From Birney's prose to Whittier's verses,

" Put out that light!' exclaimed the Moor, (I think they called his name Othello,) When opening his wife's chamber door To cut her throat-the noble fellow ! Noblest of all the nigger nation ! File leader in Amalgamation!

Put out the light !'-and so say I, Could 'I quench thee, thou flaming minis No lenger in the northern sky, Should burn thy beacon fire so sinister. North Star! thy light's unwelcome-very-We'll vote thee, 'an incendiary !'

And to the Northern States we'll write, And tell them not to let thee shine, (Excepting of a cloudy night) Anywhere south of Dixon's line; If beyond that thou shine an inch, We'll have thee up before Judge Lynch :-

And when, thou Abolition Star, Who preachest Freedom in all weathers, Thou hast got on thy coat of tar, And, over that, a cloak of feathers, That thou art 'fized' none will deny, If there's a fixed star in the sky. Pocotalico, South Carolina.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1840.

Letter from Rev. Charles Fitch. shall not attempt to describe the emotions which we one by me who searches my heart, and there is a ti-slavery ranks into great distress and confusion, by cause of truth, dispose of it at your pleasure. the issuing of the memorable Clerical Appeal, we cheerfully obliterate all that has past, and regard with admiration and delight his present magnanimous and christian conduct. We imprint upon his tear-bedewed cheek the kiss of forgiveness, especially respecting whatever he may have said or done injuriously to ourselves personally. Would to God that all the other signers of the Appeal might also be led to repentance for their participancy in that criminal movement, and be induced to make as frank and public a confession For we doubt not that they were actuated by the same class of motives as those which operated in the breast

NEWARK, Jan. 9, 1840.

MR. W. L. GARRISON:

DEAR SIR-Herewith I attempt the discharge of a duty, to which I doubt not that I am led by the dictates of an enlightened conscience, and by the influences of the Spirit of God. I have been led, of late, to look over my past life, and to inquire what I would think of past feelings and actions, were I to behold JESUS CHRIST in the clouds of heaven, coming to judge the world, and to establish His reign of holiness and righteousness, and blessedness, over the pure in heart. From such an examination of my past life, I find very much, even in what I have regarded as my best actions, deeply to deplore; but especially do I find occasion for shame, and selfloathing and deep humiliation before God and man, when I see in what multiplied instances the ruling motive of my conduct has been a desire to please men, for the sake of their good opinion. In seeking the promotion of good objects, I have often acted with this in view; but I feel bound in duty to say to you, sir, that to gain the good will of man was the only object I had in view, in everything which I did relative to certain writings called 'Clerical Appeal.' I cannot say that I was conscious at the time certainly not as fully as I am now, that this was the metive by which I was actuated; but as I now look back upon it, in the light in which it has of late been spread before my own mind, as I doubt not by the spirit of God, I can clearly see that, in all that matter, I had no true regard for the glory of God, or the good of man. I can see nothing better in it, than a selfish and most wicked desire to gain thereby the good opinion of such men as I supposed would be pleased by such movements; while I can clearly see, that I did not consult the will of God, or the good of my fellow men, in the least, and did indulge toward yourself and others, and toward principles which I now see to be according to truth, feelings which both my conscience and my heart now condemn; which I know a holy God never can approve; and which I rejoice to think He never will approve.

I send you this communication, because my conscience and my heart lead me to do it; because I think the truth and the spirit of God approve it, and influence me to do it; and not because I expect or wish thereby to secure the applause of man, or even to regain any good will of man which I may have lost, by actions which I now wholly disapprove. I trust I have learned higher principles of actions; at least, I know I must learn them, or be in fearful circumstances in that day when 'every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit must be hewn down, and cast into the fire?

The acknowledgment which I now make, I expect to approve when I appear before God with my final account; and this is reason enough to induce me to make it. I believe it is according to the will of God, and that will I fully approve.

You are at liberty, sir, to do with it what yo please. If God can be honored, and good done It is with a thrill of sacred joy that we have read thereby, I would like that the confession I make be the following letter, from the Rev. Charles Firely, as public as the sin I committed. I believe that and now lay it before our readers, according to the should do what I now have done, if I knew I should liberty which its repentant author allows us. We be despised for it by the whole world. There is feel, in view of a confession of guilt so humble, so am- judgment seat before me, where I must stand. ple, so unquestionably sincere and hearifelt. It is all There is, also, a despised, cast out, and crucified that the friends of humanity can desire-all, we believe, Saviour, who was none other than 'God manifest in that God will demand. Once more, therefore, we the flesh,' whom I wish to please and honor. If you take our erring brother by the hand; and, as he has can make any use of this communication, that you abased himself to the dust, for having thrown the an-

> The Lord strengthen you to do His will, CHARLES FITCH.

> > BY SARAH J. CLARKE.

A young female slave escaped, one evening, from the slave-prison, which stands midway between the Capitol at Washington, (D. C.) and the President's House, and run for the 'Long Bridge,' which passes from the lower part of the city across the Potomac, to the extensive forests and woodlands of the celebrated Arlington

Now, rest for the wretched: the long day is

And night on you prison descended at last. New lock up and bolt! Ha, jailor, look there! Who flies like a wild bird escaped from the snare?

A weman, a slave-up, out in pursuit, While linger some gleams of day ! Let thy call ring out !- now a rabble rout Is at thy heels-speed away!

A bold race for freedom !- On, fugitive, on ! Heaven help but the right, and thy freedom is

How eager she drinks the free air of the plains; Every limb, every nerve, every fibre she strains;

From Columbia's glorious capitol, Columbia's daughter flees To the sanctuary God has given-The sheltering forest trees.

Now she treads the long bridge-joy lighteth her eve-

Beyond her the dense wood and darkening sky. Wild hopes thrill her heart as she neareth the shore:

O, despair! there are men fast advancing before! Shame, shame on their manhood! they hear, they heed

The cry, her flight to stay, And like demon forms with their outstretched arms,

They wait to seize their prey!

She pauses, she turns! Ah, will she flee back? Like wolves, her pursuers howl loud on her

She lifteth to Heaven one look of despair-Her anguish breaks forth in one hurried prayer-

Hark ! her jailor's vell ! like a bloodhound's

On the low night wind it sweeps! Now, death or the chain! to the stream

And she leaps! O God, she leaps!

The dark and the cold, yet merciful wave, Receives to its bosom the form of the slave : She rises-earth's scenes on her dim vision gleam,

Yet she struggleth not with the strong rushing stream :

And low are the death cries her woman's heart gives,

As she floats adown the river, Faint and more faint grows the drowning voice.

And her cries have ceased forever!

Now back, jailor, back to thy dungeons, again, To swing the red lash and rivet the chain ! The form thou wouldst fetter-returned

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From the Herald of Freedom. THE DISCUSSION

his rights, and Colonization is superseded. Can the frages when the hunter it not be stopped! Cannot the doctors, the edi- hath borne of her bruifed, tors, the 'property and standing' the legislatures, young t given her savage Congress, the mob, Mr. Gurley, some body or other, some power or other, the governors, his bereavement. She would waste her mighty honor the chief justice Lynch; cannot any body nature to a shadow, and her strong frame to a

checked-can't be abated-can't be endured by not be. Another fale we fear attends this last pro-slavery. The fiat has gone forth. It is re- of republics. Warning is esteemed as mockegistered in heaven. The colored man's Human ry, and admonition as frenzy. ty is ascertained and proved, and henceforth he Shall we hold our peace amid scenes like S will be removed from the earth's surface, and useless, foolish, inadequate. God. Those persisting in the brute practice of the atmosphere is loaded to suffication with what is styled military, which is nothing more smoke ! 'Address the understanding' and 'soothe or less than human tigerism-rational brutality the prejudices, when you see a man walking the sword, or by some untimely touch of the All with a clap of thunder through a speaking trummighty, for Christ hath said, 'all they who take the sword shall perish with the sword;' and the reach his senses in his appaling extremity! Did period of accomplishment of his work on this Jonah argufy with the city of Nineven—'Yet liberty' the very glory and essence of a man,—
who put out that light which dazzles the eye of
the sun, and would burn on, but for this extinction, when the moon hath undergone her final
tion, when the moon hath undergone her final
three trafficers in importality, who sell a MAN 'for a pair of shoes;' those hope-ex-tinguishers, heart-crushers, home-quenchers, Slavery must be cried down, denounced down, family-dissolvers, tie-sunderers;—oh for a vo-cabulary—new, copious, and original, of awful significancy and expression—that should ayail us to shadow forth faintly to the apprehensions

bread with al, the price of their own begotten of springs they, cating themselby a thirt time; as soften vace. Goes on. It pervades, it possesses, it 'agi-tates' the land. It must be stopped, or slavery ruging it huma with a signif-dies, and the colored man has his liberty and patting, complered by them:

or every body united, put down this discussion skeleton, ere she would appease her hunger by Alas for the 'Peculiar Institution' it cannot b profaning the flesh of her own cubs! Slave-done. The club of Hercules could not strike holders! American slaveholders, republican slavedown; it is as impalpable to the brute blow a holders, liberty slaveholders, christianity slavethe stately ghost of 'buried Denmark' was to holders, church member slaveholders, minister the 'partisan' of Marcellus. It cannot be stop slaveholders, doctor of divinity slaveholders ped or checked. It is unrestrainable as the church slaveholders, missionary slaveholders, viewlesss winds, or the steeds of Apollo. You Board of Commissioner' slaveholders, monthly hear it every where. The atmosphere is rill concert slaveholders, Bible society slaveholders, with it. 'Abolition,' 'immediate,' 'compensa and BIBLE WITHHOLDERS! What will the comtion,' 'amalgamation,' 'inferior,' 'equal,' 'ina lienable,' 'RIGHTS,' 'the Bible,' 'of one blood, disposition will it make of you and your system, 'West Indies,' 'mobs,' 'arson,' 'petition,' 'gag', disposition will it make of you and your system, 'West Indies,' 'mobs,' 'arson,' 'petition,' 'gag' should it burst upon you when it is in the full law,' 'John Quincy Adams,' 'Garrison.' These tide of experiment! the land smoking with it! are the words, and as familiar as household Will not the glorious morn and opening dawn The air resounds to the universal agi of Christ's kingdom prove flaming fire to devour Truth and conviction every where re you from the face of the earth? The millenial sult,—the Genius of Emancipation moves tri day pouring in its living light upon scenes, umphantly among the half-awakened people whose enormity shrouds the natural sun, what And Slavery, aghast at the general outcry and will become of the actors in these scenes! Oh the fatal discoveries constantly making of its di for the warning voice, that once affrighted Ninabolical enormities, gathers up its all for retrea eveh, and clad her nation in sackcloth, from the or desperate death as the case shall demand. king on the throne to the beggar on the dung-The discussion can't be smothered—can't be hill, that laid a people in ashes. But it may

s destined to liberty and honor. God is gath-these? Shall we argue and persuade, be courring his instrumentalities to purify this nation teous, convince, induce, and all that? No-we War, slavery and drunkenness are to be purged shall attempt no such thing, for the simple reaaway from it. The drunkard that won't reform son that such things are entirely uncalled for:

his corporeal shame hidden in her friendly re Argue with slavery, or argue about it; argue cesses—his spiritual 'shame,' alas, to be 'ever about a sinking ship, or a drowning man, or a lasting '— with that unutterable 'contempt burning dwelling! Convince a sleeping family, which must attend final impenitence, as saitl when the staircase and roof are falling in, and -hatred dressed up in regimentals-malignity down the roof, in his sleep, on a three story cockaded—and 'all uncharitableness' plumed house. Bandy compliments and arguments with and knapsacked, -homicide under pay, and mur the somnambulist, on 'table rock,' when all the der per order, all who persist in this beastly and waters of Lake Superior are thundering in the bloody mania, and refuse to join the standard of great horse shoe, and deafening the very war of universal non-resistance peace—will perish by the elements! Would you not shout to him little globe is at hand. Let the warrior of the forty days, cried the vagabond prophet, and land take warning. 'A prudent man forseeth, Nineveh shall be overthrown!' That was his &c. And slaveholders, pilferers of humanity; salutation. And did the 'Property and Standthose light-fingered ones, who 'take without ing' turn up their noses at him, and set the mob waning,-these trafficers in immortality, who Did they 'approve his principles,' but dislike his

of mankind, the unutterable character of this new 'ill,' that hath befallen inheriting 'flesh;' an 'ill' that 'flesh' by nature was not 'heir to;' be enslaved in this country any longer. Women oh those man, woman and child-thieves,—
and children shan't be flogged here any longer.
If you undertake to hinder us, the worst is you
devour their own flesh; whose carniverous
own. The press is ours. Demolish it if you
own. Short dawn monstrosity is not limited to the blood and flesh please, -muzzle it you shall never. Shoot down

Into a clef the for roidance deg respred enough with his blood, dye them deeper with a east of meater relations, within other murders. You can do it with entire impulse of the formal of the state of t the matrimorical prohibitions, punity. You can get the dead indicted and triorgentary daughtheory comes ed along with you, and the jury will find you
whee grow child rest to veft, all not guilty together; and public sentiment's
while their coffee to buy will back you up, and say you had ample ment cation. To be sure you will not escape the vengeance of heaven, but who cares for that, in a free and christian country! You will come to an untimely end,-but that you know is nothing, to a 'judicious,' 'well regulated,' 'christian

But this is all fanaticism. Wait and see.

From a London Paper. To my Departed Wife.

BY A WORKING MAN-J. BOYLE, OF MANCHESTER.

Oh, Harri t, dear departed wife ! Though ever prized by me, I never duly felt till now How much I've owed to thee. The busy town, the quiet fields, Through which we used to stray, Seem but a dreary wilderness Since thou wert called away.

But most, when evening's stilly hour To weary toil brings rest, I miss the smile and pleasant words That oft have made me blest; And Isabel, our darling child, While nestling on my knee, Wakes many a thought of faded joy With prattling tales of thee.

It seems, methinks, but yesterday, Though twelve long years have gone, When we before the altar knelt, And join'd our hearts in one ;-When, caring not for griefs to come, While all around us smiled, We revelled 'midst the joys of Spring. Gay as our youngest chi'd.

The laughing spring, with flowery wreaths, Will come again ere long, And many a grove and bloomy copse Be rife with joyous song; But Spring may spread her treasures rare On coppice, hill, and tree, Since thou canst feel her charms no more, They'll bloom in vain for me.

Oh,! I am very lonely now! For though our friends are kind, And use each little art to soothe My dark and troubled mind Yet still, at best, they are but friends, And, kind although they be, I can't unlack my heart to them, As once I could to thee.

Oh, when I gaze, as oft I do, Upon our children dear, My lonely heart is swelling then With mingled grief and fear ; I think, as through life's scenes they go, Beset with many a snare, How much they'll need such love as thine-Such kind and watchful care.

But, Harriet, for those dear ones' sake, So much beloved by thee, I'll try to stifle vain regrets, Though bard the task may be; I'll teach them, love, in virtue's light To tread life's varied scene :--To take the path that thou hast trod-To be what shou hast been.

De Commisto Lugar 12. Juge 16 June 18th Any horne to beston for 2. trillin . 20 pl 14. - 3 200 H 3/2 get 101 2 21 feel 6 - . 40 - 4m 2 live 4181 & 31 Junell 1816 moughton funge 20th \$ 42.00 1819 gine by 1000 plat shillsook 3 --816 18 10 Second 22 my hors holes the 51018 5101 more of 14/1 1016 guly 10th By sold And phil - Aft or who 1014 of the of the hand the

Tuesday Evening, March 9th, 1840. At the late quarterly meeting of the Essex Coun-baseness and meanness of such conduct. ty Anti-Slavery Society, an overflowing audience

We have heard much, sir, from our revolutionary which has called us together to-night. Those principles consist of moral axioms. We have proclaimed to the world in its mid course, that robbery and murder and lust and in course, that robbery and murder and lust and in course, that robbery and lust and in the struggle—he sees a scene of plunder, and lust and in the struggle—he sees a scene of plunder, and lust and in the struggle—he sees a scene of plunder, and lust and in the struggle—he sees a scene of plunder, and lust and in the struggle—he sees a scene of plunder, and lust and in the struggle—he sees a scene of plunder, and lust and in the struggle—he sees a scene of plunder, and lust and in the struggle—he sees a scene of plunder, and lust and in the struggle—he sees a scene of plunder, and the struggle and the struggle and the scene of plunder and the scene murder and lust, and in one word SLAVERY, are lust, and murder, enacting upon that bloody deck. fidelity; and slow to take our own full share of the late-that boats are already on the water-they

our steps in the light of anti-slavery principles; and he does—they are irreverent—they don't take off to consider whether we will resist the disguised and their hats to him. It is, in fact, omnipresent in our country, and all but are, and as ready to do all that is consistent with State Legislatures, it hoodwinks the people;-from interrupts the breathless messenger, 'if you will our sects. The better to sustain the masters and secrated place is set apart for the worship of Godleaders of our sects, we are even willing to lend a this pulpit is devoted to the preaching of the gospel. helping hand to southern slavery itself.

any slavenoider who bears the whip and branding-The time for action has come. Hitherto we tion, and loading our cannon. Now, the enemy is upon us, and we must rush into the thick of the battle, at the risk of all we hold dear. It may not indeed be our lives that we are called to put in peril, but it is our reputation-our good name-the favorable regard of those whose good opinion has been to us as the breath of life :- it is this that we are called upon to expose to the chances of the day, and go forth to battle. Are we ready? If not, let not such resolutions as these be recorded to our of the free States. Not only the market-place and not such resolutions as these be recorded to our night, if on the morrow men shall see us trembling

and shrinking away! strong-hold of slavery. Both are identified; and those who call themselves the very salt of the earth must fall together. Yet let not any think that the has to do with slavery. When our fathers consent-true church can fall. It will never fall, for it is ed to inoculate the Constitution with slavery, they founded on the rock of ages, even on God himself. But any fabric not thus founded, when the floods of truth rise against it, and the winds of healthy agitation sweep by, it will fall never to rise again.

How few of the leaders of the church of those who claim to hold the keys of heaven, are found on nations. the side of the suffering slave, pouring wine and oil into his bleeding bosom! Alas! do they not rather, like the priest and the Levite, turn coldly away, to give relief? We all know that this is the case. glad it should be told of the faults that endanger its They will not admit the gospel of Freedom to be existence. We have been hitherto not altogether preached, or even mentioned. They will not permit the prayer of Freedom to be attered. If the never touched that Society as a constituent part of heart of a minister impels him to carry the enslaved, the church. We have never disturbed the pe to the footstool of the Creator, in his public ministrations, he is obliged to veil his meening from his them. It is time for us to do our duty by them. It congregation in cautious periphrasis. He half is time that we should deny that the proud title of an congregation in cautious periphrasis. He half hopes it may be mistaken for a prayer for the oppressed Pole, or Greek, or Russian serf;—that it may not convey the idea of the AMERICAN Descended as they are from some of the nob SLAVE—the thought of whom, men so hate and losther because they have instructed in the option of the property of the prope loathe, because they have injured him.

But the direct use of the pulpit is not only refused to the cause of Freedom by the minister; -he will aid himself. It shall not even be used to call to-

"The Quakers---Speech of Ed- gether, by ordinary and customary notice, an antithis was the course pursued by my own minister in Boston. I want words to express my sense of the

When our beloved Follen met his death, we having assembled at the central Methodist church, heard with irrepressible and just indignation of the (in Lynn,) the well known and highly respected conduct of the man who, it was reported, passed by president of the society, William Bassett, being on the other side, refusing aid and succor. He saw the burning wreck before him-he knew the peril of rianism and the present posture of the Society of the sufferers—yet refused to change his course. Friends being under consideration— Why?—in the name of humanity and compassion! Edmund Quincy, of Boston, addressed the presi- He feared to lose the tide !! Alas! how many ministers are lost to all sense of humanity and compassion, for fear of losing the tide!

Imagine, sir, that on the next Sabbath, a pirate in more perilous and more exciting times—the times should be seen out at sea, bearing down upon some that try men's sects. For nine or ten years have we been settling our principles on the great subject which has called us together to right. The

sins. We have told men to repent; but we have He sees it all—the cries of the dying come to his been slow to perceive how much our own action ears—he rushes into your assembly—he hastens up might in many cases contribute to their repent-ance; and slow to grant that on us lies the respon-sibility of all the guilt they incur for want of our labor of convincing and converting them; and re-luctant to apply the principles which we have dis-urges the minister to give notice of the case. But covered to our own practice, and our own immediate the Reverend man opposes. 'Those who already man that boat,' he argues, 'are all sorts of people'-But, sir, the time has come for us to examine all they are a heterogeneous body—they don't believe as

insidious influence of slavery, as well as slavery it- 'I like not,' says he, 'those rough and uncomself, in its more open aspect: whether we will put promising men, especially the uncomfortable marinit away,—even the shadow of it, as an accursed er at the helm. Besides, I am apprehensive that thing, or whether we will suffer its power to grow your intemperate haste may retard the very object stronger and stronger upon us, till it crushes us as you have in view, and deter the pirates from leaving freemen and as Christians—ay, sir, till it sinks us to off of their own accord. Do not think, however, hell! The more I consider the subject of slavery, that I am not opposed to piracy and murder. I am the more I am appalled by its tremendous influence. as much an anti-pirate and an anti-murderer as you From our National Councils and our my higher duties as a Christian minister.' 'But,' the church it makes religion the tool of slaveholders. not come yourself, nor urge your people to come, at The sectarism of the north is nearly allied to slave- least let them know that there is an opportunity ofholding. Our sectarism is our slavery; and, in ag- fered them for going to the rescue of their dying gravation of our case, we are the willing slaves of brethren.' But the holy man responds- 'This con-If I comply with your request, it will create a dis-We are bound to repent of this guilt, as much as turbance in the parish—perhaps a division in the ny slavenoider who bears the whip and branding-church—for these pirates buy their supplies of the chief members of my society, and sell their ill-gotten gains at great bargains to them-and they will' not bear to hear the craft by which they get their wealth, evil spoken of-and thus my usefulness may be injured, and I may be hindered from winning

I hold these cases to be parallel, except that the illustration falls short of the reality. The picture fails to convey an adequate idea of the horrible im-

eternal shame. Let us not put up this standard to the exchange are pestilential from its effects, but the sanctuary, the legislature, the judiciary. Not only the mass of men who make no pretensions to The church, of every name in America, is the be guided by a higher motive than interest, but unless the last be separated from the former, both are painfully convincing us how much the North hoped it would be confined in its effects, and finally venom spread till the whole body politic became infected, and the work of corruption has gone on, till the United States are a stench in the nostrils of the

> I am glad that just such a resolution as the second one before us has been offered to this meeting. It is one specifically relating to the Society of Friends in the U.S. I love that Society so well, that I am wanting in fidelity to the church, but our action has rest of the Friends. Our shots have never told on Anti-Slavery Society is rightfully theirs, for they

Descended as they are from some of the noblest champions of civil freedom and religious liberty, all my feelings and principles are with the Friends. love the memory of Fox, and Barclay, and Penn, and Woolman, and Benezet, and if I could join mynot permit the shadow of its influence to shelter our self to any religious Society, it would be the Societause. He will not suffer it to be the medium of ty of Friends. But I look with shame and sorrow the slightest aid to others in the cause he refuses to an its position with regard to American slavery. In the guise of friendship, it has striven to binder the

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Letters from Henry C. Wright, No. V. GRAEFFENBERG, Silesia, Austria, March 13, 1844.

DEAR FRIEND :

During that whole time, the weather has been ex- cerned, a certain remedy is always at hand. I do tremely cold—so cold that ice has formed around my think it is the duty of all who have young children, bath, into which I plunge twice a day; and ice, at to learn to apply this remedy. How many diseases in this moment, hange around the Douches, in masses little children originate in colds! we have not had more than fifteen days of fair weath-South some 15 or 20 miles, sweep over Graeffenberg nearly so, by the medical faculty. To see them at with great fury—driving the snow in clouds before the table with rayenous appetites, eating food of the them, till they are lost on the plains of Prussia, that are coarsest and plainest kind-food that many of them open before us at the North. The people say the winter would hardly have felt easy to have set before their serhas been uncommonly severe. It requires the consnow all blowing into your eyes, ears, hair, neck, and gasp or groan of the disease. The disease is the enebosom; and then to have to sit down in cold water, and there sit 15 minutes at a time-sure, such a fearful process must kill or cure. Strange to say, not one here seems to have the least fear of the former. It kills no one-it invigorates and strengthens all, and produces a pretty thorough indignation in each at himself, that he should ever have subjected his body to the healing process generally pursued by the medical faculty. I am certain that the process-though so fearful that I almost catch my breath and shiver all over

to think of it-has done me great good. I told Preissnitz, at the outset, that my disease was on my lungs-that my lungs were ulcerated someand that I had thrown putrid matter from them-and he at once subjected me to this process. I was afraid, at first, how it would go; but Preissnitz had confi-Idence in his prescriptions, and so have I, now. He has not yet put me under the Douche, and will not till the weather is milder. Sure I am, that all the morbid matter, secreted in my system, has been put in motion-not indeed vet routed out of the system, but routed from any particular location in the system; and sure I am that, by the time I have gone through the ordeal enough, these morbid secretions will be entirely expelled from the body. The settled cough that I had seems to be broken up entirely. I do indeed, now and then, get a little cold, as do all the patients, but the cold don't seize upon my lungs as colds used to do. And, besides, no one here seems to have the slightest fear of a cold, for the simple reason that every one feels that there is here a certain and speedy remedy at hand. A few hours break it all up, and scatter it to the wind. So of fever-no one here seems to have the least fear of fever, because every one feels an entire confidence in cold water as an antidote. From what I have seen here, I can never again doubt that the fiercest of fevers are harmless, being absolutely under human control. Recently, we have had two cases of most malignant fever. One was a man, taken with a nervous, raging fever. In three days, the lever was entirely routed, and in a week, the man appeared again in the saloon, eating like a ravenous wolf whatever he liked; and though he looked thin and was weak, yet you might have seen him out breasting the storms-which, in his weakness, would near tip him over at times. Four days ago, a woman who had taken cold during the day, and was not aware of the enemy larking in her, was seized in the night with a most violent fever. saw her in the merning, and she looked exactly like a person in scarlet fever. A wet sheet was at once wrapped about her whole body, and changed and wet again every twenty or thirty minutes. This was pursued about twenty hours, and water was applied n other ways. The next day, I saw her up and iressed, and looking as well and eating as hearty as

usual. Not a particle of medicine was administered. I do not believe that out of the 300 patients now here, or out of several thousands that have been here, there is one who has the least fear of colds or fevers. Each I have been here under the water-cure nine weeks, seems to feel that, so far as fevers and colds are con-

from ten to fifteen feet in length, and larger than a man's body. During the whole of the nine weeks, we have not had more than fifteen days of fair weather, put it all together. Tempests that come howling down from the Bohemian mountains, which lie to the stant exercise of a desperate resolution to carry on the rubbing their hands to keep them warm, (for but little cure amid such snows and ice. With such a temper artificial heat is allowed to enter the saloon)-to see ature, to have our bodies packed up, twice a day, in them racing up and down the saloon between dishes, a sheet wrong out of water, whose temperature is (for at dinner we generally have three dishes)-you down to freezing-(last evening, the sheet in which would not dream that these people were on the sick I was packed, three minutes before I saw spread list of mankind. Hope is the expression of every face out on the snow before my window, frozen stiff -- despair has no place in Graeffenberg. As to the as ice)-to lie in that wet sheet till I get warm, crisis-every guest here longs for a crisis. No one and then go down into a bath-room, oft full of snow fears it -no one pities you if you have one-all would and ice, and there throw all off, and smoking, plunge rather envy you, congratulate you on the success of into that dreadful bath, and stay in it one or two min-utes—then to be rubbed dry, and have a long wet themselves! And the more severe the crisis, the bendage tied around the whole body-then dress, and more certain and effectual the cure. Such is the feelgo out and face these fierce, howling tempests, the ingrespecting the crisis. It is considered the dying my in the system to be routed-cold water is the defender of the system; the disease the invading enemy. The enemy obtains a lodgment in the citadelthe body. Cold water seeks to drive him out-pursues him round and round the system. The enemy, now in the head, now in the chest, lungs, heart, stomach, legs, feet, hands, here and there, and every where, seeks a refuge from his terrible foe, cold water, till he can find no more rest to the sole of his foot in the body and then he darts out through the skin, smushing right through wherever it may chance to be, and away he goes in a crisis! and the body is saved alive and well. It is really accounted a blessing to have a pow-

erful crisis, by all the cure guests. Vincent Preissnitz is certainly an extraordinary man -has a countenance on which one loves to looka man of unpretending simplicity, of quiet look and demeanor, but of dauntless resolution and unyielding firmness. If a patient puts himself under his control, and he assumes the responsibility of the case, the patient must conform. He is a man of very limited book learning-pretends to none, has none- says but little to his patients-has no theory at all-and would be probably incapable of giving a written account of his system. Cold air and cold water are the only remedies with which he attempts to combat disease, and he does not pretend that he can cure all diseases with these. But he makes his patients work for health. We can't sit down in an easy chair, or stretch out on a soft sofa, in a warm room, with a warm wrapper gown on, and take little nice things, and be petted and comforted, all that! No-we have to work, work, work-no rest day or night-have but little heat, and no comforts at all, (comfort is unknown here, in any thing.) Our food is plentiful, but of the coarsest kind - no tes, no coffee, no condiments but salt-milk and cold water for drink; dry, stale rye bread, butter, boiled beef, soup, &cc. for food. To cut our rye bread is a laber of no small magnitude, and each must cut for himself; and to see Barons, Counts, Princes, Cavaliers, Priests, Generals, Doctors, and what not, all mixed up together, cutting and gnawing away at this coarse food, like hungry wolves-you would suppose that the genius of famine had come forth from the desers of Sahara, and was at our table. Just at present, I have a perfect hydrophobia. I have a horror of cold water. I can't get warm. But I am told it is a good sign! Oh, dear me! Weakness, low spirits, shiverings and shakings, fever, headache, toothache, and every other ache, a good sign! Well, I know my lungs are getting well. Farewell!

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LITERARY.

LINES

Written during an Anti-Slavery Convention. BY J. R. LOWELL.

We will speak out, we will be heard Though all earth's systems crack; We will not bate a single word, Nor take a letter back.

We speak the truth, and what care we For hissing and for scorn, While some faint gleamings we can see Of freedom's coming morn?

Let liars fear, let cowards shrink, Let traitors turn away; Whatever we have dared to think, That dare we also say.

Whate'er we deem Oppression's prop, Time-honored though it be, We break; nor fear the heavens will drop

The only chain we dare not break Is our own plighted word
To plead for our poor brother's sake,
And perish or be heard.

THOMAS W. DORR.

At the late Suffrage Convention at Providence, an was sung. We make an extract to show its fire and

A rallied People's startling cry
From hill-tops thrilling to the sky,
And quivering over all the air,
Will pierce that prison's granite ear,
With tones the dead cold stones may hear, And cheer the Tyrant's Victim there.

Let coward wrong in fear be stayed On musket-shot and red-wet blade, Ever the trembling despot's prop; But on the fleshless arm of Right Lean ye, and mock their banded might, Bidding their victim's fetters drop.

Brute hearts, whose only trust is set In sulphur-smoke and bayonet, Shall cower before your moral might; While Pity's cry, and Truth's appeal, Victorious over lead and steel, Call back the buried Brave to light.

THE STRANGER IN LOWELL .- No. 10.

Death put out the light on her old family hearth- found in the river near his father's house! to her heart, to call that blush on her cheek, tremu- story of the child's confinement, may very reasona-

Byron collar, feeble and pale, and with languid, staffsupported step; and that frock-clad farmer, through whose firm cheek glows the ruddiness of health, who pass each other on the sidewalk,-what thoughts has their interchange of glances suggested? Does not the sick man sigh for the condition of that tiller of the soil, who with strong hand and light heart, works in sun and air, from day-break to sunset? And has not the Worker, as his coarse frock brushed the rich cloak of the Idler, murmured at his own allotment, and like Hassen, in the Eastern fable, longed to be rich at once? Oh, for one hour's enjoyment of the gift of discerning spirits-of looking with Mesmeric keenness of vision into the mind's secret chambers? That some "tricksey spirit" would lay bare all this mental machinery, just as the bottle-imp Asmodeus unroofed the house-tops of Madrid, for the benefit of LeSage's student !

Who, for instance, could have divined the object of two men, who, a fortnight since, drove their one horse wagon slowly up Central street? Had our entire Yankee-born population undertaken to guess at it, they would have probably all found themselves at fault. That dusty vehicle and its inmates passed through our streets, winning but a casual glance,-a mere ripple on the human tide which here at least ebbs and flows three times a day. Yet "thereby hangs a tale," strikingly illustrative of the supernatode by our anti-slavery friend, George S. Burneren, uralism of the nineteenth century, and the march of

Not long since, in one of the towns on the Merri-

mack near its mouth, a promising boy of six years of age, was missed by his parents. Search was made

for him in the neighborhood, and finally the river was dragged for some distance, under the apprehension that he had fallen into the stream, while sporting on its banks. This also proving ineffectual, some of the neighbors, despairing of all ordinary means of discovering the lost one, resorted to the mysteries of Magnetism. A young girl of nervous temperament -one of Dr. Buchanan's "impressible subjects"being thrown into the Mesmeric trance, declared that she saw the child cofined in a room, the key of which was kept by a dark, evil-looking man; and that the poor child was alone, crying for his father. Not entirely satisfied with this revelation, the questioners drove off to Exeter, N. H., where they consulted "Mother Nash," an old colored enchantress, I have sometimes amused myself in our crowded and life-long dealer in the black art. The swarthoroughfares, by indulging in vague conjectures as thy Sibyl examined her tea-cups; and stated of to the character and impelling motives of the passing that the child was still living, having been carried multitude. Forms of old and young, of smiling girl- off and confined by some person who was a bitter hood, and bowed and decrepid age, move on, each enemy of its parents. Here was a confirmation of the upon its unknown errand, - each working out its own Mesmeric vision; but to make assurance doubly sure, or ribbon-garnished straw or silk-what a world of somewhat famous "subject" of the magnetic experihopes and fears, joys and griefs, holy aspirations and menters. He was duly operated upon, until, like the evil appetites, lies hidden! That pinched, worn face Pythoness on her tripod, he could "see that which which I catch a glimpse of, glancing by me like that was not to be seen." He confirmed the previous of a pained goblin-does it betoken a wounded spirit, responses of his Mesmeric sister and " Mother Nash," or an unpaid bill? Is that man who glances so un- and furthermore pointed out the locality of the child's easily over his shoulder ever and anon, afraid of a imprisonment. The seekers returned, took with them ghost, or the sheriff? That melancholy gentleman, a sheriff, and started for Reading, the place desigwith his hat drawn over his eyes, moving slowly and nated. After searching the town as dilligently as solemnly as if following as chief mourner in a spec- Diogenes did Athens when in pursuit of an honest tral procession of his own funeral, winding its way man, they were about giving over in despair, when in dismal prospective before him, -is he brooding luckily they bethought them of trying the Mesmeric over some heavy calamity, the loss of friends or for- oracle once more. Having found a "subject," they tune, or more than all, self-respect? Or is he only received in answer to their queries, certain mysterilaboring under a fit of indigestion-like the dyspep- ous givings out, tending to fix the locality of the tic monks of Mt. Athos, engaged in exclusive and de-child's imprisonment in Lowell. They accordingly vont contemplation of his stomach? That young bent their course towards our city, where their search lady who comes with wet eye and agitated step from was brought to a sudden termination by the mournthe Post Office,-has her lover forgotten her, or has ful intelligence that the body of the child had been

stone? And she who trips beside her, what has she The singular circumstance of the substantial found in that letter which she has just placed close agreement of the Mesmerized "subjects" in their lous and beautiful as sunset on running water? That bly be accounted for from the fact, that Capt. C., the man of discounts, and deeds of warranty, bim of the father of the child had just had a serious difficulty deep purse and the close hand, what has knit up those with one of his sailors, and the suspicion naturally brows of his, and compressed that thin lip? Let hin arose that this sailor in revenge for pretended injury go his way, pitied, not envied. That richly dresser had decoyed away the child, as the most effectual invalid, with his long curled locks flowing over hi means of wounding the feelings of its father. This

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St. Germain. Grant, if you will, that the everlasting distemper!"

and ubiquitous Quack has taken advantage of it— For myself, I am not willing to reject at once produced. This first fact in Mesmerism dimly re- is more to be deprecated than that of belief. veals a new world of wonder-a faint light falling into the great shadow of the mystery which environs us like an atmosphere of night. It affords us a vague and dim perception of the nature of what we call Life-it startles the Materialist with phenomena fearfully suggestive of the conditions of a purely spiritual being. In the language of another: When we plant our first footfall upon the threshold of the portal to which this astonishing discovery introduces, long and deep are the reverberations which come forth from the yet dark depths which lie beyond it. Having made this first step, we are prepared to go "sounding onward our dim and perilous way," passing from one wonder to another, like the knight of the nursery tale, in the enchanted castle:

"His heart was strong, While the strange light crept on the floor along."

I have been recently deeply interested in reading a paper from a gentleman who has devoted much of his leisure for the last seven years to a patient investigation of this subject. He gives the particulars of of a case which occurred under his own observation. A young girl, of great purity of character, in a highly exalted state of what is called clairvoyance, or animal electricity, was willed by the Magnetiser to the future world. In the language of the narrator, "The vision burst upon her. Her whole counted nance and form indicated at once that a most surprising change had passed over her mind. A solemn, pleasing, but deeply impressive expression rested upon her features. She prophesied her own early death, and when one of her young friends wept, she said, 'Do not weep for me-death is desirable, beantiful! I have seen the Future, and myself there. Oh it is beautiful, happy, and glorious-and myself so beautiful, happy and glorious !-- And it is not dying, only changing places, states and conditions and feelings. Oh how beautiful-how blessed ! ' She seemed to see her mother, who was dead, and when asked to speak to her she replied, 'She will not speak. I could not understand her. They converse by willing, thinking, feeling, without language."

All this may in part be accounted for on my friend Sunderland's theory of cerebral excitementthe disturbed over-action of a portion of the brain, or to speak phrenologically, of "the religious organs." Yet the mystery even then is but partially solved. Why in this state of exaltation and preternatural mental activity should similar images and thoughts present themselves to persons of widely varied temperaments, and beliefs, from the cold materialist to the ardent religious enthusiast, from the credulous believer to the confirmed skeptic? How is it that the youthful Mesmeric clairvoyant, who has never heard of Swedenborg, confirms in her dreams of a future life the speculations of that remarkable writer? Why is it that her revelations accord with those of the devotional enthusiast of all times-with those fore-shadowings of the better life which make so many death-beds holy and beautiful, and throw over the countenances of departing friends a glory and a gladness not of this world? Is all this delusion? Have we, indeed, no intercourse with the Spiritual World-is the ladder which, in the vision of the Pa- prof. fo triarch, connected earth with heaven, no longer bright with angel footstens? Do we stand alone in the universe, cut off from all direct communion with higher

appression, my Mesmeric friends tell me, was proba-spirits? Have we no inward recognition of a Power bly conveyed by the operators to the minds of their without ourselves acting upon us? Wo for us if it be so. In the language of Jonathan Edwards, in his What is Mesmerism?-It is too late now to regard defence of the religious awakening of 1740, "If these it wholly as charlatanry and imposture-to rank its things be illusions and the fruits of a distempered phenomena with the tricks of Cagliostro and Count brain, let me be evermore possessed with this happy

that he has engrafted upon its great fact the fictions everything which cannot be explained in consistency and shallow legerdemain of common jugglery, -- still with a strictly material philosophy. Our whole life a FACT remains, attested by unnumbered witnesses, is circled about with mystery. Who knows the laws which clashes with all our old ideas and our habitual his own spiritual nature-who can determine the experience-which throws open the door for "thick- precise conditions of the mysterious union of soul coming fancies" and interminable speculations-a and body? It ill becomes us, in our ignorance and miracle made familiar-an impossibility realized- blindness, to decide that whatever accords not with the old fable of transfusion of spirit made actual-the our five senses, and our every day experience, is an mysterious Trance of the Egyptian priesthood re- impossibility. There is a credulity of doubt which

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THE STRANGER IN LOWELL .- No. 11.

The 20th of the 9th month is the time fixed upon ceremony of "LIGHTING UP." Passing over the divines in the Episcopal church." graceful dances.

light, and of such a kind as does not tax the mind as well as the body. Profitable and permanent employment is secured to many who might otherwise be only a burthen upon their friends, and many a home in the agricultural portions of New England is made cheerful, comfortable and happy, by the earnings of these mills. What I complain of-what reason and humanity cry out against -- is the length of the working-day of the factory operative. Ten hours are quite enough for labor. All beyond that time is at the expense of the worker. To this great and very serious evil in our manufacturing system, the attention of the humane and philanthropic should be directed. Both classes-the employed and the employers-would be benefitted in the end by the general adoption of the TEN HOUR SYSTEM.

I do not know when I have seen a more amusing illustration of the disposition of a certain class in our country to make up faces of " wide-orbed surprise," at the fact that so many of our "factory girls" are intelligent and accomplished, in the best sense of that much abused term, than in the following extract from the speech of one of the orators at a late political meeting in Delaware:

"I have seen myself on the third floor of a woolen factory at Tariffville, in Connecticut, the daughter -the orphan daughter of an Episcopal clergyman-the own niece of the oldest Episcopal Bishop in the United States, the late Bishop Griswold, of Massachusetts, so engaged; and the fair Gertrude—and fair she was—her brow as Parian marble—her eye dark and bright, and full like the Gazelle's, and

"The mind beamed forth, showing a countenance Radiant with pure light ethereal."

She felt none the less good, or virtuous, or respectable, that with the labor of her hands she assisted to give support to a widowed mother in declining health, and two or three young orphan sisters. She was thus at work when I saw her on what was the old mill scat of her grandfather, who had owned the country for a circuit of two miles round. I may mention here, as exposing that silly argument of the poor against the rich, that I have heard my father say, that when a boy he took a grist to the same old mill, that Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Griswold was mowing in an adje field; he hung his scythe upon an apple tree, took the

grist off his horse, ground it, put the bags on and started him home. My father subsequently studied the languages, Greek and Latin, with Mr. Griswold, and came to the bar; while the miller became a Bishop, for lighting the Mills in this city for evening labor.

I took occasion, with some friends, to witness the

Bridge nearly to the Dracut shore, we had a fine Now there are several remarkable points in this view of the long line of mills, the city beyond, and statement which we are bound to suppose astonished the long sweep of the river from the Falls. The and confounded the small slaveholding peach-growers light of a tranquil and beautiful September sunset of Delaware. 1. The girl was a parson's daughter was slowly fading from the river and sky; and the _an Episcopal parson's! 2. She was the neice of shadows of the trees on the Dracut side were blend- a Bishop! 3. She was "fair" as her namesake, the ing in dusky indistinctness with the great shadow of Gertrude of Campbell's "Wyoming." 4. And this Night. Suddenly gleams of light broke from the paragon actually worked in a mill! 5. And the mill! huge black masses of masonry on the Lowell shore- was built just where her grandfather had a gristmill! at first feeble and scattered-flitting from window to 6. And her uncle, who was afterwards a Bishop, window, appearing and disappearing, like will o' when a boy actually took off the bags of corn for his wisps in a torest, or fire-flies of a summer's night. father. But the whole is not told. The orator goes Anon, tier after tier of windows became radiant, until on to say, and we have his word of honor for the fact, the whole vast wall, stretching far up the river, from that this same factory girl "felt no less good, and basement to roof, was chequered with light, reflect-virtuous, and respectable" for all this! And what is ed with the starbeams from the dark, still waters of stranger still, a respectable man, as the orator tells the river. With a little effort of fancy, one could us in the next paragraph, thought the same, and so readily transform the huge mills thus illuminated in-to palaces lighted up for festival ocasions—and the somewhere in the Land of Steady Habits, which has figures of the mill-girls passing to and fro before the shrubbery about it, and which is already filled with windows, into forms of fashion and beauty, moving in "little rose buds"! Truth is stranger than fiction. One can imagine with what open-mouthed wonder Alas !--this music of the shuttle, and the day-long the ague-shaken and shabby "chwalry" of Lower dance to it, are unhappily not of that kind which Delaware listened to this marvellous narrative of Milton speaks of when he invokes the "soft Lydian what the orator had seen with his own eyes. One away from this "lighting up," saddened and sorrowtal. For half a weary year, from the bell-call of along the margin of the Cypress Swamp, and the morning twilight to half-past seven in the evening, mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole with brief intermissions for two hasty meals, the the operatives in these mills are confined to their looms and tasks. Their lot is a voluntary one—their wages, perhaps, better than they could obtain in their country homes—their opportunities are doubtless greater for dress and amusements, for lectures and religious and social meetings—their labor too is light and of such a kind as does not tax the mind as mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and so is a said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, where it is said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and so is a said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said and said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said and said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the first of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the first of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the first of the Great Bay, and said a whole mouth of the Great Bay, and said and said a whole mouth of the Gre

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Miscelany.

The Silver Tankard.

south, in a thickly settled town in the because he State of Maine, some hundred and more years ago stood a farm-house to which the Little Hi epithet of "comfortable" might be applied, was strictly brought up to observe the go with empty hands when this silver is The old forest came down to the back of it; Lord's day. She knew that she ought to here. He seized the tankard. 'Put that The old forest came down to the back of it; in front were cultivated fields, beyond which was ground partially cleared, full of pine stumps, and here and there, standing erect, the giant trunks of trees which the fire had scorched and blackened, though it had failed to overthrow them. The house stood at the very verge of settlement, so that from it no cottage could be seen; the nearest neighbor was distant about six miles. Daniel Gordon, the owner and occupant of the premises we have described, had chosen this valley in the wilderness, a wide, rich tract of land, not only as his home, but, prospectively, as the home of his children wight have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of the district will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man was gathering her and him the house will have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man was gathering her and him the house had chosen this house; but nature this noug children might have room to settle around him. He was looked upon as the rich man of that district, well known over all that part of the country. His house was completely finished, and was large for the times, having two stories in front and one behind, with a long sloping roof; it seemed as if it leaned to the south to offer its back to the cold winds from the northern mountains.—It was full of the comforts of life,—the furnuture even a little "showy" for a Puritan; when the table was set, there was, to use the Yawkee phrase, 'considerable' silver plate, among which a large tankard stood pre-eminent. This silver had been the pre-eminent. This silver had been the property of his father, and was brought over from the mother country.

Now, we go back to this pleasant valley as it was a bright and beautful morning in the month of June. It was Sunday, and though early, the two sons of Daniel Gor- abundance to the weary traveller. don and the hired man had gone to meeting. on foot, down to the "Landing," a little house-keeping duty. He was standing on the door-step enjoying the freshness of the

risit. I have got nothing in my house to ble. She spread upon it a clean white bring them there, but they may be after the silver tankard, and the silver spoons. I have often told you that these things were not fit of the 'old orchard,' with a large quantity of wheaten bread and a dish of cold the bosom of a condemned felon.

Gordon remained with Smith, whisper-

Hitty, treat them well. We can our abundance to the poor. What is silv or gold when we think of God's word?" With these words on his lips he drove off, On the slope of land opening itself to the troubled man in spite of his religious trust,

on foot, down to the "Landing," a little village on the banks of the river, ten miles distant. Daniel himselt was standing at the door with the horse and chaise, ready and waiting for his good wife who had been somewhat detained; for even then, in those primitive times, the women would be a little Backward,—for the last word or the last house-keeping duty. He was standing on the door-step enjoying the freshness of the last was neither breakiast time hor dinaction for his looks; there was no expression in her time, but about hell way between both; but about hell way between both; from being intruded upon, when he wanted to hear nothing, see nothing more of his before they were fairly in the house she asked if she should get them something to eat. Smith replied, 'Yes I will thank you, my child, for we are all hungry.' This house-keeping duty. He was standing on the door-step enjoying the freshness of the house-keeping duty. He was standing on the door-step enjoying the freshness of the morning, with a little pride in his heart perhaps, as he cast his eye over the extent of his possessions spread out before him.—At that instant a neighbor of six miles distance, rode up on horseback and beckoned to him from the gate of the enclosure around the house.

"Good morning, neighbor Gordon,' said he, Thave come out of my way in going to meeting to tell you that Tom Smith—that daring thief—with two others has been seen prowling about far these parts, and that you'd better look out, lest you have a risit. I have got nothing in my house to

silver tankard, and the silver spoons. I have often told you that these things were not fit for those new parts. Tom is a bold fellow, but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal, the better. I don't think it safe for you all to go meeting to-day,—but I suppose the fewer he meets when he goes to steal, the better. I don't think it safe for you all to go meeting to-day,—but I am in a hurry, neighbor, so good bye."

This communication placed our friend. Daniel in an unpleasant dilemma. It dad been settled that no one was to be left at home but his daughter Mehitable, a beautiful little girl about nine years old. Shall I stay or go, was the question. Daniel was a Puritan; he had strict notions of the duty of worshipping God in His temple, and he had faith that God would bless him only as he did his duty; but then he was a father and his little Hity was the light and joy of his eyes.

But these Puritans were stern and unfinching. He soon settled the point. I won't even take Hitty with me, for it will make her cowardly. The thieves may not come,—neighbor Perkins may be mistaken; and if they do come to my house they will not hurt that child. At any rate, she is in God's hands, and we will go to worship Him who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him." As he settled his, the girl and the mother came out the mother is mile on his face. They all moved to the ediner table; there was even a half girl and the mother came out; the mother is mile on his face. They all moved to the ediner table; there was even a half girl and the mother came out; the mother is mile on his face. They all moved to the ediner table; there were a ven a half girl and the mother came out; the mother is mile on his face. They all moved to the ediner table; there were a ven a half girl and the mother came out; the mother is mile on his face. They all moved to the ediner table; the document of the child. So continued to the content of the child. So content of the child of the with the potent of the child of the with the potent of th their trust in Him." As he settled this, the settled the dinner table; there was even a half girl and the mother came out: the mother smile on his face. They all moved to the stepped into the chaise; the father after her, saying to the child. "If any stangers come, companions on each side, the child at the How inconsistent with christian love is it."

e can spare of foot, standing there to help her guests and What is silver to be ready to go for further supplies as there was need

The men ate as hungry men, almost in with these words on his rips he drove on, a true men ate as hungry men, almost in the thickly settled town in the because he left his daughter in the wilder-ness alone. Smith the condertable" might be applied to the troubled man in spite of his religious trust, because he left his daughter in the wilder-ness alone. Smith tarted up suddenly, and said—Come! let's confortable" might be applied to the confortable was structly header the left his daughter of a Poritan, almost in the men ate as hungry men, almost in silence, drinking occasionally from the said ver tankard. When they had done. Smith tarted up suddenly, and said—Come! let's confortable man in spite of his religious trust, silence, drinking occasionally from the said ver tankard. When they had done. Smith tarted up suddenly, and said—Come! let's confortable man in spite of his religious trust, silence, drinking occasionally from the said ver tankard. When they had done. Smith tarted up suddenly, and said—Come! let's confortable man in spite of his religious trust, silence, drinking occasionally from the said ver tankard. When they had done. Smith tarted up suddenly, and said—Come! let's confortable man in spite of his religious trust, silence, drinking occasionally from the said ver tankard. When they had done. Smith tarted up suddenly, and said—Come! let's confortable man in spite of his religious trust, silence, drinking occasionally from the said ver tankard.

This silver had been the in with her, and said, "I am all alone; if mother country. In the country, back to this pleasant valley with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good light and beautful morning in June. It was Sunday, and whose last words were,—to spare of their whose last words were,—to spare of their when he entered the daugeon, Smith was was confident in in the cappet was continuous and the was formed to wait for the dreadful day when he was in twice and the two was formed to be hung up as a dog between heaven and with a frank, loving heart, glad to do good him; he felt drawn to the protector of his to others, and glad to please her father daughter, and went down to see him.—

When he entered the dungeon, Smith was whose last words were,—to spare of their abundance to the weary traveller.

Smith and his two companions entered.

Now it was neither breakfast time nor dinfor his looks; there was no expression in

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to put to death our brother, whose crime arise mainly from the vices and wrong structure of society. How incessant should be our exertions to disseminate the truth that the world may be reformed, law of love be substituted for the law of vengeance. The reader will not, however, need our help to make the right use of the guarding of the "silver tankard" by the kindness and innocence of a child.

The sweet spirited moral of this simple tale, developes the beauty, the omnipote of the law of love. There is a world of lustration in it; the out-shadowing of the principle of magnificent immortality, to which adhering, men and women and very little children may take hold of the great a tributes of God, and become mighty through them to the pulling down of the holds of Satan; to the subduing of human hearts brimful of murder and the strong great power on human and inhuman hearts. they that work with it shall be called the can chase a thousand with it, and more too, of the world's worst villains. It gives to the kindly speaking eye, the tiny hand, the silvery tone of the child, a power that takes away a giant's strength and makes a coward of him. It stops the iron mouths of murderous mortars, and the cannon of great navies, and turns the steel forests of stling bayonets into wood. Put it around a little hamlet, and it renders it more impregnable than a triple wall of semi-ferreous

she is dreadfully cursed with them. struggling for freedom, or something of the kind. Had she a hundred ships of the line, And even as it is-fleets or armies-she has too much physical strengt uite too much: O'Connell is more afraid of it than of the whole British empire. Well, being encompassed, embosomed, by the most gigantic power on earth, Irelandwithout any virtuous leaning that waywork out a revolution which, by force of arms, would cost her more blood than could iron-hearted Wellington would that she had stolen the whole British navy, rather than

cold water revolution goes on with put hors du combat by this ruse de paix. Against this omnipotent principle, her paixhan guns are of no more avail than so many pop-guns; nor is her soldiery better than a cloud of red-coated spectres armed Here, now, is O'Conwith moon-beams. nell in the midst of London, revolutionizing in broad day light, and within hearing of St. James, and of twenty thousand doubtful saints. Ye French revolutionists. what was the biggest thing proposed by your maddest democracy? was nagnitudinous conception as "Reveal?"me, then, to London, Edinburgh, Dublin, or any place where this giant Irishman speaks with the people, and learn the secret of his power and Ireland's strength and vic-"REMEMBER, NO POLITICAL CHANGE IS WORTH A SINGLE DROP OF HUMAN BLOOD Chere, ye Girondists, ye Jacobins, ye Men of the Mountain, what think ye of that? In that motto is the hiding and the revelation of his power, and the sovereignty of his brave-hearted people. In hoc signo omnia vincit. There is democracy tor you, that never came within the remotest vision of your bloody ethics; a democracy that wi ift from the breast of humanity the heaviest form of despotism, without a single crime, or a drop of human blood .- Christian

dwellings, into the open fields, and under the soft, ern malediction, "May you eat dirt!" It was a case warm sunshine, and the softer light of a full moon. for the deep and tender sympathy of our excellent The loveliest season of the whole year-that tran- Washingtonian, Kimball, or the scorching and vesient but delightful interval between the storms of hement rebuke of my friend CARTLAND, of "The the "wild Equinox with all their wet," and the dark White Mountain Torrent "-a rebuke, not of the and short dismal days which precede the rigor of drunkard, but of the mercenary wretches who made winter-is now with us. The sun rises through a soft him so. and hazy atmosphere-the light mist-clouds melt gradually away before him, and his noon-tide light rests warm and clear on still woods, tranquil waters. and grasses green with the late autumnal rains. The rough wooded slopes of Dracut, overlooking the falls of the river-Fort Hill, across the Concord, where the red man made his last stand, and where may still be seen the trench which he dug around his rude fortress-the beautiful woodlands on the Lowell and Tewksbury shores of the Concord-the Cemetery, last month, is worthy of Krummacher, or Jean Paul. the Patucket Falls,-all within the reach of a moderate walk, offer at this season their latest and lovelist attractions.

ng as that along the margin of the river, for nearly bled at her side. a mile from the village of Belvidere. The path The little steam went singing on, and with every There is Ireland, with all her vices, and oaks, through whose boughs you catch glimpses of surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasure distant city.

apon the rocky slope of the bank, where the panora- less of her tears; and as it bore the blooming about me. Far above, silent and dim as a picture, wailing of the breeze, and the fittul bursts of chimney-tops and church-spires, -nearer rose the flowers !" height of Belvidere, with its deserted burial-place moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee Old and neglected grave-stones sharply defined on its the thoughtless, impulsive child, an emblem of thy bleak, bare summit against the sky,-before me, the self. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let at-able, uncombatable principle. It he or up its everlasting murmur,—above me, the birch-tree Given. sir Robert could bribe an Irishman to fire hung its tassels,-and the last wild-flowers of aua red coat, they could easily tread out the Right opposite, the Dracut woods stretched upwards Time, thou wilt cry in tones loving peace, not because they love war glowing with tints richer and deeper than those shadowy Past-" Bring back my flowers !" less, but Ireiand more, assemble by acres to which Claude or Poressin mingled, as if the rainbows get their courage not warmed but frozen to of a summer shower had fallen among them. At a a sticking point by the peace-breathing elo-quence of the Liberator. Thus, this bloodmid-leg deep in the river, and a troop of children, ubiquitous potency; while the British gov- bright-eyed and mirthful, were casting pebbles at ernment, with armies and fleets enough to them from a projecting shelf of rock. Over all a bright-eyed and mirthful, were casting pebbles at turn the Emerald Island upside down is warm but softened sunshine melted down from a slumberous autumnal sky. It was a scene for a painter--for Fisher, in his happiest mood.

My reverie was disagreeably broken. A low grunting sound-like that of a dyspeptic porker, attracted my attention. I was not alone. Close beside me, half hidden by a tuft of bushes, lay a human being, stretched out at full length, with his face litterally rooted into the gravel. A little boy, five or six years of age, clean and healthful, with his fair brown locks and blue eyes, stood on the bank above. gazing down upon him with an expression of childhood's simple and unaffected pity.

"What ails you?" asked the boy at length: "what makes you lie there?"

The prostrate groveller struggled half-way up, exhibiting the bloated and filthy countenance of a drunkard. He made two or three efforts to get upon his feet, lost his balance, and tumbled forward upon

"What are you doing there?" enquired the boy. "I'M TAKING MY COMFORT," he muttered, with his

mouth in the dirt.

Taking his comfort! There he lay-squalid and loathsome-under the bright heaven,-an embruted man. The holy harmonies of Nature-the sounds of gushing waters-the rustle of the leaves above him-the wild-flowers-the frost-bloom of the woods

THE STRANGER IN LOWELL .- No. 12. -what were they to him? Insensible, deaf and For the last few days, the fine weather has lured blind, in the stupor of a living death, he lay there, me away from books and papers, and the close air of litterally realizing that most bitterly significant East-

> God bless the Washingtonian movement!-And He will bless it, for it is His work. It is one of the great miracles of our times. Not Father Mathew in Ireland, nor Hawkins and his little band in Baltimore, but He whose care is over all the works of His hand, and who in His divine love and compassion "turneth the hearts of men as the rivers of waters are turned," hath done it. To Him be all the glory.

The following from the Lowell Offering for

THE WASTED FLOWERS.

On the velvet bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child, One fine morning, not long ago, I strolled down Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of comments of the Merrimack, on the Tewksbury shore. I know was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and no walk in the vicinity of Lowell so invit- her voice was as clear as that of the bird which war-

winds, green and flower-skirted, among beeches and pled hand, and with a merry laugh threw it upon its waters sparkling and dashing below. Rocks, huge and picturesque, jut out into the stream, affording from their tops beautiful views of the river and the into tears, called aloud to the stream-" Bring bar Half-fatigued with my walk, I threw myself down my flowers!" But the stream danced along, regardma of earth, sky and water, lay clear and distinct about me. Far above silent and distinct along its reedy margin. And, long after, amid the was the city with its huge mill-masonry, confused grief, was heard the fruitless cry-" Bring back my

Merry maiden! who art idly wasting the precious river went dashing down its rugged channel, sending fragrance be dispensed in blessings on all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent

Else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from off a rusty musket or throw his shilallah at tumn profusely fringed the rocky rim of the river, thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of hope of Ireland beneath the iron heel of from the shore—beautiful with the hues of frost, and the warm-blooded revolutionists, those of the weeping child—"Bring back my flowers. But the warm-blooded revolutionists,

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1 Tim. 6. 15. The blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords. Mat. 4. 10. And him only shall thou serve. Mat. 23. 8. Be not ye called Rabbi : for one is your Mater, even Christ , and all ye are brethren. And call n. man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. Luke 22, 25. The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so: but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth 1 Cor. 6. 7. Now therefore, there is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law one with another : Why do ye not rather take wrong? Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded? 1 Cor. 15. 24, 25. Then cometh the end when he shall have delivered up the kingdom, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority, and power. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. Rev. 16. 6. Alleluia; for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. 10. Will the progress of the gospel of Jesus Christ sup-plant human governments, and bring back the world to a Theoreacu? Dan. 2. 44. In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall not be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever. Zech. 14. 9. And the Lord shall be king over all the earth: in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one. Isa. 65. 21. And they shall build houses and inhabit them; and plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. And they shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat:- The wolf and the lamb shall feed together; they shall not burt nor destroy in my holy mountain. high yell much Cooper house from huse 1820 Much 18- 64 mote Ware both my bush Tre 511 gn 6 6181 & heye geterne from Ethen Colown 1816 sugar 300 Demoung 19 Bush Sett December 92 1815 the bach And ph 2181 some A101

NON-RESISTANCE.

BIBLE ARGUMENT FOR NON-RESISTANCE, sake hath forgiven you.

9. 20.)

gressor of the law.

perish with the sword.

abiding in him.

Luke 3. 14. Do violence to no man.

let him have thy cloak also.

avenging of injurers?

give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is from your hearts for give not every one his brother their nine, I will repay saith the Lord. trespasses.

And again, the Lord shall judge his people.

none render evil for evil unto any man, but ever fol. long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, low that which is good.

James 4. 12. There is one lawgiver who is able to

Rom. 14. 10. Why dost thou judge thy brother? Mat. 7. 1. Judge not, that ye be not judged.

3. Has God required and encouraged us to bear injuries o return good for evil, and love for hatred?

Rom. 12. 14. Bless them that persecute you, bless and curse not .- If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he

neighbor and hate thine enemy: But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which no more. despitefully use you, and persecute you; That ye may God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit-Lord, be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the lay not this sin to their charge,

Luke 6.30. Of him that taketh away thy goods, ask cuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat. them not again. 35. Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your forgiveness, and returning good for evil under all circumseward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind to the unthankful and to the evil. Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt is merciful. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; heap coals of fire upon his head. condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive shall be called the children of God.

1 Pet. 2. 19. This is thank-worthy, if a man for conscience towards God endure grief, suffering wrongful- carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down ly. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffetted for of strong holds. your faults, ye shall take it patiently? But if, when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye call- open to their prayers: And who is he that will harm ed; because Christ hath suffered for us, leaving us an you, if ye be followers of that which is good? But if example, that ye should follow his steps. Who, when ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled. he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.

Col. 3. 12. Put on, therefore, as the elect of God, holy with all fear; not only to the good and gentle, but also and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness to the froward. of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ did, so do ye.

4. Has God required universal forgiveness towards our injurers, as a condition of acceptance with him?

Mat. 6. 12. Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our forgive your trespasses.

Mark 11. 25. And when ye stand praying, forgive, nation. if ye have augut against any; that your Father also 8. But ought we not to choose and maintain a human if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father forgive

Eph. 4. 32 Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's

1. Has God prohibited an armed and bloody resistance Mat. 18. 21. Then came Peter unto him and said, to those who threaten and abuse ws? Exod. 20. 13. Thou shall not kill. (See also Luke 1, forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him. I say not unto thee until seven times, but, until seven-James 2. 11. If thou kill, thou art become a trans- ty times seven. 27. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave Mat. 26. 52. Then said Jesus-Put up thy sword him the debt. But the same servant went out, and of into his place : for all they that take the sword, shall found one of his fellow-servants which owed him a hundred pence, and he laid hands on him, and took 1 John 3. 15. Whose hateth his brother is a murder. him by the throat, saying, Pay me that then owest. er: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not, but went and cast Mat. 5. 38. Ye have heard-An eye for an eye, and him into prison, till he should pay the debt. So when tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, that ye re- his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were sorist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy ry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any Then his lord said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy 2. Has God forbidden retaliation, or the punishing and fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, Rom. 12. 17. Recompense to no man evil for evil_ till he should pay all that was due unto him. So like-Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather wise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye

Heb. 10. 30. We know him that hath said, Ven- 5. Does non-resistance, as delineated in the Constitution geance belongeth unto me, I will repay saith the Lord. of the N. E. Non-Resistance Society, accord with the ge-

1 Thes. 5. 14. Be patient towards all men. See that Gal. 5. 22. The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, temperance: against such there is no law.

James 3. 17. The wisdom that is from above is first save and to destroy. Who art thou that judgeth anoth- pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits.

1 Cor. 13. 4. Charity suffereth long and is kindseeketh not her own-beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things-never faileth

James 4.1. From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?

thirst, give him drink: Be not overcome of evil, but my kingdom were of this world, then would my ser-John 18. 39. My kingdom is not of this world. If Mat. 5. 43. Ye have heard—Thou shalt love thy vants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews. Luke 23.34. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them.

John 8. 11. Neither do I condemn thee ; go and sin Acts 7. 59. And they stoned Stephen, calling upon

James 5. 6. We have condemned and killed the just, good, and sendeth rain on the just, and on the unjust.

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have

1 Cor. 4. 12. Being reviled, we bless; being perse-

Rom. 12. 20. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if

Mat. 5. 9. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they

2 Cor. 10. 4. The weapons of our warfare are not

1 Pet. 3. 11. Seek peace and ensue it. For the eyes

7. But is not 'resistance to tweats obedience to God'? 1 Pet. 2. 18. Servants, be subject to your masters

1 Pet. 2. 13. Submit yourselves to every ordinance of men for the Lord's sake : whether it be to the king

as supreme ; or unto governors. Titus 3. 1. Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates.

Rom. 13. 1. Let every soul be subject to the higher debtors .- For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your powers, for there is no power but of God. The powheavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye for- ers that be are ordained of God. Whoseever therefore give not men their trespasses, neither will your Father resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist, shall receive to themselves dam-

which is in heaven may forgive your trespasses. But government, to recure our rights and privileges, through if we do not forgive, neither will your Father forgive, which we may punish evil doers, and be avenged on our in-

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From Whittier's Middlesex Standard.

The Stranger in Lowell .-- No. VIII.

Accustomed as I begin to feel, to the

cracked his whip and went rattling down waiting for the long desired consummathe street.

ments-the heavens rolling together as and its triumph-sad wailings of the lost,

suppose is only a few months distant, -to render all his benevolent schemes of no straps attached to it; and seating herself lift up their warning voices in the midst sort of consequence! of scoffers and doubters, and to cry aloud And after all, is the idea itself a vain shoulders, patiently awaiting the crisis,

of this loveliest season of the year-a no hope that this world-wide prophecy of Three or four years ago, on my way the toils of the day—merchants spreading out their wares for the eyes of purchasers—sounds of hammers, the sharp view of all abounding beauty, that the idea of the Death of Nature—the bapwomen, who, verily believing the End to be in vain.

saints alone shall inherit it. in the deserts, worn pilgrims to the holy handsomely down to grass!

the driver of a stage, who stood beside was, waiting with eagerness for the fore- wards the "hope set before him" his horses, swinging his whip with some degree of impatience: "Seventy-five tening even in the very council hall, for cents to the Second Advent camp-ground!" the blast of the last trumpet. Think of The stage was soon filled; the driver the Fifth Monarchy men, weary with tion, rushing out with drawn swords and The Second Advent!-the coming of loaded matchlocks into the streets of our Lord in person upon this Earth, with London, to establish at once the reign of signs, and wonders, and terrible judg- King Jesus. Think of the wild enthusiasts at Munster, verily imagining that a scroll, the elements melting with fer- the Millennium reign had commenced in vent heat! The mighty consummation their city! Still later, think of Granville of all things at hand, with its destruction Sharpe, dilligently laboring in his voca-

It was one of the most lovely mornings continue as heretofore, forever ? Is there | would of necessity follow. much life, in that sunrise light, and in early prejudice and defective education, tents, and back of them the provision tism of the world in fire-could take such that hope and that faith which constitute, a practical shape as this? Yet here were as it were the world's life, and without

be close at hand, had left their counting- I do not, I confess, sympathize with see that it had its effect upon the multirooms, and workshops, and household my Second Advent friends in their la- tude before me, kindling to higher incares, to publish the great tidings, and to mentable deprecation of this world, even tensity their already excited enthusiasm. startle, if possible, a careless and unbe- in its present state. I find it extremely The preachers were placed in a rude pullieving generation into preparation for difficult to comprehend how it is that this pit of rough boards, carpeted only by the Day of the Lord, and for that bles- goodly, green, sun-lit earth of ours is the dead forest leaves and flowers, and sed Millennium-the restored Paradise- resting under a curse. It really does tassalled, not with silk and velvet, but when, renovated and renewed by its fire- not seem to me to be altogether like the with the green boughs of the sombre purgation, the earth shall become, as of roll which the angel bore in the Prophet's hemlocks around it. One of them folold, the Garden of the Lord, and the vision, "written within and without with lowed the music in an earnest exhortamourning, lamentation and woe." Seption on the duty of preparing for the Very serious and impressive is the fact, tember sunsets-changing forests-moon- great event. Occasionally he was really that this idea of a radical change in our rise, and cloud, and sun, and rain-I, for eloquent, and his description of the lanet, is not only predicted in the Scrip- one, am contented with them. They fill last day had all the terrible distinctness tures; but that the Earth herself, in her my heart with a sense of beauty. I see of Anelli's painting of the "End of the primitive rocks and varying formations, in them the perfect work of Infinite world." on which are lithographed the history of Love as well as Wisdom. It may be Suspended from the front of the rude successive convulsions, darkly prophesies that our Advent friends, however, coin-pulpit were two broad sheets of canvass of others to come. The old poet-proph- cide with the opinions of an old writer upon one of which was the figure of a ets, all the world over, have sung of 2 on the prophecies, who considered the man-the head of gold-the breast and renovated world. A vision of it haunted hills and vallies of the earth's surface, arms of silver-the belly of brass-the the contemplations of Plato. It is seen and its changes of seasons, as so many legs iron, and feet of clay,—the dream in the half-inspired speculations of the visible manifestations of God's curse; of Nebuchadnezzar! On the other old Indian mystics. The Cumman Sybil and that, in the Millennium, as in the least of the Apoctory of the Apoct saw it in her trances. The apostles and days of Adam's innocence, all these pic- alyptic vision-the beasts-the dragons martyrs of our faith looked for it anxturesque inequalities would be levelled -- the scarlet woman seen by the seer of
iously and hopefully. Grey anchorites
in the deserts worn pilgrims to the holy

from the Gothic temples of the middle One is shocked in reading some of the ages-from the bleak mountain gorges "Hymns" of these believers. Sensual of the Alps, where the hunted heretics images-semi-Mahomedan descriptions put up their expostulation, "How long, of the "saints"—exultations over the O Lord, how long!"—down to the pres-destruction of the "sinners"—mingle "Stage ready, gentlemen!"—"Stage ent time, and from this Derry camp-ground, Derry—Second Advent ground, has been uttered the prophecy, and the prayer for its fulfilment.

"Stage ready, gentlemen!"—"Stage ent time, and from this Derry camp-with the beautiful and soothing promises of the Prophets. There are indeed occasionally to be found among the be-How this great idea manifests itself in lievers, men of refined and exalted spirordinary sights and sounds of this busy the lives of the enthusiasts of the days itualism-who in their lives and convercity, I was, I confess, somewhat startled of Cromwell !- Think of Sir Henry sation remind one of Tennyson's Chrisby this business-like annunciation from Vane, cool, sagacious statesman as he tian knight-errant, in his yearning to-

> _"To me is given Such hope I may not fear ; I long to breathe the airs of heaven, Which sometimes meet me here. I muse on joys which cannot fade, Pure spaces filled with living beams, White lilies of eternal peace, Whose odors haunt my dreams."

One of the most ludirous examples of the sensual phase of Millerism-the incongruous blending of the sublime with the ridiculous, was mentioned to me not tion of philanthropy, laying plans for the long since. A fashionable young woand rejoicing songs of the glorified !- slow but beneficent amelioration of the man, in the western part of this State, From this over-swarming hive of indus- condition of his countrymen and the became an enthusiastic believer in the try-from these crowded tread-mills of world, and at the same time maintaining, doctrine. On the day which had been gain—here were men and women going with the zeal of Father Miller himself, designated as the closing one of time, out in solemn earnestness to prepare for that the earth was just on the point of she packed all her fine dresses and toilet the dread moment, which they verily combustion, and the Millennium would valuables in a large trunk with long upon if, buckled the straps over her to blind priests and careless churches,—
one? Shall to-morrow be as to-day—
shrewdly calculating that as she must hershall the antagonism of Good and Evil
self go upward, her goods and chattels

warm, soft atmosphere—clear sunshine the human soul, uttered in all climes, in falling on the city spires and roofs—the all times, shall yet be fulfilled? Who camp ground of the Second Advent, in hills of Dracut, quiet and green in the shall say it may not be true? Nay, is East Kingston. The spot was well chohills of Dracut, quiet and green in the distance, with their white farm-houses and scattered trees;—around me the continual tread of footsteps hurrying to clink of trowels, the murmur of the great light rising over the hell of man's pas-manufactories subdued by distance!— sions and crimes—the glorious ideal of ground of snowy whiteness to the dark How was it possible, in the midst of so Shelley, who, atheist as he was, through stalls and cook shops. When I reached W. the ground, a hymn, the words of which I could not distinguish, was pealing through the dim aisles of the forest. I sober, intelligent men, gentle and pious which it would be dark and dead, cannot know nothing of music, having neither women, who, verily believing the End to be in vain.

mystic symbols translated into staring places of Jewish and Christian tradition, prayed for its coming. It inspired the gorgeous vision of Augustine's "City of God." In every age since the Christian era—from the caves, and forests, and secluded "upper chambers" of the times of the first missionaries of the Cross—

boxes, which are all provided expressly to defend this very worship. After prayers, I understand (I did n't stay to attend it,) they had a sham fight, among other exercises. One officer, I was told, made a speech to the men-in which he told them " war was according to the circumstances of the age,-if it was n't according to the spirit of the age,"which he seemed to regret,-and dwelt much on the duty of soldiers to be brave and obedient, and on the value of discipline, Well-this is one of our religious institutions -this General Muster-as much so as the Gallows-the Pulpit-the Priesthood-Slavery, or any other of them. And really, it is becoming, now the people are seeing it in its true light, one of the least harmful of them all. young by gottemment 0681 1814 august 9th my bush young hel # 00 - 20 3181 Just fil 181 6181 Les fulls Mon ha 1816 By Sole (8/5 years 2/8) my 6/8/ ocholar 15 th 1014 hy out A 12.10 -oyung

bolic language of the Bible-the smoke from the fires rising like incense from of primitive worship, when

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave, And stretch the roof above it.'

Second Advent, in his memorable dis-

"There are some among us at the him in the clouds, to hear his voice, to religion breaks out in new glory, or

of the world." "Muster."

n their hands, or carrying them on their shoul- by to fighting, and that the Commander gave up, rub-a-dub-bing, a little way back among the

least, the law obliging the people to play the guarded lines, where 'paced the senting "Swindging the scale horrors of his folded antics of "muster." But it is one of those trailed musket, to watch the borders of the things that people, generally, dislike to move field! The people were permetted to overpass To an imaginative mind, the scene was in first, and first moving in it (as in every it-for it was to prayer! We all huddled up full of novel interest. The white circle other reform,) is left to the fanaticism. The close to the armed men. I was almost afraid of tents—the dim wood arches—the up- judicious go on in the foolery till the fanat the people would run on to them,—for they turned, earnest faces—the loud voices of ics make it generally ridiculous or infamous _ seemed to have no fear of trainers before their the speakers, burdened with the awful sym- and then it becomes judicious to leave it off .- eyes. And the idea of prayer on such an occa-So it will be with this prank of " muster."

forest altars—carry one back to the days village—from my suburb residence—the morn. thing of seber carnest. I was very glad it did, ing of the solemn occasion-and 1 could per -for if there is any thing of christianity ever "The groves were God's first temples, ere men ceive something ailed the people I met on the in these prayers, the incongruity of throwing way. There was a sort of "great training" them up from a muster field, is most monstrous. eagerness in their look, and hurry in their step. The Commanding officer looked rather serious-I dont know but I walked a little quicker than but it seemed more from anxiety to get through Beautifully and truthfully has Dr. common, myself, as I drew night and beheld the manouvre right, than any care for the pray-Channing spoken of this doctrine of the the current of the day setting up street towards er. When he had got them all posted about, "the ground." I knew it was training day, according to regimental gunter, and so they course in Berkshire, a little before his for I had heard a cannon or two fired off about would n't be likely to run over friend Ryder, sunrise, -and now and then a drum tap or the who was on foot-and who, I understood, absosqueal of a fife in the course of the morning, lutely refused to perform horse-back,-the present moment, who are waiting for It was ludicrous, as well as melancholy, to Commander took off his cocked up hat, and orthe speedy coming of Christ. They ex- stand and see the poor human multitude trudge dered "all heads uncovered for prayer." The pect, before another year closes, to see by in the dust. Concord Main Street is never proopers took off their caps-but the people lacking for dust-but now there had been a did n't,-a soul of them, that I saw,-so it was stand before his judgment seat. These long drought so severe as almost to amount to wholly a military affair. The Colonel intimatillusions spring from misinterpretation of an omen for our Advent friends, who are look- ed, in some way, -I believe it was n't " word Scripture language. Christ, in the New ing again for conflagration, and the dust they o' command"—to friend Ryder, that he might-Testament, is said to come, whenever his kicked up as they drove and poured along, or must or could or should or would I gains new triumphs. He came in the man and beast, (if the distinction continues didn't catch the term-proceed. I didn't hear Holy Spirit in the day of Pentecost. He training day,) was "a caution," as well as a whether he said "lead in prayer" or not. But came in the destruction of Jerusalem, cloud. Poor codgers, on foot, old and young— it amounted to a call for prayer—and friend R. which, by subverting the old ritual law, evidently from some distance—as their poor took his position and began. I was really inand breaking the power of the worst en- 'tother clothes bore dusty witness,-pulling on, perested to hear what a man could say in such like pilgrims to Holy Land, as if it would be a predicament. I didn't see how he could say emies of his religion, ensured to it new like pilgrims to Holy Land, as if it would be a predicament. I didn't see how he could say victories. He came in the Reformation death to miss of getting there in season. Lots any thing. But friend R. did. He began by four years ago, when, through his reli- musters the day before-hastening to get on tool suppose, the revolutionary-continental "fagion, Eight Hundred Thousand men were the ground to mingle in the auction chorus that thers"-which was in military style enough,of little moment, compared with the friend Ryder, of the Universalist pulpit, has brotherly, family affair. He did n't pray for a brighter manifestation of his spirit .- tening with animated step, towards "the place bit of the spirit of '76-nor for any thing that The Christian, whose inward eyes and where prayer is wont to be made." I had just goes to make up or stir up the soldier. Said intense consecration of the Christian faith of orthodoxy is in better keeping than as I remember. It treated mankind as breth-

in a kind of savage fluery, and marching about open the muster with prayer,-he declined, or on. He seemed to put it up because he was in the dirt, brandishing mischievous instruments hesitated—on the ground that he was not friend- tired of carrying it in his hand. A drum struck

They have had an instance of this barbarism be at liberty to pray in his own way. It occurhad it stopped. But the noise outside the lines this week, in this place, They call it "Gener-fred to me, friend R. might make it in his way kept on through all the prayer, and the cry of al Musier"—and it is pretty general—quite too to pray a real christian prayer, (in sentiment, the pedlers rose there high above it towards general, for the credit of a really pretty sensible and civilized people. The people of Con- musters of any kind-ecclesiastical or militacord-to say nothing of towns about, who were, ry)-one that would blow muster and all other

After all it was as fitting an occasion of I suppose, engaged in it—do know better. .I kind of fighting up, sky high. I was in hopes know they are under the benighting influence he would. Accordingly I resorted to the "tent-worship, fresh from a drag out of Foster! of State House and Pulpit,—both of which inculcate the divinity of general muster—but out in line,—not very long, compared with the
then they know better,—for there is a light of
then they know better,—for there is a light of the age dawning, and they must see and know to throng at a muster. I was thankful too, to Foster,-or so much like giving the word "fire," the folly and the evil of such things as see no women among them, the brief space I or "push baganet!" as friend Daniel Noyes did, this rummy and ridiculous "muster." - was in sight. There was movement and evolut when he gave the signal for the drug-out am sorry they have not felt themselves tion among the troops-a gathering inwards, They went to prayer in friend Noyes' worship, eady to protest suitably against it. If they into a sort of conference shape-which I soon right after it, and why not on the muster field 9/ would-the people of this capital town alone, - perceived was a manouvreing for prayer. I amid guns and bayonets, canteens and cartridge he General Court would, I doubt not, repeal, at followed the multitude of people across the

sion and under such circumstances, seemed to I was approaching the main street of the strike all minds as more of a joke than any of the church. He came on this day of pedlers-getting in late from neighboring invoking the "God of our fathers"-meaning, raised from the lowest degradation, to swells up there so harmoniously with word of but he went on to call Him "father" - and the the rights, and dignity, and fellowship of command and the voice of the chaplain! By carmed and accountred array around him, His Christ's outward appearance is the way, I descried the chaplain of the day --- children" -- and to treat the muster as a sort of 3/6/ ears are touched by God, discerns the been told friend R. was to perform—and was not a word to the "God of Battles," any more coming of Christ, hears the sound of his rather sorry, because his pulpit had lately been than if there had n't been any such Deity prechariot wheels and the voice of his trumpet, when no other perceives them. He discerns the Saviour's advent in the dawning of higher truth on the world, in new aspirations of the church after perfection, in the prostration of prejudices and the voice of his trumpets, whose ranks friend Dow has recently been than if there had n't been any such Deity pretaking liberal ground toward the anti-slavery siding over mankind, to set them by the ears,—not a word for "grace" to nerve the arms of our troops and steel their hearts to look on had left the chaplaincy to Reverend Mr. Dow, of blood and carnage without fluching or winking the prostration of prejudices and the voice of his trumpets, and anti-slavery has "no deal, our troops and steel their hearts to look on had left the chaplaincy to Reverend Mr. Dow, of blood and carnage without fluching or winking the cars,—our award—not even to be a steel their hearts to look on the church after perfection, in the prostration of prejudices and the voice of his trumpets and the property of the cars,—our award for "grace" to nerve the arms of the cars,—our troops and steel their hearts to look on the voice of his trumpets. dice and error, in brighter expressions of whose ranks friend Dow has recently been con- done, had he been there, -not a word-not even Christian love, in more enlightened and verted from Universalism. I think the penal enough in the prayer for a 4th of July, -so far to the cause of humanity, freedom and friend Ryder's, with sulphurous gun-powder and ren-and God as the father of us all-and wound religion. Christ comes in the conver- the other instrumentalities of muster field. up by asking that in the end all should be year sion, the regeneration, the emancipation But I saw him hastening to the field at real received into peace and heaven together. He military rate. It occurred to me, I would like had hardly said "amen"-when the Colonel charge to go and witness his prayer, -- and take one cried out, "shoulder arms!" and up went the glance at the accompaniments. It might afford guns and baganets-in quite a fraternal-broth-This relic of feudal barbarism is still kept up matter for a wholesome word in the " Herald of erly, family way. I saw one officer on a horse among us, although it is getting along toward Freedom"-and I had n't for a long time wit- trying to run his sword into its case-while the very middle of the 19th century-much nessed such a thing as muster Devotions. I friend R. was in the midst of his prayer. The talked of as a period of light and learning, and had learned moreover, -which I would mention sword looked like any thing but a family utenwhat not. Our people still continue the annu- for friend Ryder's credit, that on application sil. He did n't put it up with any reference to al, or oftener custom of tricking themselves out from the commander of the Regiment to go and the prayer or to there being a prayer going

ders. They have the idea it is some how nectrainers. The Colonel seemed to think the drum

mediate mother to Ballone John 3 (E Thoule 24 years \$181 1816 englist (so to Pring 2181 RS" 11 / - 10 H 3/81 board the sind Jan J 12 thet 12 thet 12 the Books -15418 - goods A phinish My Bulines on hards fil town to 19 ... 1 1024 - 1000 f 13813gm - Turned full till 3/0 within -8:14:6-00-4:00 00-4:00 They Butter 406 Lynle 08"-- Jul June 04"1 - hy miller 1600% - 40 64.1 100 "1 40 unting grangs 801 461, to good? my miles .00h Work 23 Jes Inte Josep 21-The Maller Good of Jun 1960 2101 200 hills 1818 of A 11-30 to 8101 84" 1800/ 1/60 - 300 pel 7 101 27 4 10 18 1816 1 cook 100061 0800-E 500 10018 01111-22 Breat 1.02 4016 1900061 40 "-401 10006/ of the wall 1800 % good? 96 1000 g 400 my for 19 "1 atolar 1st -45.0 1 mot 5-11 15 15 const a gurly by - 40 8 CH 20 1911 · ET! 4101 (2 2 July 1 Charles of 30.8 2-11 Sund fred A 101 & 10 to Implus 20 19 \$ 1.30 98 25 8 E Johny 1900 l August 13th 189 Minter 42. Rush 96 .. coopy 26 My Muller 16 " Book 04.1 July 12 111 All Brown 49 "% - yourth, 1. 26 et 4491 / suite 4/01 9% 1-Jahres) 551

From the White Mountain Torrent.

To the Cataract, " The White Mountain Bunker Hill Battle. It would be on a Torrent.'

FRIEND SHEET: I am agoing to send you a note, instead of a letter, this time, of being, and will stop short. which has this advantage, before all others -shortness. How rare a one, owing I suppose to this, that writers have generally so very little to say. It takes a prodigious while to say a little, whereas a good these letters-maybe, not any. deal may be said in a few words. And where there is nothing to say, it takes Annual Meeting of the New-Hampshire forever to say it. I will see if there can't be such a thing as a little, said in a few short, whether I say any thing or not.

printed "Sheet." es here though where it doesn't melt-for blight it. Spring nor "Summer-solstice," but keeps At the old Town Hall -if it can be had. The cold and white, the year round. Ice too, ordinary Rally-cry, it is too late in the day to isold, for what I know. It never thaws .-And the dark green moss carpets in the great chasms, six foot deep and thick will do it. Last year we had a stormy meeting enough to bear a young elephant. So they say, who have been up "Great Haystack,"

across the Notch here. I hear a great gathering is to be had city. I can't see it. I see a grey pillar obelisk-like, or shaft, near by it, they tell me, on a hill, where they had a battle over half a hundred years ago. I see the smoke of that battle, in the time of it, meetings. The free and the interested will and heard their great guns. They shot come from all quarters. Whether they will find The priesthood are striving to divert it from some of them from ships, I took it, from quarters after they get here, may be doubtful—as their strong-holds, and turn it off upon the balthe sound. I can see that stone shaft, they doubtful as whether the meeting will find any. lot box, with all the assiduity of an old hentell me was put up, on that Hill, (I have They will not stay away. Quarters, or no partridge fluttering to divert a sportsman away heard the name of the Hill) put up on quarters-shelter or no shelter-sky-roof, or from her nest full of young ones. Let Antiaccount of that battle. I can see it plain. roof made with bands—the earth for a bed—or Slavery keep her eye staunch upon the church They say the city lays hard by it, and that the straw that grew on it-the friends of Hu- and clergy-and all the subordinate moral (or there's to be a very large meeting there manity will gather. I am too weak to sound a immoral) influences of the land. And let her in June coming, of the Temperance peo- loud gathering note. Let there be heard the not falter to assault orders and institutions-asple, on Boston Common. They'll spoil strong one coming from the hot plantation of well as their incidents-wherever they are init, I am afraid, by making too much fuss the South. That comes up, the year round. Its trinsically the Bulwarks and pillars of the sysand preparing. They'll be apt, I should think, from what I have heard, to lay out insons will be here. pretty much their strength, before they get to their business. I am glad to hear one thing. Bill Mitchell I hear is to be I must attend it for health-if for nothing there. I like the name, "Bill Mitchell is to be more. I will go and see how the host look after As I've said before, I never knew why they should call it 'Washingtonian,' -what you are doing against drinkingand not name it after Bill, who got it up first. If they get Bill Mitchell there, and Bill Rich, and Jo Johnson, and a few of these brave fellows from the "Common People," Boston Common will have a great meeting. Not a great many folks, only-there are great meetings enough of that sort-but of great heart and great talk. They better get together in a kind! of natural way-not trumpet much till Anti Slavery Convention. That is business they get there-save all their breath to enough-if not glory enough-for one day. blow there-and then blow off-hand, natural music, like these stage horns, they Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts sometimes wind down here in the Notch -enough to wake the dead, if any slept It is again at hand, and one cannot help, as

of any where but on the spot. I might hear that, up here, as I did the music of ifferent key-but I guess I should hear it. But I am longer than I'd any thought

Your friend, THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN. Franconia Notch, April 29, 1844.

P. S. I shan't write many more of

Anti-Slavery Society.

It is at hand again. It will be holden on the words. I have but a little, and I will be 5th of June, Wednesday. At the old Town Hall, if any where in doors-unless some meet-It is full Spring. You don't know what ing house, in violation of the principles and in that means, out of the Mountains. I'm departure from the purpose, it was built on and not talking now to the "Torrent Itself," for, shall open its portals and invite Humanity whose "march is on" or down "the in to hold its anniversary. Probably none of mountain" side, and whose "home" is the Yankee Cathedrals in this place will be so in the cloud of the mountain. But to the suicidal as to do this. At any rate none of them You don't know will be asked to do it. There are numbers, and Spring. I hear its song of let-loose increasing numbers, in each one of them, who streams, as they sing on their way to the would gladly do any thing to promote our Cause. valleys-"the streams, that run among the They know it is right, and that it is theirs and The deer drink in their basins mankind's Cause. But they are afraid. It is below. And I don't know but "the wild still important to remain not "out of the Synaspots. There are passes and slide trench- thrift with the tip of his ecclesiastical staff, and

> not a torpid one. Some of the throes Liberty Organized Anti-Slavery meeting-where forms may be used or dispensed with, as individuals prehended. may wish. All measures are optional to the Abolitionists have but little to do, save give it individual abolitionist, in Old Organization moral direction and save the enterprise from anniversary is from cradle to grave. THE HUTCH- tem she is at war with. Let the Politics and

New-England Convention.

the fields of the last year -- the 200 fights. I want to see what Time and Battle are doing with their brows. It will be, I apprehend, the meeting of meetings. The sun is high and the conflict rages. Boston will darken with the black drapery of the New-England Priesthood, like a Rookery at nightfall. I am sorry to see and partly to be reminded that the political heconflicting appointments by the friends of Freedom. The 28th-or any other day-shouldn't witness any appointment in behalf of Liberty, it seems to me, along with the New-England

wild heifers on the hills—the natural bu- anti-slavery spirit. Except our own, rough, the militia muster compared to Waterloo. gle they call it. It is better than the made granite and adamantine anniversary, and pernotes. So of speaking at a meeting- haps the New-England yearly gathering in Connatural speaking, men getting right up, vention-no anti-slavery meeting in the land Hampshire Anti-slavery Music. I summon stirred to it by their theme, and the sight can compare with it for bold, heart-stirring in them, as such, to the Massachusetts field. Antiof a multitude, saying things they never terest. It is held at Anti-Slavery's native place. Slavery expects-"The Hutchinsons." Will

s and is there, to urge it on with the sa lofty fidelity, and the same intrepidity of spirit that first dared disclose its forlorn-hope banner to the storm. The scarred and tempest-beaten veterans, that have toiled about that banner and helped keep it affoat on the storm it was born in, and that has tossed it ever since, will meet there to greet their loved pioneer and one another, around its staff. Let its old, rent, and weather-coiled folds flutter once more over their heads. They have grown old vefor their time under its dozen years' streaming. I hope to meet them all there. The tried and proven souls of the city-the worthier for being proof in a city. The marshals of the Massachusetts field-weary and honor-laden from their western service of a hundred pitched battles ;-the "men " of Connecticut-not " of Tevi'dale "but Pleasant Hight; and they of Rhode Island -every one a host, in himself, (and herself) independent of the influence of array or of band -always in line-self-moved ;-and the survivors of our New-Hampshire Battle. They say in Congress our little delegation can always be implicitly relied on to go for slavery. (They must make exception now.) Will they not say on the Anti-Slavery platform, our scanty phalanx can, of course be counted on for Liberty .-They can and they do. And they will be down But I can't stop for Spring. All gogue." It is essential to prosperity in business to Boston from Maine-unfaltering and sturdy around, far and near, I see snow only in -for the divine can touch any man's secular in their humanity-each counting One. From Vermont too-she has moral spirits, as well as dashing politician orators, within her green borders. They must descend on the Yankee city. But I should not speak of States. Anti-Slavery is ribbed in among the dark rocks, ages sue. Every Abolitionist knows what interest knows nothing of them. She sees nothing of he feels in the cause—and knows his duty—and their lines, as with free foot she traverses the aland. She descries no State line, or any other, --some of the time, a squally one-but it was save the moral Mason and Dixon's, that traverses between her and her grand adversary. All on her own side of that, is common ground to cxperiences at its birth, it felt—and may again,
—for Freedom of Speech and of Assembly are and politics stumble, as at mounds and mill in the city off there beyond you -Boston last yet familiarly understood even in an Old logs stumole, as at mounds and mill logs she walks over undiscovered and unap-

> The country is all astir with Anti-Slavery .lapsing and degenerating into miserable politics. the Army and the Navy-be regarded as objects , of reform, rather than instrumentalities. Anti-Slavery must beware of their interfering, officious aid. A 3d Party! I would as soon drum' for recruits for a 3d military establishment-or a naval,-a 3d (or 2d) army or navy-to crusade with, against the moral maladies of the country. They will get no countenance at the anniversary of the Pioneer Society. I hope they will hold every meeting in Old Faneuil roes that grace its walls-some of them biped 2 444/ and some quadraped-are not the models for

Our revolution is not the protraction and carrying out of theirs. Joshua Leavitt and Hubbard Winslow's kindred movements, are the ekeing out of that. They are the prolongations of Bunker Hill and Lexington, in all but the heroism of those old manslaughters. They in hearing. Or like the loo of a drove of it approaches, feeling a revival of the ancient have the same spirit so far as it goes. It is as

our anti-slavery heroism.

insons must be there. They are the Newthought of before, and never could think The mover of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise still Jesse repeat the summons, in the name of Lib-

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STATE PRISON.

I chanced to be passing ours this (Sunday) pleasant morning. I call it ours—but it is no part of it mine. I will acknowledge no share, ever so minute, in a machine, constructed for the infliction of penal torment on mankind. I paused to look on the New Hampshire Prison, as one of the features of the country and of the age. Of uncouth, hideous achitecture, especially the old wing,—as uncomely it looks, as London's old Newgate, built back in the gloomy ages, when England hung men for stealing 13 pence. Its materials, massive granite, hard and cold as the heart of the Public that built it, and that uses it in retaliation on disturbers of its "dignity and peace."

All was still, Sunday morning-within its penal precincts, in honor of the State and of the Religion which is given to this sort of "overcoming evil with good." Spirit-crushing, ignominious " confinement at hard labor," for despairing years,-corporation's way of "doing unto others, as ye would that others should do unto you." The guard-house on the wall was deserted of the sentinel, who all the secular week long, had watched the prisoners from it, with loaded musket. Suppose he should see a man, in despair at his wearisome confinement, clambering the wall to make his escape, and he should shoot him, and see him die ! Would the remembrance of it be pleasant to him, on his lonely watch?-Yet, I suppose, he would have to shoot. Would the unfortunate guard ever forget it-if he should kill a prisoner !

Those dark crevices in the thick wall of the old wing of the Prison-what are they? The windows, the State allows her imprisoned citizens. Those slits are the measure of light and air, vouchsafed by the State to her convicted children. "Surely the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eye to behold the sun!" Those apertures were not left in that wall to let in the light, but to keep it out; or rather to let out the darkness of the dungeon cell. Day-light would shrink from entrance at such abhorred passages-or if impelled by the laws of matter to venture in, it would only be in timid ray, to render "darkness visible." and to disclose to the wretched inmate the horrors of his narrow house. In the upper story, the prisoners are indulged with broader apertures. Squares of nearly two ample feet,-decorated, however, with grating of iron. That iron net-work looked to me like

the fibres and nervous system of the State. As it were, her heart-strings, and bowels of compassion. As the granite around it, symboled forth her heart of nether mill-stone. The Institution had but one wing at its erection. It has now two. Would it might take them to itself, and fly away, beyond New Hampshire's good natured Yankee borders. The old wing is as hideous a structure as can be found above ground. It looks not made to live in,-but to be unable to get out of. The new is of less infernal proportions,-being built, thanks to Hmuanity, in a gentler age than forty years ago. There are real windows in it, instead of those dungeon eyelet holes that decorate the face of the old. They are iron-grated, to be sure, and so far from the prisoner's cell, that he has to take the blessed light, as it were, at second hand. But he might catch through their chequered opening, I should think, some glance at the evening sky, from the recesses of his lonely cell. And this wing has chimneys to it, -and around the whole front has recently been erected a civil looking fence,-instead of the hideous palisades, that used to gloomup, to make it a sort of penal confinement to look at it as you was going by. The ameliorated aspect of the new wing, is emblematic of the advancing age.

But the ameliorating, mitigating feature of the New Hampshire Prison, is its kindly and noble hearted Warden. A humane and manly farmer of the Granite State, is he, No callous-hearted Turnkey, with a bosom like the material of the penitentiary over which he presides. He is a man-with a kindly heart in him-reared on a New Hampshire farm, and holding every prisoner a man, and to be treated, though an imprisoned convict, according to his merits. He is sorry for every prisoner that comes there, and pities him, and does what he can to alleviate his miseries, instead of being, as some have been, I fear, an aggravation of his legal sentence. His humane treatment softens the heart of every prisoner, and will disincline him, when he comes out again, to revenge himself on the community that imprisoned him, by a repetition of his crimes. The prisoners regard the Warden as their friend,-and it is said the poor fellows take quite an interest in the election of Warden. They need not feel any uneasiness on that score, for the people like Sam-1 uel G. Berry, as Warden, as well as the prisoners do,-and will keep him there, I trust, as long as he will consent to stay. .

But a State Prison .- Confinement to hard labor-for dreary years, or for life. Infamous confinement-with the shaven head-and the convict uniform-and the convict brand for life,-all for the violation of Statute morality, and disturbance of the public peace. Is it becoming the humane age in which we live, and the good nature of the people of the Grapite State? I do not know. But does it render the State any more secure from criminal molestation? Does it reform the country? Does it diminish crime? Had not the people better suffer occasional depredations, such as might be committed on a forgiving community, than to harden their own heart by the infliction of such terrible punishment? If a poor wretch steals, had n't the whole people better forgive him, the offence against the State, and show the concern they now feel for the State's "peace and dignity," for the injured individual he steals from? I rather the people should pay the amount of the stolen property, to the injured owner, and try the discipline of forgiveness on the culprit, and if need be, give him also a trifle, saved out of some war tax or other ! It would do a poor thief a great deal more good, if he should be presented by the Public with a cottage and an acre or two of land, for example, or whatever he lacked of the means of living,-than to doom him to the hell of State's Prison, in vengeance of his offence, or in terror to others. It is not in behalf of the injured individual, by the way, that the criminal is ever punished,-it is " in behalf of the State." Not that an individual has been injured, -but the State's "peace and dignity" been disturbed. These are all the State ever cares about, and what are these to any individual? The State taxes them all, to maintain her "dignity," and avenge her "Peace," and then leaves every individual to look out for himself. The State protects no individual, of all the people, and avenges none of their wrongs. She takes care only of her own "dignity and peace." The people have to seek redress for their individual wrongs at their own individual cost. But I did not set out to speak of this-but only of the N. H. State Prison, and the hamanity—the propriety and expediency of State Prison punishment. I think the people better not inflict it. Still, New Hampshire has the least tormenting Penitentiary, I suspect, of any in the land.

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From the Herald of Freedom.

ALVAN STEWART.

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This gigantic abolitionist is stirring the heart of the to its deepest foundations, by his mighty ap-He harrows the human soul with the originalpeals. ity of Shakspeare. We have never seen surpassed some of his outpourings of imagination. At the opening of Pennsylvania Hall he spoke of the visitations of God on Egypt for its slight oppressions of the Israelites, and of the doom of Edom for her impeding the flight of the fugitive chosen people through her lands, in a strain of awful sublimity which has no modern parallel, and that breathes the lofty poetry of the people of the age of which he speaks, the an-cient people of God and the times of the prophets. His picture of the desolations of Pera, the doomed city of the mountains,' realizes the awful strains of Joel, and of Obadiah, and of Amos the herdman of Tekoah. It is the wild poetry of prediction turned into narrative of the past-the harp of prophecy strung

to history.

Stewart is a wonderful man—and wonderfully fitted to perform the magnificent part in the great anti-slavery reformation to which God has called him. Slavery finds in him an imagination and a poetry that can reach in description her inaccessible realities. Her unspeakable woes and atrocities Stewart can depict. He can paint her pandemonium. His fancy can explore her forbidden recesses—where all but Burns' muse' would 'cower,'—and tell in appropriate phrase of the

'horrible and awful, Which e'en to name would be unlawful.'

WESTERN POETRY.—We noticed the following lines in the Scioto Whig. The poet, doubtless, thinks that sublimity alone, is not the essence of poetry.

THOUGHTS ON VIEWING THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

I wonder how long you've been roarin'
At this infernal rate!
I wonder it all you've been a pourin'
Could be cypher'd on a slate!

I wonder how such a thunderin' sounded When all New York was woods! Spose likely some Indians have been drowned When the rains have raised your floods.

I wonder if wild stags and buffaloes Hav'nt stood where now I stand!
Well, spose [being scar'd at first] they stubb'd their toes,
I wonder where they'd land.

I wonder 'f that rainbow has been a shinin' Since sunrise at creation, And this waterfall been underminin' With constant spatteration !

That Moses never mentioned ye I've wonder'd While other things describin' My conscience, how ye must have foam'd and thunder'd

When the deluge was subsidin'!

My thoughts are strange, magnificent and deep, When I look down on thee! O! what a glorious place for washing sheep, Niagara would be !

And O! what a tremendous water power Is washed o'er its edge! nan might furnish all the world with flour With a single privilege !

I wonder how many times the lakes have all Been emptied over here!

Why Clinton didn't feed the grand canal Up here, I think is queer!

The thoughts are very strange that crowd my brain When I look up to thee :

Such thoughts I never expect to have again To all eternity!!!

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But I can say nothing-do nothing. My neighbor presses might, did they but dare. But they can't . They are not at liberty. They must hold their peace if the vulture of slavery swoop away every tenth man of New England. They must say as Hamlet did-not Break, break my heart," " I must hold my tongue." 00 121 Lus mart house now may yengty 5/0/ 4/8 to The

THE HERALD OF FREEDOW the only in stature,—must cease for a season its warning delphia with the story of her labors, her hopes and England people to it. Not abolitionists. I do cotes of the stealthy advances of the foe, its urgent and her fears upon her lips. While there, her husband, not appeal to such. I appeal to common hu cheering battle-cry, and its joyful announcement of each three daughters, and two sons all escaped to Cana-manity. To the people of New Hampshire, new victory. Anti-Slavery can't bear the loss of any of da; one daughter and son being free, having been especially, I appeal. They would n't give her soldiers, and least of all a so brave and faithful one born after her own freedom was obtained. One son, Dorr to the bloody little tyranny of Rhode Is as this, who has so long and so signally spread confusion a slave, had run away to Canada some time before. and. I rejoice they did n't. I trust they and dismay in the ranks of those who have arrayed them. This deliverance was affected last December; and would n't, had he been a Whig, and done wha selves on the side of our powerful and malignant enemy. the whole family are enjoying Queen Victoria's free- he did. But they would n't give him up, and We need more help, not less. Each moment is a crisis, in dom in Canada. cause like ours, and ever will be till the last moment,the last and glorious crisis, when men shall wait the final

with. We cannot spare the Herald. The character of the Herald has been peculiarly its beautiful in its perfect truthfulness, it has done the work given it to do, in singleness of heart, and with an earnestthought. It has seemed to have been nourished by the his life for SUCH A MOTHER! free and invigorating air of the mountains wherein it had its birth, and has lived so long, till it has beome not less marked than its own grand home. I do were almost true-but that the spirit of Freedom which gling of this mother; could exact FOUR DOLLARS A we love to think is the birthright of a land of mountains. of granite rocks, and noble forest, and is the nurse of al advocacy of truth, self-sacrificing in the cause it has es the world reckons. But its epitaph is not yet to be writ a banner upon the evening star,ten, nor its apotheosis sung, and from me it needs n word of praise. But for the honor of New Hampshire i must be sustained. For love of itself it should not b suffered to languish. For the cause's sake-the charmed and the world should see, feel and judge in this matwords that mean so much, and appeal so strongly to al ter." true-hearted abolitionists,-it must live, and do its worl grity at any rate, that for the slave's sake, and for he ding authority. own, she would not permit for a single fortnight, the pa

Charles T. Torrey.

on their way from bondage. To all such we commend the article of a writer in the Morning Chronicle, who has given a deeply affecting statement relating to the slaves said to have been aided by Torrey. We give an abstract such as our limits will admit of:

"Emily Webb was the slave of Dr. Wrench, of Winchester. She bought her own freedom by extra hard toil. Her husband was the slave of Bushrod Taylor, and worth \$200 per year. Taylor bought two of Mrs. Webb's daughters-her children before she purchased her freedom-being the slaves of her old master. Mrs. Webb, by her sleepless diligence; purchased of Taylor the two daughters, paying him about \$400 for them. She next purchased one of her sons, paying part down, and pledging the girls for the balance. The price was \$400. In some of her business, she contracted a debt of some \$50, and not being able to raise the money, she was sued, and the boy was attached. A friend was obtained who bailed the boy, and who refused or neglected to surrender him, and suffered a suit to be brought thereby giving time to the angel mother to work the ultimate deliverance of her son.

"Her perils increased upon her, and her long-cherished hope of freeing her family seemed about to leave

her. The girls were pledged for the boy, and the boy dungeon of slavery. Have they any arr I regret very much to see by the last number of this pa- was pledged for the debt, and the costs were accuper, that, for want of funds, the brave little Herald,—litmust cease for a sesson its must be beyond her strength. She rushed to Philamust cease for a sesson its must be been the costs were acculet only in stature.—must cease for a sesson its must be been the costs were accumust cease for a sesson its must be been the costs were accumust cease for a sesson its must be been the costs were accumust cease for a sesson its must be been the costs were accumust cease for a sesson its must be been the costs were accumust cease for a sesson its must be been the costs were accumust cease for a sesson its must be been the costs were accumust cease for a sesson its must be been the costs were accumust cease for a sesson its must be be accumust cease for a sesson its must be be accumust cease for a sesson its must be be accumust cease for a sesson its must be be accumust cease for a sesson its must be be accumust cease for a sesson its must be accumust cease for a sesson its mu

WIFE and MOTHER, and heard the story of her toil, Providence, and cheer the pining prisoner with death-struggle of the monster we have so long grappled her fastings, her patience, her hopes and her fears, a shout of sympathy around his dungeon walls and had seen the heavings of a heart beating and Dorr heard their New Hampshire voices through throbbing with emotions as high, as pure, and as in- the thick walls of his Bastile, and oh what a own. It has been no imitator, and none other has parta- vincible as ever filled a mother's breast, and rushed cordial to his solitary spirit. Now I tell them ken of its peculiarities. Sublime in its simplicity, and to the rescue, will not find consolation for his suffer- another man is dying in prison, -not for at ings, and ought not his his friends and even his ene- tempting a military revolution, -but for the mies to find excuse for any query or doubt about the Samaritan part of helping the hunted fugitive ness of purpose, which has stamped it with the noble singularies of the transaction, or the hazards escape from slavery. What says the Demo larity which belongs to every man who speaks his honest of the enterprise? A Howard might have periled racy! What, the New Hampshire Democrati

"Taylor had about twenty-five slaves; had had the speak to save the dying prisoner to his wife earnings for years of the father of these girls and and children. A word from the Democratic not mean to say that it has lived on air,—though that boys; could see the love, the purpose, and the strug-POUND (supposing the boy of 16 years to weigh 100 hills, that slavery must n't try its humanity to lbs.) of the mother who had nourished him; who had its children, has made the Herald its own peculiar child once seen him sold, and might again, and can we till it has grown, to be there, the very Genius of Anti- expect he has a heart to feel for the sufferings of make James Polk tell the Democracy of Mary-Slavery. Unbending in its integrity, unswerving in it: Torrey? Not he! No! he rejoices in the occasion land to open that dangeon, and strike off those and excuse for severity! and the utmost penalties of irons from the limbs of the dying Torrey. And oused, and unremitting in its labors, it has borne, and slave laws will be inflicted upon him! Let us get it would startle Henry Clay at Ashland. And oiled, and suffered, neither hoping for, nor receiving up new abhorrence of the "institution," new zeal-for the other States would speak, and Whigism and reward, except it be in the approval of a good conscience its overthrow, and a new conviction that the slave is Democracy would emulate each other in grat the highest indeed that could be given it, but not a worthy of our sympathy. O, that we could hang up lifying the noble requirement of the New Hamp-

> "TAYLOR, THE SLAVEHOLDER; EMILY WEBB. THE MOTHER: TORREY, THE DELIVERER;"

Since the above was written, we have read now, in the very high-noon and heat of our labor. None statement written by our imprisoned brother, dated, other can fill its place in our ranks, and the broken co "Baltimore Jail, Celi No. 3, Sept. 28, 1844," of his lumns cannot close and hide the loss. New Hampshire reasons for attempting an escape from prison. It is needs, and must have her Herald, if she would be true to in our view such an explanation as ought to satisfy her highest want; and let it not be said, to her shame that she is weary and faints. But let it rather be said to her honor—if she needs that—to her Anti-Slavery inte

the damp stone floor, in his loathsome cell. He says; character of poor friend Torrey, or of the abo per which should be their boast, languish for support.—G "Seven of these twelve nights 1 slept none, from pain, and the utter prostration of the nervous system. The remaining night, save one, I slept from one to him, as I would a child from a black snake of our ill-fated friend for his alleged assistance of slaves four hours. I am still nearly deprived of sleep, and an alligator. Not as an abolitionist—but as a am unable to sit up. With pain I stagger across the fellow creature. As an anti-slavery man, floor of the cell, when obliged to go, yet I am much would n't go to the slave State to talk or write

The pious, liberty-loving North is just now too busy with hickory poles and coon worship to regard the dungeon-or help Torrey get out-if he's this atrocious outrage!

Charles T. Torrey, I hear, is chained in a damp Baltimore dungeon, and dying there of a brain fever. Slavery had imprisoned him for an act of common humanity in behalf of fugitive slaves .-Desponding of deliverance probably-or impelled by desire to save his life from jail fever he attempted the other day to escape. He was discovered and loaded with irons and cast into a damp.deadly vault-where he is now perhaps being released by death. Will New Enganders feel no disquietude at this. I tell it to 07 the democracy here in New Hampshire, who went the other day to Rhode Island, to exclaim against the imprisonment of Dorr. They did nobly to go there if they went as men. I hardly care if they went as Democrats. I would fain trust they did n't altogether-but that they Z felt the stirrings of humanity at thoughts of a fellow man's imprisonment and suffering in that worse than Algerine place of torment. And will they not feel for their fellow man in this

now he has surrendered, they go and thunde "Now suppose it were true that Torrey met this their admonitions in the ears of the tyrants a Press-the Press of Concord! They might ye Press of Concord, would open his prison doors A stern intimation of the Democracy of thes far, by going to these extremities with menbecause they venture imprudently in behalf of liberty,-one stern New Hampshire hint, would shire Democracy. Would n't they? Let them try it. Let them obey the dictates of humanitywhich are always safe and great. The Southerners have hearts-or would have, if they only had any here.

But I speak to the winds. The Democratic Press will be as silent and hush at the over shadowings of slavery, as the small birds of the brake, at the shadow of the Eagle. They wil publish perhaps as an item of entertainment poor Torrey's endeavoring to escape, as if were a crime. "An abolition attempt to break

He states that for twelve days he was chained on I will not speak here of the anti-slavery litionism of aiding, or inducing, the escape of slaves. If a slave were escaping, I would help slave system. I dont ask the Democracy of New Hampshire to go to Baltimore to tear down alive. I ask them to speak out majestically here at home-in behalf of a suffering man and against the barbarity of loading men with irons for mustaken efforts in behalf of human g liberty. And would the voice of the Democrat ic Press of Concord be unavailing. Either of the political parties would at once listen to it .-The South cares little for the immolation of a single man-but either party a good deal for one vote, or peradventure the vote of a State. At any rate the moral effect at this crisis would be great. The Whig Press might possibly et fect something. It might at least cover itse with honor. As a Press-not as a Whig Press And the other, as a Press-not as a Democrat Press. But I forbear. Torrey must perish i the tender mercies of slaveholding do not in terpose for him-as they can hardly be expeced to. His murder will not sleep. If this land be not struck forever with numb palsy, his blood will cry from that dungeon vault. And the nations abroad will point at the crimson stain on the skirts of this republic that it shall

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After Mr. Torrey was defeated in his attempt to escape from jail, an attempt to which, as will be seen by Mr. Andrews's note, he was impelled by despair of other help, he was thrust into a dungeon, and forbidden to write to his friends. He, howevr, through the intercession of a humane gentleman, obtained permission on Saturday to write to his vife, and from this letter we are permitted to take an extract. It will deepen the sympathy of every generous heart, both for him and for his family .-Bear it in mind, all of you, that, whether Torrey has or has not done the things charged up THERE IS NOTHING CHARGED BUT ACTS OF COMMON HUMANITY-aiding oppressed and enslaved men to escape from slavery, and regain that liberty which God has made their " inalienabl birthright. It is for humanity that he suffers. Let humanity sympathize with him and succor hir The letter will speak for itself :-

"My dearest Wife:—I am in much affliction.—When I wrote you last week, I was suffering with brain fever, the effects of long and close confinement. Yesterday I made an attempt to escape, which was detected, or rather betrayed, by a counwhich was detected, or rather betrayed, by a coun-terfeiter named Dryer; and myself and others put into the cells, in irons. The excitement, with a cold cell, and irons so heavy and painful as to pre-vent all sleep, have brought on the fever again. I suppose I shall be so confined till October, if I sur-

[After giving some directions in regard to his children, if he should be taken away, he proceeds ; getic as ever.

ruffer for his sake, and in his cause, and he will

Thank God! the good men who aided me, are

harm me, except so far as present suffering is con-cerned. May God bless and comfort you. Kiss both our dear children for me. Tell them never to forget to pray for "poor father." I was much com-forted a few days ago, by a letter from brother B., of Cambridge, informing me how extensively I was remembered in the prayers of Christians in New York as well as in New England, and even in Pennsylva-nia and Obio. God will hear them, however unworthy may be

Your affectionate husband. CHAS. T. TORREY. Baltimore Jail, Sept. 14, 1844."

[From the Boston Chronicle.] LETTER FROM MR. ANDREWS.

BALTIMORE, 18th Sept., 1844.

Since my last note to you, I have been con-

It is probable, however, that the course would be deemed "wise" and "prudent," when I

LETTER FROM MR. TORREY TO HIS will be a change of venue, and a speedy tria ted in it, the same apportunity will again occur for a habeas corpus before the United States Courts. If convicted, he goes to the peniten-tiary, which he will not leave unless the doors are thrown open by the loud thunders American and European indignation, by which more assailable than those of South Carolina

Let O Connell speak now, and he will find that the repealers of New Orleans, with a noble contrition, have doubled their contribution to the repeal fund which was returned to them. and forwarded it, with an humbl their previous reprimand upon O Connell for his abolition. But the anti-slavery santiment, even here, though it even here. even here, though it exists widely dissemina ted, is timid almost beyond conception, and might as well be dead, with a few noble exceptions, for all active and open measures, unless t can be either shocked or stung into energy

I still hope to be able, in a very few days, come North. Yours, for Liberty, to come North. S. P. ANDREWS.

From the Reston Mountage

Letter from the Prison!

We give below a letter we have received from vive so long. I deemed it my dudy to try once to escape out of the hands of my enemies. But God-knows best, and has ordered it otherwise."

The hand-writing indicates great physical debility, but it will be seen that his spirit is strong and ener-

"Do not feel concerned for me, my dear wife. Are there any who profess to be abolitionists who, In the darkness and anguish of the last night, leaded in Church or State, are giving their moral or politi-Are there any who profess to be abolitionists who, with a chaic that prevented my sleeping, standing up, or lying down, I was enabled to look up to our Saviour with cheerful confidence, knowing that his gracious hand will order all things for our good; and whether by suffering or otherwise, will help me to come off more than conqueror, through Him that to come off more than conqueror, through Him that to rivelted to my ankles will not hinder our Lord from communing with me. -in God's name, do it. Think of Torrey, wearing out his life in a dungeon-giving his LIBERTY a sacrifice to the cause of the slave. Shall we refuse our more than a hundred miles off, and far out of the reach of my persecutors. I will never allow others to suffer on my account, if I can help it. The man, Dryer, who betrayed us, is a negro-trader, and is in prison for passing counterfeit money. He tried to get my confidence, professed to have become an abolitionist, and encouraged us to escape; all the while betraying our plans to the keepers. There is no trust to be put in such wicked men.

You need not fear that the abortive attempt will harm me, except so fur as present suffering is con-FIRM.

Baltimore Jail, Oct. 23, 1844.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, Esq.:

My Dear Brother,-Your affectionate and cheering for a longer period, sanctioned by express statutes note was handed me by our friend Crosby, last week; than slavery has. To-day, it is a "crazy prisoner's and I promised him I would write you in season for dream" to talk so of SLAVERY. In 1850, no rational your meeting of yesterday : at least to answer the man north of South Carolina, capable of forming an question, "Watchman! what of the night?" But, opinion, shall think otherwise. Strange that we are though his cheerful face and friendly greeting made just now, in 1844, learning the A, B, C, of lawful me feel well, almost, for the moment, increasing ill- liberty! Strange that we have yet to compel the ness and debility have hindered me from writing .- Supreme Court to apply against slavery, their own Stern necessity compelled me, yesterday and to-day, (true) doctrine, in the Mississippi case, that no part of to take up my pen, and now, while my excited ner- the Constitution recognized the idea of property in Friend Leavitt:—I send you a copy of my to take up my pen, and now, while my excited nerthe Constitution recognized the idea of property in
the Sun newspaper, respecting Mr. vous system enables me to use my pen, I will try to human beings. That will strike down the Virginia Torrey's attempt to escape, with corrections say enough, at least, to acknowledge your kindness. charge against me, if they can be held to it, and not several gross printer's errors. For more than six weeks past I have been confined eat their own words, as the majority did in the Prigg Since my last note to you, I have been confined most of the day to my bed by a violent to my bed, unable, most of the time, to read or case. Two of that majority, including the worst foe cold, and have been unable to think or write, and, sometimes, even to converse with- of Liberty on the Bench, Baldwin, have since gone I have not visited Mr. Torrey for three days, but hope to be able to do so to-day. He is still in chains, and his health is rapidly failing. ble sleep, during the time. With my rather feeble How I wander on! While I write, I feel as if I Mr. Cox, the partner of Mr. Gallagher, (who is frame and nervo-sanguine temperament, you can were sitting by your side, talking over the progress himself absent from town,) visited him yester-day, and found him almost too feeble to converse with him. He is thrust into a dark and vigor left-enough, however, I hope, to give slavery ing you to put it all in rhyme, in your words of fire. damp lower cell, and his recent attempt to escape is made the pretext for every species of petty tyranny. His situation is indeed into tolerable.

Have you no song for the prisoner? Tell these trust, to await the movements of our friends to make slavocrats, in good, wholesome Saxon English, what the proper use of my case, both here and elsewhere, it is to send men to a felon's prison for acts of hu-My position here is one of difficulty, and a for the good of the cause of liberty. If that is done, manity and christian charity. Tell them in the tones My position here is one of animalty, and a for the good of the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, mainty and constant charty. Tell them is the painful sense of responsibility without much prospect of benefit. I am unable to write you at length to-day. I have only to beg, through of imprisonment. Albeit, a prison to a sick man is you, of the friends of Mr. Torrey, and of hungary you, of the friends of Mr. Torrey, and of hungary in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, mainty and constant charty. The them is the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, mainty and constant charty. The them is the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, mainty and constant charty. The them is the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, mainty and constant charty. The them is the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, mainty and constant charty. The them is the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, mainty and constant charty. The them is the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, and the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It then is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty. It that is dood, in the cause of hoerty and hoer manity, not to form an unfavorable judgment of his course from the partial and hostile action of the Baltimore press, but eight years of service, but that I have not fell more, roused, it will be done most effectually, with God's to wait with patience a full development of done more, and dared more for the slave. God gave help. There! you have my sick bed follies, and my Mean time let his condition as a suffering me one talent not committed to every one, a courage blessing, too, for your kindness. God help your man, guilty of no crime, call loud for the sym- that seldom falters or shrinks, come what may. I am work for the slave. When he is free, it will rejoice this of all good and benevolent hearts.

ashamed that I have omitted to do good, in the slave's me to sing my "nunc dimittis."

As respects the course to be taken in his baself cometimes when there for all good and benevolent hearts. case, I am not now able to advise you dis- behalf, sometimes, when others, far more richly endowtinctly, as there has been no meeting of coun- ed in other respects, charged me with rashness. 1

was made for decisive action in the paths that wiser men feared to tread. So it was not boldness that put me in prison, but efforts to be prudeut, to act "out of character!" In prison, so far as my weak body allows, I feel my own proper nature, such as God gave me, resuming its power. With His help I will not spare one blow at slavery, while I live, cost what it may, approve who may. It was my wish, in settling in this State, to have tested all the moral and legal questions involved in my case; though I was far enough from thinking of such means of doing it. I knew that cases enough would be likely to occur .-But it is well, as it is,

Abolitionists, and the people, generally, must now decide whether christian men shall pay any regard to laws in favor of slavery -a system begun by acts of piracy, completed by acts of piracy, and continued by enacting the pirate's felonious principles of action into a code of Statutes, with the forms of law. It must soon come to be regarded as the common duty of humane, upright and christian men to help every slave out of bondage that they can; just as if their own wife, son, daughter, and mother were the victims, and were slaves in Tripoli instead of Baltimore, Charleston, or New Orleans. 1 have long seen that the ideas prevalent, even among abolitionists, on this subject, were erroneous, were cowardly, were the fruit of that subservient spirit by which this American piracy has so long been supported through the agency of Northern pulpits, Northern presses, and Northern voters. Even now, but few are fully prepared to receive the truth, on this point, Five years hence, it will be as undoubted law among Northern men, as a man's right to his own earnings, Let them now receive it that are able. For the great legal issues involved in my case, the public, and, what s especially important, the legal public are in a good degree prepared, even south of the Dark Line. Many in this State will believe when a clear-headed lawver declares that neither the original statute law nor the constitution of Maryland give slavery any legal right to live in this State, and that it exist merely by force of vicious custom, to which no length of time can impart the force of luw; and that no number of ence, remember Torrey and Walker, and STAND regulating and restraining statutes can create rights, where the thing is naturally and inherently vicious.

No sane lawyer doubts these doctrines, in their applicability to bawdy houses, gaming tables and lotteries. All of which have been more widely, and

Yours with affection. CHARLES T. TORREY.

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THE STANDARD.

the repeated outrages of southern slavery upon her main rights.

For the Middlesex Standard.

Torrey and Walker.

CLINTON GROVE, WEARE, N. H., ? 10th mo., 2: 1844.

MY DEAR WHITTIER-So villainy yet strides unrebuked over the land! I say unrebuked; for with the exception of a few free voices, and a few free presses, the outrage which the slaveholding miscreants have perpetrated upon our northern freemenour innocent brethren, Torrey and Walker-calls out no independent and startling protest from those who ought to boast of free lips. The New England spirit crouches in asinine obedience to the lordly beck of her master. She lifts her pale face in trembling terror at the whip-crack of the South; and tramples into the dust the insignia of her ancient prowess. Listen to the faint utterance of the braggart press-boastful in the sunshine, and impudent when there is nothing to fear. It dares not unloose its slumbering thunder upon the head of southern slavery. Nay, it dares not syllable the paltry indignation of a whipped vassal. The dumb pulpitdeserted of her old moral heroes-her Edwards and her Emmons-presents an array of Lilliputian spirits whose dwarfish insignificance is paralleled only by their craven, time-serving cowardice. What says the Pulpit on the incarceration of Torrey-on the doom of a life-long imprisonment which in all probability awaits him? Our clergymen, with a few brave exceptions, see one of their own number struck down as a sacrifice to the cannibal-god of the South, without manifesting the common humanity which even the bandit exhibits for a fellow-villain's misfortune. Do I speak severely? Do I exaggerate? Are not the the great body of the clergy dumb as marble? If they are not, why then this torpor among the people? Why is there no out-burst of honest, fearless rebuke -no startling public sentiment, lifting with earthquake power the moral world, and shaking the stagnant waters of society? Let those who carp at a bold word, reply as best they can.

So stands New England, with an iron finger upon her lip, lest she should be betrayed into something like humanity in the utterance of her old revolutionary indignation. The time has been when a paltry "three-pence tax" sent a fever through her veins .-Now her free sons-guiltless before heaven of any crime-clank their manacles in the dungeon-holes of the South, and a death-silence reigns among the people. They succumb to insult and wrong-to repeated and aggravated aggression-to the haughtiest demands of impious villainy, with all the obsequiousness of the crawling slave that offers himself as a footstool for the Turkish Sultan. Ay, the time has been, when the "free Switzer" of the North "overstrode his chainless mountains" with something of that gallant manhood which his own glorious home inspired. But let not the bards of despot Brittain longer waste their flattery on us, in chanting pieans to our mock freedom. Let them not sing, as they

have, that there is "Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
That rears her crest, unconquered and subline,
Above the far Atlantic!"

Oh, no-and well may we be ashamed that it is not so. The records of a few past years have dimmed and stained our history. The mock-word of the European tyrant is burning on our ear, and yet we scarcely heed it. On the contrary, we seem to be basely proud that our New England blood should

"Through thousand lazy channels in our veins, Dammed, like the duli canal, with locks and chains, And moving like a sick man in his sleep, Three paces, and then faltering."

But I must pause. Yet, I could not help sending thee, my dear fellow-laborer, a hurried word from my

speak warmly, for a " quiet man"-but I wanted to 2, Amosh record my indignation in view of Southern insolence 1818/26 Here speaks a man. Would that New Eng- and Northern servility. If the word be severe, "par-~00 land had men like him to speak out from all her hill- don something "-ay, much, " to the spirit of Liber-Moor sides and valleys, in indignant remonstrance against ty." So, in the language of Southern mercy, I re-Thine for the Truth, " Well laid on," Moses A. Cartland. - 1600g - at 1812 Juno 28 1181 8000 & W 8,000 M

Quaker quill, as a heart-pulse of the moment, I may

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COLERIDGE'S TALK.

"The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, halfvanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possi-bility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stept; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden-walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both A heavy-laden, high aspiring, and surely much suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsons he spoke as if preaching—you would have said preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weigh-tiest things. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kautear province; and how he sung and snuffled them into 'om-m-mjeet' and 'sum-m-mjeet,' with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more sur-

"To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature; how cloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you! I have heard Coloridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere; you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation; instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers, and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for set-ting out; perhaps did at last get under way—but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses; and ever into new; and before long into all the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.

"His talk, alas, was distinguished, like bimself, by irresolution; it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfilments-loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket

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for itself! He had knowledge about many things and topics, much curious reading; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of kan-tean transcendentalism, with its "sum-m-mjects" and om-m-mjeets.' Sad enough; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, had not the least talent for explaining this or any thing unknown to them: and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable

"Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze; but they were tew. and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible—on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words; till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble pious sympathy, recognitional sable as pious though strangely coloured, were never wanting long; but in general you could not call this aimless, cloud-capt, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of 'ex-cellent talk,' but only of 'surprising;' and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: 'Excellent talker, very, if you let him start from no premises and come to no conclusion. Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humour: but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed

n sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing cibows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantean haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-eastles and dim-melting dealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The mouning sing-song of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at

last, a very dreary feeling. " In close colloquy flowing within narrower banks, suppose he was more definite and apprehensible Sterling in after times did not complain of his unin-telligibility, or imputed it only to the abstruse high nature of the topics handled. Let us hope so, let us try to believe so! There is no doubt but Coleridge could speak plain words on things plain; his observations and responses on the trivial matters that or curred were as simple as the commonest man's, or were even distinguished by superior simplicity as well as pertinency. 'Ah, your tea is too cold, Mr. Coleridge!' mourned the good Mrs. Gilman once, in her kind, reverential, and yet protective manner, handing him a very tolerable though belated cop. It's better than I deserve!' snufiled he, in a low carse murmur, partly courteons, chiefly pious, the one of which still abides with me : 'It's better than

"The truth is, I now see, Coleridge's talk and peculation was the emblem of himself: in it as in him, a ray of heavenly inspiration struggled, in a tragically ineffectual degree; with the weakness of flesh and blood. He says once, he had skirted the howling deserts of infidelity? this was evident but he had not had the courage, in defiand of pain and terror, to press resolutely across said deserts to the new firm lands of Faith beyond; he preferred to create logical fatamorganas for himself this hither side, and laboriously solace himself with

To the man himself Nature had given, in high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment; and to unfold it had been forbidden him. A subtle lynxeyed intellect, tremulous pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful; truly a ray of empyrean lightbut imbedded in such weak laxity of character, in such indolences and esuriences, as had made strange work with it. Once more, the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will."—Carlyle's

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BY JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

Where is the true man's fatherland? Is it where he by chance is born? Doth not the yearning spirit scorn In such scant borders to be spanned? O, yes! his fatherland must be As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is, Where God is God, and man is man? Doth he not claim a broader span For the soul's love of home than this? O, yes! his fatherland must be As the blue heaven wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear Joy's myrdle-wreath or serrow's gyves, Where'er a human spirit strives After a life more true and fair, There is the true man's birth-place grand, His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine, Where'er one man may help another,-Thank God for such a birthright, brother,-That spot of earth is thine and mine! There is the true man's birth-place grand, His is a world-wide fatherland!

Stanzas.

Thought is deeper than all speech, Feeling deeper than all thought : Souls to souls can never teach What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils: Man by man was never seen: All our deep communing fails To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known : Mind with mind did never meet : We are columns left alone Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky, Far apart though seeming near, In our light we scattered lie; All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company But a bubbling summer stream? What our wise philosophy But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the Sun of Love Melts the scattered stars of thought, Only when we live above What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed By the Fount which gave them birth, And by inspiration led Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain, Swelling till they meet and run, Shall be all absorbed again, Melting, flowing into one. [The Dial. From the Presbyterian Advocate. WEE WILLIE.

There is much simple beauty in the following starzas; and they will, we doubt not, awaken the most tender emotions in many a parent's bosom. The editor of the Charleston Observer, in his unqualified admiration of the poetry and pathos, probably overlooked the error of the last stanzas, praying to glorified saints, to pray for

> Fare thee well, our last and fairest, Dear wee Willie, fare thee well; He, who lent thee, bath recalled thee Back with him and his to dwell. Fifteen moons their silver lustre Only o'er thy brow hath shed, When thy spirit joined the seraphs, And thy dust the dead.

Like a sun-beam, through our dwelling Shone thy presence bright and calm; Thou didst add a zest to pleasure; To our sorrows thou wert balm ;-Brighter beamed thine eyes than summer; And thy first attempt at speech Thrilled our heart-strings with a rapture Music ne'er could reach.

As we gazed upon thee sleeping, With thy fine fair locks outspread, Thou didst seem a little angel, Who from earth to heaven had strayed; And, entranced, we watched the vision, Half in hope and half affright, Lest what we deemed ours, and earthly, Should dissolve in light.

Snows o'er-mantled hill and valley, Sallen clouds begrita'd the sky, When the first drear doubt oppress'd us, That our child was doom'd to die! Through each long night-watch, the taper Showed the hectic of thy cheek; And each anxious dawn beheld thee More worn out and weak.

'Twas even then Destruction's angel Shook his pinions o'er our path, Seized the rosiest of our household, And struck Charlie down in death-Fearful, awful! Desolation On our lintel set his sign; And we turned from his sad death-bed,

As the beams of Spring's first morning Through the silent chamber played, Lifeless, in mine arms I raised thee, And in thy small coffin laid; Ere the day-star with the darkness Nine times had triumphant striven, In one grave had met your ashes, And your souls in Heaven!

Willie, round to thine!

Five were ye, the beauteous blossoms Of our hopes, and hearts, and hearth. Two asleep lie buried under-Three for us yet gladden earth : Thee, our hyacinth, gay Charlie, Willie, thee our snow-drop pure, Back to us shall second spring-time Never more allure!

Yet while thinking, oh our lost ones, Of how dear ve were to us, Why should dreams of doubt and darkness Haunt our troubled spirits thus? Why, across the cold dim church-yard Flit our visions of despair? Seated on the tomb, " Faith's angel" Says, "Ye are not there!"

Where then are ye? With the Saviour Blest, forever blest, are ye, 'Mid the sinless, little children, Who have heard His " Come to me !" 'Youd the shades of death's dark valley, Now ye lean upon His breast, Where the wicked dare not enter,

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"PEN AND INK SKETCHES."

borrow such sheets, when I would look in- ly through his poetry, - like the "sun to them, -which is not often. They would of the sleepless," he somewhere mentions, not exchange with The Herald of Freedom, which shines, but warms not, with its powif it should be proposed to them, unless, erless rays." Had he been a man, instead perhaps, for more boot than they are worth. of a Lord, and signed his name, human I would not exchange even, with the Atlas, "George Gordon," instead of that marble, or any other of their great political winding inhuman-" Byron," we should have had sheets, unless for the purpose of affording infinitely better poetry, and he might have some haunter of their reading rooms, oppor- had some enjoyment in the world. As it tunity of glancing at a sincere and earnest paper. Some of them might be benefited by was, he had none. He went sneering than ecclesiastical reading rooms-for the poor Fletcher was his slave-and only worbeing reformed. I would swap even with and had that accursed aristocracy born into the Atlas, if they would, -rather than read him, that curl'd his beautiful upper lip all a borrowed paper. But they would'nt, I his life time, and sneered about it after he guess. Any how, I have in my hand a bor- was dead. The Sketcher did not seem to Poets ought not to be forgotten. They are veneration for Lordship, in England. For Anti-Slavery, themselves, almost all of my part, I merely detest it. There is nothwrite poetry. Slavery or pro-slavery can- about. not flow in poetical numbers. They have to issue in ragged prose. I do not now remember any poetry on the side of Slavery. There have been rhymes, in behalt of Tyranny, such as that miserable, doggerel Hudibras,-pandering to the restored tyrants of England, against even the poor efforts at liberty made under Cromwell. It was rhyme, and had wit in it,-but it was'nt poetry. It would be a profanation of that eagle name, to call it so. Poetry is a mountain spirit, -or a desert one, -or an ocean. Something vast and majestic in it .- comporting only with the genius of Liberty. All the Poets are to be ranked, I here venture (perhaps rashly,) to say, on the side of Liberty.

"Pen and Ink Sketches," are of interviews-" evenings" and " breakfasts," -with the great modern English poets,by a correspondent of the Atlas. He seems to be an Englishman, -and, by his writing and the facts he mentions of intimacy with the poets and writers of England, to have enjoyed some consideration among them. Writing here for pay, I suppose. Poor fellow, I hope he will get some. I wonder if they would pay, any of them, for Truth. Important, reformatory, moral truth, I mean. "Pen and Ink Sketches" are true enough, I presume-but they are undisturbingly so. They do not "disturb the tranquillity" of any body. Editors will pay for such,-and they can afford to. Their mercenary, torpid subscribers love to read them. And they are better than politics.

But I must come to an extract, which I thought I would transfer to our sheet, under a dearth of copy just at this moment. It is a digression, the writer says, from "sketches," he was making of the living. It is a sketch of the dead. And one of the most daring, soaring, mighty dead of the age-or of any ages. Of Byron. Many unamiable points about him. English

points. Lord points. I am sorry he was A door neighbor has loaned me "The a Lord. It was a great misfortune, to him Boston Atlas," a great pursy sheet, as and to poetry. It was the occasion, doubtbroad as a bed quilt. I, of course, have to less, of that misanthropy that streams cold-

it. Political reading rooms are not the through life, as unsympathizing as a meteor ground into which to cast Anti-Slavery that shoots on a winter night. He had seed. They are less ungenial, to be sure, no friends, and was nobody's friend. That genius that presides over them, in hostility shipped him-not loved him. Byton's poetry to freedom, is only human. In the Eccle- mitigated his Lordship,-but could not cure a siastical Reading Room the tyrant Genius it. He was more of a Lord, than a Poetis divine. Human despotism is capable of great poet as he was. He was born a Lord, rowed Atlas, -and have read an article in know what ailed the "nose." I guess it it, under the heading at top of this one, was turned up by the distorting influence which stirs up my old fancy for the poets. of Aristocracy and Lordship. If the Sketch-I have almost forgotten them, in the hurly er is an Englishman, he would worship it of anti-slavery labors and trials. Yet the on that account. They have a religious them. Folks are obliged to be, when they . ing endurable in it. I would not have it

> They would not let poor Byron's clay into Westminster Abbey-the pious English. They let in Thomas Campbell's, I see, which was well,-for Campbell was a Poet, every inch of him. His themes were Britain's bull-dog glory, on the sea,-but poetry flamed in every line of him. They buried his clay in the same grave, it is said, with belligerent old Sam Johnson's. I have seen where they lay, in "Poet's Corner, "in that old Abbey. Jahnson and Garrick there, side by side. I stood upon their Slabs-one toot on Johnson and the other on Garrick,-for the surly old moralist had to lay with 'Davy," at last, though be scorned to on a level with him, ia his life time. I stood on both of them, and looked at Shakespeare's bust in half-relief on the wall of that Poet's Gallery. John Gay and Oliver Goldsmith and Joseph Addison were of the company. John Dryden stood off, in the rear, in a duskier region of the Abbey. But I must break off. We will give Byron's body a little corner of The Herald of Freedom,if they would not let it into Poet's Corner, in Westminster Abboy. They have not a bigger poet in it-my way of thinking.

In the month of July, 1824, the body of Byron was brought from Missolonghi to England, and on being landed from the "Florida," was removed to the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, who then resided in Great George street, Westminster. At the house of Sir Edward it lay in state for two days, and was visited by hundreds of persons, who paid their last tributes to the genius of the mighty slumberer, by gazing on his coffin-lid. After the lying in state had terminated, it was found necessary to remove the body, for the purpose of placing t in a better constructed leaden coffin than that which had been prepared in Greece. A friend of mine happened to know the undertaker, and kindly offered to procure me admission to the chamber where the removal of the body was to be effected—an offer which, I need not say, I gladly accepted. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the eleventh of July, I proceeded to Sir Edward Knatchbull's, and found three or four gentlemen, attracted thither, like myself, vitness the solemn face of the poet, for the last time, ere it should be shut up in the darkness of death, Mr. Rogers, the author of the "Pleasures of Memory," Mr. now Sir John Cam Hobhouse, and John Hanson, Esq., (the two latter Lord Byron's executors,) and one or two others, whose names I did not learn, were present.

The body lay in the large drawing room; on the first story, which was hung with black cloth and lighted with wax candles. Soon after my arrival the work of opening the coffin commenced. This was soon effected, and when the last covering was removed, we beheld the face of the illus-

" All cold and all serene."

Were I to live a thousand years, I should never forget that moment. years I had been intimate with the mind of Byron. His wondrous works had thrown a charm around my daily paths, and with all the enthusiasm of youth I had almost adored his genius. With his reatures, through the medium of paintings, I had been familiar from my boyhood; and now, far more beautiful, even in death, than my most vivid fancy had ever pictured, there they lav in marble repose.

The body was not attired in that most

awful of habiliments-a shroud. It was wrapped in a blue cloth cloak, and the throat and head were uncovered. The former was beautifully moulded. The head of the poet was covered with short crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with hairs, especially over the temples, which were ample and free from hair, as we see in the portraits. The face had nothing of the appearance of death about it-it was neither sunken nor discolored in the least, but of a dead marble whiteness-the expression was that of stern repose .-How classically beautiful was the curved upper lip and the chin. I fancied the nose appeared as if it was not in harmony with the other features, but it might possibly have been a little disfigured by the process of embalming. The forehead was high and broad—indeed, the whole head was ex-

tremely large-it must have been so, to contain a brain of such capacity.

But what struck me most was the exceeding beauty of the profile, as I observed it when the head was lifted, in the operation of removing the corpse. It was perfect in its way, and seemed like a production of Phidias. Indeed, it far more resembled an Indeed, it far more resembled an exquisite piece of sculpture than the face of the dead - so still, so sharply defined, and so marble-like in its repose. I caught the view of it but for a moment; yet it was long enough to have it stamped upon my memory as

" A thing of beauty,"

which poor Keats tells us is "a joy forever." It is indeed a melancholy joy to me to have gazed upon the silent poet. As Washington Irving says of the old sexton, who crept into the vault where Shakspeare was entombed, and beheld there the dust of ages -"It was something even to have seen the dust of Byron."

Amongst the persons engaged in the performance of the office of removal, I noticed one—a tall, thin man, who spoke little, and seemed absorbed in grief. He would scarcely allow any one to touch the corpse-and, with his own hands, he composed the head in its new resting-place. The words, "My dear Lord!" were frequently uttered by him, whilst performing his melancholy du-ties. It was Fletcher-Byton's faithful valet. This man afterwards told me the particulars of the noble Poet's death, and gave me a lock of his hair. Fletcher did not long survive his beloved master.

I have deemed this little incident of sufficient interest to find a place in my "Recollections. 18/4 May 27:

THE BRANDED HAND

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Welcome home again, brave seaman! with thy thought,

ful brow and gray, And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day-With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady

Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the fiery shafts of

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutal cravens

To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work

thy shame? When all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron wa

How laughed their evil angel the baffled fools to scorn

They shange to wrong, the duty which God hath written

On the great heart of humanity too legible for doubt! They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from foot-sole up to crown,

Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and re-

Why, that brand is highest honor !- than its traces nev-

Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set, And thy unborn generations as they crowd our rocky

Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED

As the templar home was welcomed, bearing back from Syrian wars

The scar of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimetars, The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson spat So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God & Q and man !

He suffered for the ransom of the dearRedeemer's grave Thou for His living presence in the bound and bleeding slave:

He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod, Thon for the true Shechinah, the present home of God !

Por, while the jurist sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,

From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavers wrung,

And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God deserted

Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bondman's blood for wine-

While the multitude in blindness to a far off Savi-

And spurned, the while, the temple where a pres Saviour dwelt;

Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the pris shadows dim, And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto Him

In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and wave

below,
Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the bubbling school-men know;

God's stars and silence taught thee as His angels only can. That, the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope of hear

That, he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and

creed,
In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need;
But woe to him who crushes the SOUL with chain and

And herds with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the

Its branded palm shall prophecy "SALVATION TO THE Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whose reads may

His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our northern Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of God look there!
Take it henceforth for your standard—like the Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strife closing round ye, let that hand he seen

And the tyrants of the slave land shall tremble at that

When it points its finger southward along the Puritan Woe to the state's gorged leeches, and the church's locust band,
When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that hand ! 818 which 19 x to goods

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neanderings, down in the fissures of Mt. Washington, are a different thing altogether, from THE TORRENT MYSELF. Mt. Washington, Nov. 10th, 1843. Amount and beard lumined to Layer sor high 1 3/ 1 8/8 Jun 232 12 sork 98-17 1818 My 22 my Elemen husback - your hel 446 must \$181 1815 War 2 1 th Oly eyes Continue de \$19.26 1819 Aline 16th my cut 00 6 \$ august to my Lunk - And fal 2/8/ 2/7 - nededon

The Herald of Freedom.

numerous faithful anti-slavery coadjutors; that nothing was said, in the last number of the Liberator, respecting the suspension of the Herald of Freedom, for want of adequate patronage. My ap-dogy is, that the number of the Herald, containing the announcesequence of my visit to Northampton; and it was not till I saw the editorial article in the Standard of last

If I did not believe that this suspension would last only till the intelligence of it could be circulated among the generous and unfaltering spirits enlisted palling to contemplate such a spectacle as her hypocamong the generous and unmarkering spirits emisted risy and corruption present. She does not belong to in our cause, and time should be given to forward. New England, but should cut from her mounings, and want of a living patronage. The shout of exultation been struck, shall soon be flung out to the mountain that govern all other reforms. It will not be always green. The light and fading be always green. The light and fading continuance will soon be turned into a howl of agony, captive be set free

none who have carefully perused its columns, can en-

tested by the ordinary rules of criticism. They seem race is deeply interested. never to be written, but always to be maken. We The Herald of Freedom is not to be regarded as on his competers might never have burst the ful owner attempt to wield it. Its emanations are strumentality which they can wield against those great wonderfully diverse-' from grave to gay, from lively Social Reorganization should uphold it, as a medium to severe '; sometimes more gorgeous than the harr through which they can be freely hear!, and then of an autumnal sunset—anon, more beautiful than a to come out right; somewhat impulsive, yet never tens of thousands of readers, rash; occasionally erratic, yet ever making progress; But I am multiplying too many words for the occ to the time-serving; its honesty, a reproach to the hearted, to secure the necessary relief. to take as to give a blow, and never strikes with the re-appearance of the Herald! an evil design.

very cause in the land, as tending to cri, ple the cir- will be resumed this week, under the auspices of th culation of the paper, the location of the Herald has Board of Managers of the New-Hampshire Anti-Sla been any thing but a favorable one for securing put-very cociety ronage. On the question of negro emancipation, the heart of New-Hampshire is as hard as her own granits. She is as desperately perverted as it is in the power of corrupt priests and political demagagues to

make her. She has more * basely bowed the knee to the dark spirit of slavery' than any other State in To the "Old Man of the Mountain." It has doubtless excited some surprise among my the Union; and while she is the loudest in her demher disregard of human rights. So hardened is she, that she cannot blush ; and as for repentance, she mia Notch, will be suspended. Old Bo seems almost to be given over to 'believe a he, that she may be damned.' If any thing yet remains to be done to give protection and perpetuny to the accursed slave system of the South, she will be prompt to do week, on this subject, that I was aware of the occurhonor, and spurns with brutal concentpt all those who would save her from defilyment and shame. It is apwith railroad speed the paltry amount of pecuniary aid required to set the Herald in motion, I should almost lose my faith in human fidelity, gratitude and sincerity, and despair of success in the anti-slavery movement. But I feel as certain that that aid will be there is hope while such death or the wide earth, and last!" But there are chilling influences promptly given, as I do that elavery is to be overthere is hope winter such a State, what chance of patronage is there
thrown, and all who are in bondage set free. Not unthrown, and all who are in bondage set free. Not unfor such a faithful, refermatory sheet as the dauntless every season has its charms, and a tem there is hope while such dwell on her polluted soil, abroad in the land, and the Sun of Right sistence, will the true-hearted abolitionists allow so Herald of Freedom? The marvel is, that it has been perance Winter is not without them. W gifted and potent an instrument in the anti-slavery the powers of darkness. But that flag, which has reform will be an exception to the laws

The thought is not to be tolerated, for a moment, vember, but the sturdy trunk will remain in view of its prompt resuscitation; and it will be the tour cause is to lose the entire services of so able its roots secure beneath the power renewed energy from every fresh embrace of his a champion as N. P. Rooens, The poorest abolition- troot, and another Spring will clothe it mother earth, so will the Herald derive new support ing him in the battle-field, where his blows may fall see a Washingtonian Winter, God only trom this temporary advers ty. Of the claims of the H-rald to patronage, on the human freedom. For the sake of the slave-for the it must," it will be no time to be idle. score of editornal ability, freedom and independence, sake of his race-in obedience to the dictates of an none who have carefully perused its columns, can enenlightened conscience—he gave up an honorable and
tertain a doubt. It is truly an original sheet, in a strong
locative profession, laid himself with his devoted
the seed. There is always work enough as well as quaint use of the word—original beyond any other sheet in the land, and not surpassed by any in wit, pathos, satire, courage, fid-lity, and greatness of philauthropy. As far as it is circulated, it is unquestionably more thoroughty perused than any other been a tremendous transition, but he has met it with questionably more thoroughty perused than any other been a tremendous transition, but he has met it with God, are sure that amid all the change of God, are sure that amid sure that a mid the seed. There is always work enough and so long as earth ground and ed in the country; and not even its admirers are more an equanimity and a cheerfulness which nothing but cager to read it than its enemies, though the latter atproduced. It is not for such a man to be forsaken, at All literary tastes and desires are not alike. The This is not a personal matter, or a charactele appeal, almighty frost, for vegetation. I don some style of writing is not adapted to please every but a matter of common concernment, in which our

are listening to what the editor is saying, rather than ly an anti-slavery periodical, technically speaking shell, if the old temperand taking cognizance of what he has uttered. His pen Its scope is Universal Reform. The objects of its not all froze up. Co talks with the fluency, ease and simplicity of child kindly regards are mankind. The friends of Peace the ordinance of God as rarefaction. T hood, yet always with vigor and raciners. It never should support it, for its efficient labors in that part of earth could not be inhabited with every moves mechanically over the paper, but partakes of the World's vineyard. The advocates of Temperance lasting sunshine, any the inspiration of its master, as does the violin it should be prompt to aid it, as an able coadjutor in their with eternal snow. the hands of Ole Bull. It differs from all others held noble enterprise. The enemies of Priesteraft and Sec. perance Winter prepared the v by mortal hands, and let none other than its right. larism should rally around it, as the most potent in garden of flowers, sometimes 'terrible as an army great enterprise be promoted. In shor, the H-raid with banners'-anon, gentle and winning as a flock of Freedom commands itself to the good will, cheering of doves. But, great as is the genius displayed in voice and hearty patronage of all those who are interof doves. But, great as is the genies displayed in ested in the numerous reforms of the age. If its mer the Herald, I admire the paper still more highly for its were more widely known, I am sure its circulation the nobleness and bravery of its spirit. It is a pie instead of being confined, as it now is, to a few han oneer sheet, extremely adventurous, yet always sure dreds, would soon have thousands of subscribers, an

acute in its instincts, sagacious in its perceptions, sion. An orgent appeal is not needed in a case lik man and loving in its purposes. Its freedom is a terror this. The Herald of Freedom is suspended for lack in icicles. Oh, it mak to tyrants and bigots; its independence, a trouble funds-and that is all that need be said to the true think of it! I want to tell you the wo

hypocritical. Its intentions are always good, and I want to hear the demons of pro-slavery, war, is therefore it knows nothing of fear. It is as ready temperance, priesteraft and bigotry howling afresh, d

N. B. Siece the foregoing was in type, I rejoid Aside from the general unpopularity of the anti-sla- to learn that the publication of the Herald of Freedor

All sh

From the White Mountain Torrent.

Friend Granite: I have been thinking any thing more about it, at present. W! I say abroad, in the open air, the roc

and trees will repeat: but my secr

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land A. S. Society, I went with Thomas Davis fully of the Rhode Island difficulties. He ex. have to for life-longer or shorter-or he may to call upon him at the State Prison in Provi-dence, where he is confined on a charge of Wichell Treason. The Prison is a gloomy re-High Treason. The Prison is a gloomy, re- conversed on the rightfulness of military resist- tions, a high, moral spirited man would have morseless looking structure, standing a little ance. He admitted the superior excellence of little to choose between. out of the city, from which, though near by, the peace principles-but thought resistance it is effectually excluded and cut off by a truly necessary as society is, and the unresisting docdismal sheet of water. The site is selected with trine unsafe. I suggested to him that military truly Governmental taste, and illustrates the resistance was unsafe, also, - and that it had feelings entertained towards humanity, by that failed to secure the people of Rhode Island, gallows and dangeon-loving Institution. Be- their rights. hind it is a cheerless sand hill—and around it. We spent an hour or more with him in quite on all sides a waste tract of the same desolate interesting conversation. I found him a man surface. The prison looks forth upon the sandy of a good deal more than ordinary talent-and margin of the Bay, that like a castle-moat sep-with some striking characteristics. I should think arates it from the city-and across it upon the him of remarkable firmness and courage-much back sides of the buildings that line one hand as he has been stigmatized as a coward by the of the main street-and upon the confused political press. He has not anything of the mass of piled-up edifices on the hill-side be- coward in his aspect-or any thing of vacillayoud. A few masts like so many dead pines tion or indecision. I should think him a man stand in the opening through the town, into Pro- slow of action, and pernaps of decision but vidence River. The city looks as if its back fixed and unflinching when once determined - - \$ was turned upon the outcast prison, as the And though more of the politician and awar man backs of the people are, forever, upon the ill-fa- than I can accord with, yet far in advance of 4ed men confined within its walls.

let of the Bay, and traversed a considerable ical friends. It is owing to this, perhaps, that tract of sand. Our path lay along the irregu- he has become a victim. ance of beach, or the slightest attraction I should ple of Rhode Island-which I obtained and think, of any season of the year, to the stroller have read—and think it places him in as unform the city to resort there to walk. The water was rough with the cold fall winds and a melanchely company of sea gulls, that might have enemies have no occasion to boast over him, or stress of weather, or invited in more likely, by the defeated, he has, I think, been the occasion of enhanced dismality of this Prison Bay-made it the abolition of the charter government. They still more dismal to me as they wheeled about have abandoned the old British government in the cold atmosphere or settled down upon the over the little Commonwealth, and substituted chilly waters.

had stuck this conscientious notification -"No admittance on the Sabbath."-As much as to this Pandemonium, that humanity does not about it-but I incline to say thus much, I have say, It is the devout pleasure of the Genius of come here to cheer the heart of the Prisoner, Sunday, -- but to go worship at one of the shrines It was Monday, and we could go in. We found for his political times. He has the countenance our way into a sort of ante-room-where was a and head of a man of uncommon talent and turnkey-looking personage-in company with some of the respeciables of the town-doctors I believe, of Divinity or of physic. Thomas Davis asked to go and see Mr. Dorr. A heavy door was unlocked into an open space at the end of a range of cells-and at the foot of a flight of stairs. We went in and were directed to a door at the head of the stairs. The door was held to by a mass of papers shut in. Our door was locked behind us. We knocked and were admitted. Thomas Davis knew Dorr familiarly. I had never met him before, though he had so was a politician and was enjoying the hospitality and caresses of our men in office and I had no occasion or interest to see him. Now he was in prison, and I thought it might lighten his load a little to make him an hour or two's visit. We found him in a room about eleven feet square and about nine feet high-walled on three sides with stone-with one windowgrated with bars of iron-and looking out on the water. The room was warmed by two metal aqueducts passing through it just above ably in winter, I could not tell. It was tolerably warm, then. A single bed-a writing desk, and a few chairs constituted its furniture. It was a thoroughfare to some other rooms in beyond it, for debtors, and for accused persons awaiting trial. The air had a smothered, impure, prison odor. Dorr seemed to be in tolerable health-

though his confinement was beginning to make FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1843, inroads upon it. Want of air and exercise had not help feeling relieved as we trod the dismail

the patriots and politicians of the day. A much It was a gloomy November day when we vis- better man, I should take him, than his political tted it .- We crossed a narrow way over an out-

He asked me to read his Address to the Peoto taunt him. And though he was nominally another.-How much better I don't know-Over the prison entrance, Rhode Island piety. probably considerably, if there is a better to military governments.

I don't know enough, or feel enough interest in the Rhode Island controversy to take part no doubt Thomas W. Dorr, has been much be lied and abused, and that he is much more of a man than his opponents and too honest a man firmness. Not enough of Bonapartean energy and enthusiasm in him, I should apprehend, to conduct a military revolution-though Bonaparte himself might have done little more than he, perhaps, under the circumstances. Modern Rhode Island is not like France, or little Corsica-for a military genius to work upon.

Thomas Davis and I ate an apple or two with Rhode Island's State prisoner, sent in to him by his friends-and took our leave of him. He ingered a little while in the door way at top of the stair case-for no man loves involuntary solitude. We had to wait some time before we Concord, in my immediate neighborhood. He could get the prison door opened. We knocked away upon it for some time-but no cerberus came to our relief. A voice from some cell cried out, ring the bell. A bell pull hung down on the wall-which being drawn brought the turnkey, and he unbolted the door. As we were standing, I remarked to Thomas Davis, that we stood rommitted, for aught I knew. As the door ' think we were prisoners. He gave me a look in reply that reminded me pleasantry was not a ware in which turnkeys could deal. He made no reply. Before leaving the prison we examter. How adequate to warm the room comfortwere more tomb-like and barbarous than any I had ever seen. Short iron doors, altogether too low for erect entrance,—and above, a grated hole, to let in air and light enough to keep along miserable existence. Thomas Davis hardly restrained a virtuous and humane exclamation of profanity, at the diabolical arrangements.

We left the grim penitentiary, and I could commenced their work, as was evident in his sand and breathed the November air of the At the time of the meeting of the Rhode Isbut a few weeks. He talked freely and cheer. will have to stay there, I don't know. He may

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FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 27, 1843.

tain of so respectable a stream. The summit land crossed by the Engine is over 1100 feet bove the level of the Connecticut, where we out seems hardly up to clearing away that nountain obstacle, or bearing it off on its comatcher. But as you come upon it, the barriers file off to right and left, and the Engine winds its smoking way in, doubling this rocky cape and ing the astonished trains through the stupendous cuts and along the dizzy embankments. have felt itself any where, while achieving it, find," as Burns says, "no itherwhere but among its native bogs. I got upon the out

SKANEATELES, N. Y., Oct. 14, '43, hear the racket of the engine, for the echoes of terestedness of living and labor, and the abroa Dear J. R. F .: - At this remote place, in little the rocks. We crossed the summit, when one gation of the very idea of exclusive property. more than 4 and 20 hours from our bustling of the tenders cried out, solemnly and as it The farm here is a magnificent one. I have little capital, about 430 miles, I am at the were officially-"The highest spot between not time, or room, to give you any description, "Community House," on one of the most beau Boston and the Hudson"! Before he got it of it,-or of the unrivalled scenery I passed riful farms in the Empire State, as it is said half out of his mouth, we were some ways through from Albany hither, up the Mohawk. and as I should judge. We left home Tuesday down the descent towards the North River. The I must defer it for next week,-when I shall at 11 foresoon, reached Boston at 3, afternoon cars and the streams tipped, and run the other have something to tell you also of the Conven--left there for Albany at 7 next morning way, and we stooped upon New York, -on en- tion, whose sittings commence here to-day, to traversed the old commonwealth like an In tering the border of which, another proclama- hold through to-morrow, Sunday. The people dian's arrow shot towards sun-set-slept at tion of the fact was made by some of the exe- are mustering to it now. They meet in a com-Albany with its streets full of pigs-and next cutive about the trains. The name of the stream modious barn-and the promise is of some morning at 8 got on board a heavy Dutch Rail we followed down, I do not remember, but we grand demonstrations from its rude platform, Carr, called 2d class, rendered uncomfortable soon transformed it from a brawling brook into in behalf of labor-crushed humanity. for the purpose of carrying fanatics, Irishmen, a dignified and self-complacent river. It was and colored folks-and other inferior races nearly dusk when we first eaught gleams of the and weddled our way heavily west. At night, glassy Hudson, which we regretted greatly, for fall we were at Syracuse—the city of salt-and we wanted a day-view of the noble stream and next morning reached this place after about its old Dutch town of Albany. As we reached Dear J. R. F.: I promised our Herald readan hour and a half's ride. A hurrying speed, its banks it was dark, and we could only trace ers a remembrance for your next number, and put it all together, enough, had we gone on a it by the light that glimmered from the city on I will redeem my promise from this queenly line of longitude, instead of latitude, to have the opposite shore. We got one twilight glance place of what was once the pretty far West. It sent us pretty suddenly from one climate to an. however, down the river. It was of a bend at is indeed a queenly region—if by queenly, you other.—By the way, if this locomotive power is much more aggravated, as I suppose it must be in the old North River,—its perbe, in the flight (not "march") of events, the petual fleets of saut-croft. There is always enough been such as to befit it—but it is not in the powbe, in the flight (not "march") of events, the health of the travelling portion of our race may be put to some hazard, by the too sudden shift of climates. I wish I had leisure to retrace in mind, the passage of our two days of swifter track by steam, through Massachusetts and thus far, New York—through the Pentoosuck valley and up the Mohawk. Between the Connecticut and the Hudson is a wild region for a steam engine to think of exploring. The rail road cut through the mountains there, is a more road cut through the mountains there, is a more day's ride. But in addition to the turmoil of a but swifter than Dutch horses or Dutch men. presumptuous achievement, than either Hannibal's or Bonaparte's passage of the Alps. The
path was not so lofty as their's—but instead of
come next into the very mouths and throats of
come next into the very mouths and throats of
this, was one called the poorest and most outcast whites. Below
this, was one for colored people—or, which had climbing over the mountains our rail-road Yanthe cab-men and back-men, and hand cart men,
kees cut through them down to their very bowclamorous as the grave for your baggage and
with some improvement in the "Hyena Car" would, ls, and laid open a passage there, through your bodies. They bay at the wharf like so which the snorting steamer smokes its way with many hell hounds let loose—the last one always ed car was made as much less tolerable, as a most surprising and picturesque bravery. You the loudest. They will not take no for an and "nigger" is lower in common estimation than would almost as soon think of seeing a ship swer,—until you very quietly and kindly say to a fatting hog—to say nothing of Hyenas, which, there, as a rail-road engine. It follows up the them-dear fellows, you make such a racket in the menageries, have some character, as wild Westfield river from old Springfield, on the you make me crazy,-you only be still a min-Connecticut. It is quite a wide stream in the ute, till I have time to know where I am, and orning, but before noon diminishes to a brook then I'll tell you. Ail as calm as a clock then, and that of the "first families." It had been a under the flying speed of the cars. It is quite They feel no vicience, and their uproar is only "first class" car-but of not very superior amusing to go so suddenly from month to foun- a habit. They are sent there, I suppose by public-spirited and enterprising tavern keepers, to ross it at Springfield. As you approach the their great piratical Hotels. I enjoyed exemphighlands the chance of a passage looks quite tion from this fate, under convoy of our travelubious. The steamer is strong and audacious, led friend Collins, who knows every nook and turn in all the land and who took us to the kind and affectionate anti-slavery roof of the two of the city of Albany. I hope to get some more acquainted with them, on our return. Friend ward. hat, as they dove tail into each other, and drag- Alden, too, another Albany abolitionist, we were comforted to meet, on board the boat. I had The river has become a brawling mountain catnever seen him before, but knew his face to be aract, and it is sublime enough as you go thundering across the frequent bridges. Sometimes there solely on their own account. I can tell an ment of a hundred rods, and apparently 60 or 80 feet high, all thrown up by the indomitable when it meets a brother abolitionist. There is

fall off would have been as hopeless a case as erhood mode of living is once set afoot, on its going overboard from a packet, in a gale of true principles, the people will flee to it "like Sometimes the hard, bluish rock would rise more lofty principles, I think, than even our no-

each side of the track, sixty feet high for a long ble friends at Northampton,-who, if this sucdistance,-and the iron din of traversing it was ceeds, will, I doubt not, adopt its principles, and LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR. deafening thunder to the ears. You could not succeed with it,—the principles of entire disin-

Hastily, and affectionately yours,

N. P. R.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Oct. 19, 1843.

of them to present the appearance of a compact er of late antumn, or the most merciless weath-

with some improvements, have made a tolerable animals. We rode in a car called "second quality. It was dismantled, at some trouble and plunder the boat of its passengers, for the sake boring people, and abolitionists. It then cost expense, till it was uncomfortable enough for lacars, and the engines matched the whole. They were not the "Amoskeags," or the "Souhegans," of our own brave little rail-road down the Merrimack. They were the Ontarios and unt sister Motts, who are, I believe, the abolitionists the Mohawks, instead-grand-sounding names, -but of the slow, flat, heavy moulded West-

Our way, after passing Schenectady, lay up the Mohawk. And such a region, for abode and for travel, is rare to be seen. Among the spots where agriculture would love to light down, and live, are the celebrated "German Flats." I reanti-slavery countenance, and I don't know but member in my boy days hearing of them, as a sort of Fairy Land-of almost doubtful existwheelbarrow of poor old Ireland, which must a humanity and a fellowship in it, that you the way, the second day from Boston, and inence, they were so remote in the West, and so Friend Collins had a small meeting in the horseback, exploring for a "bourne whence no" stead of the adventurous traveller, alone on side among its native dogs. I got upon the out side step of the rearmost car of the train as we went through the mountains, for the sake of the view—but it was perilous standing there, and beholding the giddying track as it vanished in our wake. I could not endure it but a little while. My strength was soon exhausted by hanging on so desperately to the iron stays. To call off result have been as horseless a case as a count of the friends of "Community"—where a few attended, (on small notice,) out of the multitudes of the great community of the world, who are tired and sick of trying to escape, amid the cut and thrust systems of property and trade. I am of opinion, that when this brotherhood mode of living is once set afoot, on its and the Mohawk. Across it flowed the Erie Canal, winding along its border-and all alive wind. Utter demolition and destruction, it seemed to me, would have been inevitable. doves to their windows" before a storm. They alive with the painted canal boats—the boat decks are establishing one at this place on freer and alive with travellers and emigrants, or piled

of all that Politics, Literature and Divinity united, have written, in the country. But I am keeping the reader from the So.g. Whoever wishes to hear it sung-by the entire train of "The Hutchinsons," will take care to be at the New-England Convention, or the June meeting, here in their native State. And feel in Justo. 99 (2 ymy 19181 01:2 -4/7 stand hours of 16 5. 10 1815 ortober 22 hy Butter 44418 Sugar 19 th ory but 6.50 By what 225 _ 8. 75 my by -- - sily orner 66:5 - 180"1 Jenne for in the mark Mengage her plant to her to hunder Merry 6th 1018 hy see to how Necessation of 1014 my bush 57018 Muguet of the My Dock to Bolline minister - 126 96 .1 Thy hullerist miller orallus fill - dit simp May 2018. Ary Buller 04"1 18/4 While 23. Any hutton Lohno o

from the windows of the flying car. All motion seems rest to this, in comparison. And all New York, and all the world-in car and canal boat seem traversing this thronged thoroughfare along the valley of the Mohawk.

We passed Seneca Falls-where the water had first to break through the rock barrier of the mountains, of its own wild motion, and in its native impetuosity and strength. Then, fol, lowed the rude, adventurous road; in time, ommerce and State enterprise wrought there a hannel for the "Grand Canal." And grand it was, and competent to confer the name of " Emire," on the State that did it. Now, the Railroad has laid its daring track there, amid those perilous crags, and along their fearful edges, and the strong Engine thunders desperately through, mocking all former adventure, as it sends up its plume of smoke among the astonished ledges, which never could have expected such an invader among their passes. What will supersede this flying transportation, time must disclose. I hardly expect, if I ever come here again, to be conveyed by the tardy steam

We passed Utica, a hundred miles inland from the Hudson, and yet a city, with all the throng, and splendor, and hurry, and morbid activity of the sea shore. At night we reached another city, farther inland still. It was Syracuse. I passed here in '27-the canal had then just been by the pened, and the large tuverns were starting up mid the fresh-cut stumps. Now, it is a splendid town, with its palaces and squares-and what is more, its free hearts and gallant antislavery spirits. We shared their more than hositality-more, in that we were not welcomed as guests, but cherished, as at home. Abolitionists are getting beyond and above hospitality. They are abolishing the very occasion of it .-They do not "entertain strangers," because they recognize no strangers, in the great family to which they belong. You can experience their most elegant kindnesses, without any abating sense of obligation-or any embarrass ing considerations of inability to reciprocat them in the like degree. No favors are confer red-none received. Loving equals meet, and bless one another in joyous humanity, and their parting is as joyful as their meeting, and joyful will it be, in the interim, and when they shall meet again. Speed the day, when all earth shall be covered over with their beauteous and boun teous habitations, and mankind shall travel the great globe, and rest every noon and night at bends the rainbow name of "Liberator"-adome.

Saturday and Sunday, were the Conventions on heCommunity place at Skaneateles. They were held in a barn, and rarely has this favored kind of edifice listened to more enlarged and expanve eloquence. The weather was rainy, and the ravelling exceedingly muddy, as it always is in sight—a shapely edifice, surmounted by a tower, hese fertile regions in time of rain, but there was a thronging attendance, and of a highly intelligent and elevated people. I have not room o speak of the meetings here. Our war-worn brother Collins was in the van of them, and seemed to have renewed his strength and recovered from all his wounds. The great enterprise he is upon, seemed to fill his wide soul, full, and to give free scope to all his extraordinary energies. If this community experiment fail in his hands, it will not be for want of all that the most daring enterprise can effect, accompanied with the deepest devotion, and the most generous disinterestedness. The spot they have cho-sen, too, is one of the most favorable in all the country. A tract of the most fertile and charming land, with a water power scarcely to be rivalled, a spring of water-of rare quality-in this limestone West, and of most abundant supply-and gushing from a high point, from which it can easily be conducted to the most convenient domestic uses ;-glorious tall woods of fuel and timber, and inexhaustible quarries of stone. All these I saw with my own eyes. What cannot free, disinterested labor do on such a locality as this. They mean to try. It is one of the bravest experiments that have been made by

The slow horses seem hardly to advance, seen the race. And is it not treason to Humanity and its freight. One of them, with a newspaand to God, to call it an experiment? Can it fail ! per in his hand-probably the "Christian Citi-Is it not right to labor for a higher consideration zen,"-as from his "fair round body," he himthan mercenary ownership. Are mankind for self seems to be one. Multitudes of the people ever doomed to the low inducement of pecunia. throng the Depot, to welcome the arrival. Some ry wages-to the anxiety, the depression, the are hurrying to get there in season.

grovelling calculation, and the unfriendly spirit At a little distance is seen another track, of mages! Can't some good be done in this leading over a viaduct-a train approaching on world, without base pay? And can our slavery it-breaks down-the engine seen plunging into ever be abolished by a hireling people? These the chasm, headlong-the car following hard are passing questions, asked in the haste of after-and the affrighted passengers issuing preparing for a mail departure. Labor is en. from the stero, like rats from a sinking ship slaved in this country. Can paid labor muster The train looks a perfect wreck, and on the enthe generosity to deliver it? The question may gine appears the perishable name of "Clay." be worth answering. Meantime, let us continue, Destruction is ahead of it, and no chance of undepartingly and unfalteringly, as ever, the escape. The jumping passengers seem to have friends of the bleeding slave. N. P. R. a sorry chance for their lives.

heat and smoke of the Engine-smoke thin,

though, indicating high pressure, and the steam

up. The "American Standard"-floats at

more sober and prudent distance from the fire,

but also surmounting the Car. In semicircle

about the wheel of the gallant Locomotive,

mirably placed-and fitly naming the pioneer

Engine, panting with its magnificent load, now

near the great Depot-dragged heretofore under

hill and over hollow, along dizzy embankments,

and through tunnels of seemingly interminable

darkness. "The Rail Road Station" is in

on which some Herald of Liberty stands blow-

ing his trumpet. The track stretches up to it

like the very life. The Engine Bell is ringing

-it is "Liberty Bell," and the far piercing

Whistle gives further warning of the coming

Cars. Behind it follows a "freight train,"

drawn by the Engine ' Repealer.' Its bell rings,

as if a station were in sight-but its smoke is

thick and black,-not the clear, gas-looking, mor-

al sussion breath of the "Liberator." I don't

know if it is on the same track-think it is

though-but properly in the rear of "Libera-

tor." It may be part and parcel of the same

convoy. Its freight is " Liberty Votes and Bal.

lot boxes "-the main value being aboard the

Engine. Beside the track stand a crowd of

clergy and politicians-distinguishable from

each other by their respective divine and earthly

dresses, and their divine and human aspects.

The priests are in consternation, and the politi-

cians in perplexity. The Engine "Liberator"

and its "Herald" flag seem to be objects of

special interest with the divines-as also the

Car "Immediate Emancipation." Some of

them look as if they would give any thing, but

their black gowns, to be aboard. The politi-

cians are discussing the Locomotive Repealer

On beyond this dismantled track-is another The spirited stanzas following this article railroad—running parallel to it—and the train were composed by Jesse Hutchinson, Jr., during alike in distress. It is plain sailing, but the a debate at the Lowell Convention, and sung, on engine has burst its boiler and blown up, sky its completion, by a band of the Hutchinsons, high-passengers, in consternation, throwing attending the Convention as abolitionists. I themselves headforemost out behind. Who the cannot describe the electrifying effect upon the Locomotive is would be doubtful-but for the audience. An effect it never can produce again syllable "Van," remaining visible on a frag--for the song can never again be composed on ment, indicating, probably, who it was in the the spot where it is sung -or sung instantly on day of it-but the concern looks "used up."its composition, or by the inimitable composer, These political trains of events, look dim and for the first time, when his spirit remained fited distant-as they should, compared with the bold by inspiration which gave it birth, or heard distinct, and significant figures afore described, ace stirred with the discussion and which form the foreground. In fact those gave rise to it, and who heard it break "political action" trains are no wise connected whom shick- gave rise to it, and who heard it offen, with the movements of the Car "Immediate ality, and knowing it to be one of the sponta. Emancipation." And a "3d train, which some neous fruits of the meeting. It is to the peer, might expect should form a feature of the pic. less music of "Old Dan Tucker." The author ture-would be as little connected with it. I has published a splendid edition of it, with a mean the accommodation train, "3d Party"lithograph cut of his own designing. I wish I the Car "Legal Abolition"-tugged by the could give it here as I can the verses. In the steamer "Emancipator"-which might have foreground rolls the Car, " Immediate Emanci. been drawn stealing a march upon the Clay and pation," crowded with passengers, whom I take, Van Buren Locomotives-a sort of feint by their cheery aspect, and most desirable march, without any station or depot ahead-a berths, to be "old organized abolitionists," who-branch railway merely, and running after a. have lived to see the end of their great labors, short distance into one of the other political The Car is sormounted by two flags-our own tracks. But it makes no part of the design? hard-faring little sheet one of them, unfurled to here, and I will not give further fancy sketch 7 will the wind of a 40-mile an hour locomotive, nail. of it. It was well left out. ed to the staff, and the staff nailed (as I take it) Both these politician trains are going adverse 1262

to the fore front of the Car, exposed to all the ways to that of Emancipation-as they needs must, so long as slavery has a depot above ground. When we have destroyed its stations and its depots, and pulled up its rails-politicians will take another tack and track,-but not till then. Another thing to be observed. Even the Engine "Repealer" runs in the rear of the genuine anti-slavery cars, and is, as it were, but a consequence, or result of their leading movement. As all anti-slavery political action by the country must always be. Not an agency-but a production-not a cause-but an effect. And the Engine is "Repealer," and not "3d Party" result, as it is. It doesn't propose any action under the government, except under its provision for Repeal of the compact. Repeal, not by the States, or of the Union of the States, but the union of the People under an enslaving and slavery perpetuating constitution, to be repudiated and abandoned by the people, as such. The zers only votes on board the "freight Car," are for the family of "Repeal," and the "Ballot Box. es "-boxes for deposit of these unelecting ballots. Mark that. It means much.

A very significant incidental feature of the victure is a grove in the distance-representing, imagine, one of the old idolatrous places of worship, for there is a temple looming up above it with a steeple as haughty as Park Street's. A headlong throng of people are to be seen hurry. ing out at its portal, "escaping as if for their lives," and "looking not behind them." There could be no mistaking them long, for anything but "the Comeourers." They are quitting the old Synagogue, like Lot fleeing out of Sodom You have herea barren sketch of the Lithograph. I wish we could print it. If it doesn't have a run through the country, like the "Illuminated Shakespeare," I am mistaken. It is splendidly executed, and the ingenious and poetical author has kindly done me the honor, of dedicating it

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Parker Pillsbury. I wish to announce to the anti-slavery Committees,) to Secretary Birney, for infriends, a fact, that cannot be without some stance, preparatory to his abandonment of interest to any of them, concerning this the anti-slavery service, and lapsing into an tried and true laborer in our Cause, home. imitation candidate for political office. I less and houseless, hitherto, since he enter- hate this "8" sign of dollars and cents,ed the anti-slavery field,-that he has, at I revolt from these pecuniary appeals. I length, pitched himself a little tent,-where lament that mankind are on pecuniary terms his small family may have shelter, and his with each other. But so it is, now, though own weary head a reposing place, in the not among abolitionists. They don't need pauses of the battle. For it will be only money, to buy of each other, -but of the pauses, with Parker Pillsbury, and brief pro-slavery world about them. Abolitionists pauses, while Slavery lives. There will be do not trade among themselves. Money is no peace, to him, or truce, but only breath not their "circulating medium." Their ing time, to restore him for the conflict .- "currency" is brotherly Love. They give At least, I may say, it has been so with each other money, to buy the right to live, him, up to this hour. What will be, I am of the pro-slavery world around them. But, growing cautious to say, of our firmest as usual, I am saying a great deal too much. champions. Our friend Parker Pillsbury, Thisismy own project, unknown to my friend has been years among us without any home, Parker Pillsbury. It would be better, perbut in the hearts of the abolitionists. While haps, had he stated his own case, himself. his family was only himself and wife, he He will not do that. It is a delicate matter was content to be a wanderer. They have with any of us. And it does not come now a little child in their charge, and handy for anti-slavery to be talking about houselessness is now inconvenient and irk- money, even for others. Money is not an some. They have found a small spot in anti-slavery idea. Milford, N. H., (the native place of the I am still away from my own home, at my Hutchinsons,) three acres of ground, and a native village, and I think, here, (where I small, unfinished house. They can have it am an exile,) of my dear and gallant friend, for \$500, and it will take, I understand a who has no home, though, I trust about to Milford friend, some \$250 to put it in com- have one, from which he may sally forth to fortable repair. It will then cost \$750, the strive for those who can have none, on the yearly pay of a middling, country priest, face of the earth. who would spurn the idea of being placed I need not ask the Liberator, or Standard, there, as his dwelling. It would be a rich or McKim's Pennsylvania sheet, to second

that annual pay, and a genteel Parsonage to live in, set out with pious presents, and replenished with "donation visits." He abandoned the Priesthood, in the cause of humanity-and would now rejoice in sohumble a home as this, and more than in a palace, which he would not accept, or live in. By his industry (he was bred a farmer) ne will make it a tasteful and competent abode-and a shelter for the fugitive slave and his houseless advocate, to boot.

But it must be paid for. An anti-slavery friend lends, I understand, part of the \$500. I know him. He would give it, if he could, for his heart has no limits. Where the rest is coming from, or the means of repaying this, I know not- (friend Parker will excuse me,) except from where Elijah's ra tions come. Yes, I do know. It will come from where anti-slavery relief always has come, and always will, when frankly applied for, and in behalf of specific, genuine anti-slavery objects. The abolitionists of the land will, I think, deem it good antislavery economy, as well as justice, to place Parker Pillsbury in possession of this little anti-slavery sentry post. I need not say to any of them, that he has labored as hard and spared himself as little, as any. soldier in all our ranks-though I may have to inform many of them, that nobody has been more scantily sustained.

I desire to be almoner, on this occasion. I want to have the privilege of publishing in the Herald of Freedom, that I have received the sums necessary to compass this' little purchase, and to have the pleasure of transmitting it. I think anti-slavery owes me this gratification, and it is n't in its power, scarcely, to afford me a greater,-Twenty abolitionists-at \$25 each, would redeem the brave little homestead. And how much better an anti-slavery investment a glad home, for life, to a heart as true to the Cause, as steel to the magnet, than a

Iwenty-two hundred dollar, annual stipend, (through one of friend Foster's essential

estate for Parker Pillsbury, who, had he me in my appeal,-for anti-slavery Newbeen of the ordinary motive of men, might Hampshire has no State bounds, but extends have remained a Priest, with more than over the land-and across the sea.

SONG. Tune A man's a man for a' th Though stripped of all the dearest rights Which nature claims, and a' that. Ti ere's that which in a slave unites To make the man for a' that: For a' that and a' that. Though dark his skin, and a' that, We cannot rob him of his kind, The slave's a man for a' that

Though by his brother bought and sold, And beat, and scourged, and a' that, His wrongs can ne'er be felt or told, Yet he's a man for a' that, For a' that and a' that, His body chained, and a' that, The image of his God remains, The slave's a man for a' that,

How dark the spirit that enslaves; Yet darker still than a' that, He who, amid the light, still craves Apologies, and a that, For a' that and a' that, Small evil finds, and a' that, In crimes which are of darkest hue, And foulest deeds, and a' that,

If those who now in bondage groan Were white, and fair, and a' that, O should we not their late bemost And plead their cause, and a' that ? For a' that and a' that. Would any say, in a' that We've nought to do, they are not here, We'll mind our own, and a' that ?

O tell us not they're clothed and fed, "Tie insult, stuff, and a' that; With freedom gone, all joy is fled, For Heaven's gift is a' that : For a' that and a' that, Free agency, and a' that, We get from Him who rules on high, The slave we rob of a' that.

Then think not to escape his wrath, Who's equal, just, and a' that, His warning voice is sounded forth, We heed it not, for a' that : For a' that and a' that; "Tis not less sure, for a' that; His vengeance, though 'tis long delayed, Will come at last, for a' that.

Doetry.

The following is from an English Courtist paper, and will give an idea of the boldness of the English

THE BARY SPRINKLING. A Starvation Anthem for the Royal Christening. Bring forth the babe in pomp and lace, While thousands starve and curse the light! But what of that I-on royal face Shame knows no blush, however slight. Bring forth the babe! a nation's moans Will ring sweet music in his ear; For well we know a people's groans To royal ears were always dear.

Bring forth the babe ;-down, courtiers, down And bow your lacquey knees in dust, Before a child's best blered gown-(Our children cannot find a crust!) When Christ was born, no servile throng Asound the Saviour's manger met; No flatterers raised their fulsome song,-But what was Christ to Albert's pet?

God, who hast heard the widow's moan; God, who hast heard the orphan's cry; Thou, too dost sit upon a throne, But none round thee of famine die! Things like this babe of royal birth. Who boast their psincely "right divine," Are but thy parodies on earth-Their's is oppression-mercy thine.

Bring forth the babe ! From foreign hands Fresh kingly vampyres flock to greet This new one in its nurse's hands, (For royal mothers give no teat;) Bring forth the toy of princely whim And let your prayers mount night and day : For ought we not to pray for him, Who'll prey on us enough some day?

O! who would grudge to squander gold On such a glorious babe as this? What though our babes be starved and cold, They have no claim on earthly bliss. Ours are no mongrel German breed, But English born and English bred : Then let them live and die in need, While the plump Cobourg thing is fed!

Christen the babe, Archbishop proud, Strange servant of the lowly Christ: Thousands are to your purse allowed-For him the smallest loaf sufficed; Though holy-water's scanty now, My lord you may dismiss your fears; Take, to baptize the infant's brow, A starving people's bitter tears!

ANTI-SLAVERY SONGS.

Hymn.

Hark! bark, to the trumpet call-Arise in the name of God most high!" On ready hearts the deep notes fall, And firm and full is the strong reply

'The hour is at hand to do and dare !-Bound with the bon demen now are we! We may not utter the patriot's prayer Or bend in the house of God the knee!

Say! shall the blood of the martyred slain. Sink vainly to the attesting earth? To prison and exile, scourge and chain, Shall the faithful and the just go forth?

Throng, throng, from your mountains green ? Pour like a flood from your hill-tops white! With kindling hearts and voices keen, Swell high the song of truth and right.

A mighty sound the region fills-An awful voice from our fathers' graves! It comes from the brows of a thousand bills-· Woe to the lords of a land of slaves!"

Rise, for a slandered gospel's sake ; Nor rest till the notes be heard again, That erst on the Saviour's birth-night brake, Of peace on earth-good will towards men.

Hark! Hark, to the trumpet call, And firm and full be the glad reply ; On ready hearts the deep notes fall-Arise in the names of God most high!"

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company or of the

him in answer to objections rising up to his the PRIDAY MORNING, PEBRUARY 16, 1344. ory of the wrongfuines of property. He holds Movements in Concord. we of this age and country, hold the land of thi that man is naturally inclined to be right, and if you will put him in favorable circumstances We have of late enjoyed fine reformatory then unknown and undiscovered world. Our time, of mastering them all, so that he may he will become right. I think his circumstan- ovements in this place. We have had visits Pilgrim fathers brought over with them, among ces had better be made favorable, whether or no. id lectures from John A. Collins and Freder- other good things, this fashion of plunderin Those who are opposed to this are artificially Douglass and our old New-Hampshire antivery champion, Foster. Collins lectured comely origin for the system of land-title. From circumstances to good account. If so, they are depraved, if not naturally. It is very convenient to tyrants and priests, when they are id spoke in meetings of three successive days - William-the stout archer and spearsman of not our masters, and we are not their subjects crushing mankind, to excuse it by calling them and evenings. Not many of the people ven- Normandy-down it has come through a sucdepraved-and thus in need of being held down red to go and hear him. His startling doc- cession of tyranny and vassalage in Britain, till to the ground. Tyranny and priesthood are de. inc of the wrong and mischief of holding ex- it lighted on the desert face of New-England, pravities-however it may be with mankind, sive property in the land-or the animals- through the mission of the Pilgrims. naturally. But I havn't time or room to save even the productions of the earth, or the I agree mankind may have the earth in comany thing more aroun coming and the says, to fullest expectations, thus far. Success to s of human invention and industry, are mon or in severalty—as may best suit their na- and to his race, to be in all things right and just, any thing more about Collins and his Corcan trust themselves to hear? I say ture and convenience. But I infer it was and for righteousness sake, and with a "righteous be heard-and canvassed. Have the is natural, and best, to have it by occupancy and ness! infinitely "exceeding that of scribes and got totally disqualified to hear. The in common as to the right. Every body has pharisees." Has not God made man thus comand they will have it so far as they are r the deliverance of the race from the an inalienable right in the soil. This I think petition-the avarice-the struggles-the forbids the separate appropriation of any of it. character? Will not a right character be a haporing cares which make us old before our If every body has right in it, and in enough of py one, now and always - and a wrong charac--the wrong doing-the enormities, and the it-then nobody cen have right to more than ter an unhappy one, -now and always, while it y even - which are incident to the excluse enough, or to any deeper or longer estate in it, is wrong! Has God made man other than this roperty-system-which nebody can deny than occupancy for life. The moment you alubt are perpetually and inevitably incident low of separate or exclusive right in it beyond is a right and a wrong? I ask it-from the that system, is a philanthropic and great this, -you render it shenable and open to ac- point of observation where we all stand-and a. They who start it and advocate it, will cumulation and monopoly, and expose the mass remembered among the friends of human of the race to the loss of their chance of foot- tively and spontaneously, by every honest heart. d. Let them not be hindered or discourag. hold, or footing, on the globe where they are The bare conceiving of the idea and cast. You render it possible, and admit the in order to this, morally independent. What owing it out among the race, is a boon to rightfulness of it, for one man to grasp and own say ye, mankind, everywhere, the globe over! akind, and ought to henor those who proffer the entire globe, and leave all the race but him. I cannot agree that man is exempt from The world is not provided for by the prop- self, tenants here at sufferance. And perhaps it praise or blame-in his own breast.-He does v-system .- It provides for nobody. Every- would be as well to have it owned by one, as by blame himself. He commends himself. He rely is poor, and the poorest of all, those who a multitude of landlords. Bonaparte tried to pents of his wrong, and then he ceases to blame wast 11th / Sy white hanging on, with pauper-desperation, to the get hold of the fee simple of the globe. And himself for it. If praise or blame are of the ssest accumulations of wealth. They can be came tolerably nigh effecting it. He made nature of reward and punishment-I think hold on upon them. All mankind are the tyrant landlords of the earth fear for their they better not be bestowed. gued together to sever their hold. Owner nation farms, and "monarchs tremble in their It is one of friend Collins' incidental notion feels this, and watches its ill-fated heaps capitols." But he encountered cold ejection that man, as well as the beasts and trees, the Hesperian dragon watched the golden and disseizin at Moscow. Had he succeeded springs out of the ground. He did not plead the le-trees. It can't sleep nights for fear of there-had he conquered Alexander and the scripture authority for it-"dust thou art," &c. ing to want, and with all its vigilance is Cossacks-what could have stayed him from oc- though he said there was a truth in that text. nes to want at last, and generally not late. cupancy of Europe, and the globe. And had be It was a new idea to me, that I was a vegetable ad it is poor while it possesses. The Land-it is now claimed and held in ex- er of the planet in fee simple-to him, his heirs to lead a vegetable life-though the life led by sive tenure. Men mark it off and fence and assigns forever, as much as any tenant in the race now is hardly up, in dignity and usesch other from it, by Chinese walls. They fee, for life, or for years, now claiming any gartrive to fence it so high, that it cannot be seen, den spot among the New Hampshire hills. He the trees of the field. If man spring up from in order to make the poor and landless man would have held it by the same tenure. By le- the ground-why do we not see crops of manfeel the more effectually and atterly excluded, galized force. Some future Napoleon may yet, kind starting up now-a-days-like fire-weed on even from looking in upon it,—or else, for fear succeed to the great estate. It would be a snug the burnt ground,—or the shrub oaks, where a the solid land itself shall take wings, or legs farm, with some variety of soil, climate and forest of pines has been cleared away. Our ad fly away and leave them, if they don't wal production-and certainly "well wooded and race is continued otherwise-however it may in, and imprison it. Whence comes this watered." ght of men to get title to more of the earth The earth ought to be so occupied, as to se- ted by seeds-and yet they do spring spontane. than each one wants, -or exclusive and perpet are to every body who happens on it, a foot ously from the mother earth. She brings forth al right, in self and heirs, to any portion ing, a home, and a living-as well as a grave, trees without seeds being planted-spontaneous. the common footstool of mankind. By if he should have occasion. And the other anily, and of her own elements. If she ever prohat process does man seize and hold it mals should also have a fair chance upon it .- | duced a crop of men and women, I should like xclusive perpetuity, the ground we tread To what extent of population it would bear know it, thought it might not be very useful to n, with the air, water and light upon it, up id peopling, under such a good-natured system, I know. Crops of men have been mown down he very heavens, as the law carries real estate do not stop here to conjecture. It would be time 11 49 11 1 49 Wate & hilling 1 1 49 -and down to the undiscoverable centre of the to crowd and eject, when it grew too thick for but I never heard of their coming up. The tobe. Was it by seizure? Dil some grea existence or for comfort. That wouldn't be, fields where they have been planted, werenot imred of a speculator put on his daring grab soon. d make the sacrilegious appropriation - and But I cannot pursue this hasty and discursive hen grant or devise it to his successors or ten sort of "Coke on Lyttleton." I ought to say a ed with the "red rain." Can the earth, of herats? Did the Law confer it? Who is the word on friend Collins' lectures. They were self, bring forth mankind? I would ask the Law, that it could appropriate or convey the most able, ingenious and instructive. He advo. Editor of the Congregational Journal-not that ommon land of the race? Who made it-o cates his community theories, however, on some I suspect friend Wood of such an origin, though about it with this granting and conveying very revolutionary principles. He goes for his name has a regetable savor. Collins has a power? The whole race combined could no "circumstances," as man's governor and even good many singular ideas—some that can't be change its common estate. And besides they creator-for he says he is the "creature of cirnever did combine. They had not the compe cumstances." I don't know as this differs much, tency or the right to sever the land—even i from the orthodox doctrine of divine decrees hearing on them all. Our beliefs need a shakthey had agreed to do it, in universal assembly and forcordination. None, so far as man is and by unanimous accord. They found them concerned. Only Collins leaves it possible for selves on the earth in common-with wants man, or all men united, to get the better of cirthat demanded they should so continue to abide cumstances, after a while-and get the uppe on it, and occupy it. It wasn't competent t hand of their creator,-and redeem their cond whole of them, ever to begin the severance tion. Orthodoxy makes God a circumstance ach less could nations-or smaller communant man an inevitable and perpetual creature Norman William lighted from his invad and victim-and yet demands of him all the a fleet on the shores of England, and contion of which he would be capable, were he hi ered the Saxon inhabitants. He created the own creator, and free and sovereign regulate is and the estates, and the tenancies, and the it makes God his absolute controller in all an oures. He subjected the face of the eart every particular of his existence, and then bie to that ferocious and tyrant occupancy an him act untrammelled, under the controlling in

It seems to me that man is greatly the victim of circumstances-but capable at the same become what he ought to be, and wants to beor at least of forever approaching towards it .--much less, their creatures.

Collins holds nobody blame or praiseworthy. Perhaps it would be as well to say, no one was worthy of reward or punishment-but that eve ry one was infinitely under obligation to himself petent to do well, and to fare according to his -or could be be rightly made other-if there from that point look to be answered-instinc Right and happy ;-wrong and wretched ;-and

effected it, he would have been the lawful own- in my origin. It may be so. I shouldn't like have originated. Trees however are propagaand ploughed in, often enough, that I knoweft unmanured either. They were dressed with bones-the choicest of manures-and nonrishgot round very well, however we may be indising, and if they are afraid of it-they the more need it. Only keep right, and honest, and im- 44/ 6/ partial-and let them bring on their errors and heresics. But it will unsettle us. Very good. We ought to be unsettled, and keep so. It is only the unsettled folks that can bear the truth. This settlement is the death of improvement. Who should be settled, but he that knows every thing. And who is settled, but he that thinks 7 / 8 he knows every thing, and in truth knows hardly any thing. Les ministers be "settled," - but

Collins' heresies are mostly thrown out by

let the minds of men be "open to conviction."

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HIGH ROCK." rear of the town of Lynn, Mass. It overlooks Music. inson, Jr., to see the spot he has chosen, and the beginning he is making, for the site of a the waking and seeing people told him it would than the hand. It was engraven by my inge be in vain to hunt for water at such a hight.-On the right of his level plat, in front, rises a splendid round rock, some ten or dozen feet, on which to plant a littleSummer House. The Cottage is intended to be of stone, of which there appears to be an abundant quarry, and of beautiful quality, on the very spot he wants to level for its site. Jesse is a Poet-but he can build songs, he will find, easier than he can Stone Cottages, in this flinty, hard-money world, and among the cliffs of High Rock. If he succeeds in this design, though, he will have a Home there, like a Song. It will look off, over Lynn with her 10,000 people, onto the main Ocean, - unobstructed on either hand as far as eye can reach. Egg Rock lays in the midst of the sea-prospect, -and the ragged cliffs of Nahant. And it is within roar as well as sight, of the sea-beaten Beach, one of the finest on the Ocean's margin,-the Beach stretching more than a mile, level and smooth as a house floor, and solid as a pavement. A fine race-ground for horses and carriages, which swarm it like flies-certain times of day, in the hot season. It would be most magnificent to see a storm break upon it, from the Cottage at High Rock, Jesse means to cover the whole precipice of the Rock behind the Cottage, with one mammoth Grape Vine. It would be as sunny there, for the grapes, as Italy, or any of the vineyard slopes of France. Off South you can see Bunker Hill Monument,-its great, solemn shaft of grey towering in the haze and smoke of Boston, and the State House dome looming just beyond it, and surmounting the city,-all in plain sight from the cottage window, by and bye, when Jesse has one. To the north east, the Ocean House, and Marble Head and Cape Ann, -and from the top of the Rock, the high mountains of western Massachusetts. And Jesse means in his heart, to pile a tower of rude stone on the summit of High Rock, -some five and twenty or thirty feet high, with an Observatory in the top, where he will have a telescope, and the poetical creature indulges his fancy so far as to whisper be will have a chime of Bells there! I wish to Heaven he had the means. He would make High Rock the tallest affair on New England's "rock-bound coast." And how sweet to sit in the cottage piazza, of a summer night, and hear those sweet Bells chime in answer to the moaning Sea below upon the Beach. And the whole enhanced and surpassed some night, by the song of "The Hutchinsons" themselves -his matchless brother-band ("with a sister in it,") there from their own rocks of 'the Old Granite State,' Apropos,-I propose here, they give Jesse a Benefit or two, to be laid out in completing and embellishing the Cottage on High Rock, in a manner that shall correspond with his genius, and be orthy their own peerless Song. It would n't be

the first time-at least in fable,-that architect-The name of a commanding prominence in use has sprung into existence at the sound of

the town and the ocean, and a great distance up I say this much of High Rock, and its contemand down the coast,-as well as far back into plated Cottage. The reader will indulge me in the country. The view from it is very extensive, it, in tribute of respect to our Anti-Slavery Quire, varied, and striking. I do not remember such a and to their gifted brother, who has given us the view, from any point so easy of ascent. I went finest songs of the Anti-Slavery Movement, as to the top of the Rock, the otherday, when I was well as being one of the most devoted abolitionat Lynn, with my beloved friend, Jesse Hutch- ists, and most eloquent advocates of Free Speech.

THE BRANDED HAND.

Cottage. He has obtained title to the summit of We display to the reader, this week, the hon-High Rock, and of the ground at the foot of it, ored, dishonored Hand of the brave Jonathan where, if he succeeds, he will have an unrivaled Walker---the generous hearted Sailor from Cape spot. The Rock ascends, nearly perpendicular- Cod, who gave refuge in his boat to the fugitives ly, some forty or fifty feet. At the foot of it, on from Slavery in Florida. The United States of the south east side, spreads a patch of good America set the mark the reader beholds here, ground for a building and garden, -of, I should in his manly hand, in requital of the generous judge, a quarter or third of an acre. It then deed. Those initials are an indelible infamy to pitches of precipitously in front, some hundreds this entire Nation, and an enduring honor to the of feet to the level of the town below. On the noble hand that bears them, and the brave heart sides it is accessible by carriage road, up one side that prompted the deed that incurred their im of which, a road is already constructed. Jesse has print. I have seen the original hand and shaken dug a well and found abundance of living water, it. It took both of mine to do it. The hand is on a spot pointed out to, him by a clairvoyant a sample of the manly owner. The likeness is friend. This encouraged him to dig, when all excellent, except that the real letters are lighter young friend Harrison Eastman --- a native of this town, and now here on a visit to his mother frem New York City, where he has been residing the year past and gaining a high reputation as an Artist. I am no connoiseur in Artistical merit, but there seems to me a good deal of character in And thy mercy to the bondman, it was mercy unto Him! this hand-a good deal of the sailor. My friend In thy lone and long night watches, sky above and wave Eastman has been a sailor himself, which may have enabled him to throw into his engaving so much of the seafaring impress. It looks as if it had seen service before the mast, and had many a fathom of cordage glide through it. Shame on the cowards that could put a hot iron to so manly a surface. They are "lines of life," these crooked letters--

And so are the "lines" of Whittier accompanying them --- "lines of " poetic "life" and

From the Morning Chronicle.

THE BRANDED HAND.

Below we give an exact representation of the Below we give an exact representation of BRAND, which was burnt with a hot iron, by an officer of the United States, into the living flesh of a citizen of Massachusetts. It was copied of a citizen of picture belonging to Dr. from a Daguerrotype picture belonging to Dr. Bowditch, who kindly loaned the picture for this Ponder it, fellow citizens, and as you burn, and blush, and weep, at the disgrace of our country, the indignity done to a worthy neighbor and the misery of the poor slaves, let the fire burn entil your soul is enkindled to the high resolve that the letters on Jonathan Walker's hand shall be made to read-

SALVATION TO THE SLAVE.



THE BRANDED HAND BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Welcome home again, brave seaman! with-thy thought ful brow and gray, And the old heroic spirit of our earlier, better day-

With that front of calm endurance, on whose steady

Pressed the iron of the prison, smote the flery shalls of

Is the tyrant's brand upon thee? Did the brutaf cravens

To make God's truth thy falsehood, His holiest work

thy shame? When all blood-quenched, from the torture the iron was withdrawn.

ow laughed their evil angel the haffled fools to scorn

They change to wrong, the duty which God hath writi

On the great heart of humanity too legible for doubt! They, the loathsome moral lepers, blotched from foot-sole

Give to shame what God hath given unto honor and re-Why, that brand is highest honor !-than its traces nev

Upon old armorial hatchments was a prouder blazon set, And thy unborn generations as they crowd our rocky

Shall tell with pride the story of their father's BRANDED HAND!

As the templar home was welcomed, hearing back from Syrian wars

The sear of Arab lances, and of Paynim scimetars, The pallor of the prison and the shackle's crimson span So we meet thee, so we greet thee, truest friend of God and man !

He suffered for the ransom of the dearRedeemer's grave; Thou for Ilis living presence in the bound and bleedin

He for a soil no longer by the feet of angels trod,

Thou for the true Shechinah, the present home of God! For while the Jurist sitting with the slave-whip o'er him swung,

From the tortured truths of freedom the lie of slavery wrung, And the solemn priest to Moloch, on each God deserted

Broke the bondman's heart for bread, poured the bond.

While the multitude in blindness to a far off Savious

And spurned, the while, the temple where a present Saviour dwelt;

Thou beheld'st Him in the task-field, in the prison shadows dim.

Thou did'st learn a higher wisdom than the habbling

school-men know; God's stars and silence taught thee as Hisangels only can, That, the one, sole sacred thing beneath the cope of heav-

That, he who treads profanely on the scrolls of law and

In the depth of God's great goodness may find mercy in his need;
But wee to him who crushes the SOUL with chain and

And hards with lower natures the awful form of God!

Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!

Its branded palm shall prophecy "Salvation to THE SLATE !!!

Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whose reads may

His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to

Hold it up before our sunshine, up against our northern Ho! men of Massachusetts, for the love of Goil look there!
Take it henceforth for your standard—like the Bruce's heart of yore,
In the dark strice closing round ye, let that hand be seen before!

And the tyrants of the slave land shall tremble at that When it points its finger southward along the Puritan Woe to the state's gorged leeches, and the church's When they look from slavery's ramparts on the coming of that hand !

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR. strength I had left, looking, I imagine, as if I influence of the public rel

LYNN, Mass., " Gothic Cottage,"

and an overflowing, not to say overwhelming sacred,-if it was n't too poor. good nature and benevolence. Very eccentric. I must say though, I never fell into safer Doc-One of his whimsies is living in his barn. He has tor hands than Doctor Noggs', who says it is not the most exquisite cottage here—of any on this such a discreditable thing to live in a barn—her sense that distinguished his conversation on other whole coast, and the view from it-of the ocean, has heard of folks, he says, as good as he, having topics. I trust he will yet directly enlist in the s equal to any " ever scart up," as the Doctor to be born in one with no bed room finished off in would say. A hundred miles of sea, for's lit! He's a strange creature with his tongue. now, lays right out behind it in one everlasting Brother Richardson and I had quite an interolain-mountain, or whatever you call it-and esting afternoon of it, Wednesday, in the city. there go the ships." The road the Cunard We got in, between 12 and 1, at noon. Did n't Steamers take to England, lays full in sight, and like to full in upon friends just before dinner, by with their sable plume of smoke streaming of after) and so we went to renew our stomachs at five and twenty or thirty mile. And a fleet o one of those transient refreshing places, where Coasters almost always in sight-beautiful wher hungry people can buy a mere dinner, without their white wings show in the evening sun. The having one of those great, overgrown taverns put doctor rents his cottage and lives in the barn just into the bill. We dropped in to John Curtis', now. The upper part of the barn. He confines an old friend of the Herald of Freedom-met the horses pretty much to the lower. Where he Henry Clapp there, bound to Nantucket for 1st. throws down the hay to them, or where he keep of Aug., and George Leach of the Graham House it, I have not been able to see. You can hea -and then after a temperate ninepenny dinner at the horses stamp and kick distinctly, in the night Number-something, Congress Street, made our I were the Doctor, I think I should rent then love these literal facts, they are all there is true I was taken sick Thursday night. I had been to any man whatever. A whole-humanethe steps of his Cottage piazza-and laid hold it generally is, -under the cruel working of the of the bell handle. I gave it a pull with what present social system, and under the unbenign

ought to be sending for the Doctor, rather than of whose brow," other folks 'eat their bread'coming for him. The cold sweat chilled in great while Labor goes without. After an hour or drops on my forehead. The doors into the par- two's interesting conversation, Mr. S. asked us to Dear J. R. F.: I am just up from a severe, lour were open, and I was dismayed at a group go with him and be introduced to a friend of his but short fit of sickness—as most fits would be, of strange, cold, genteel faces. I thought the -a mechanic—a sail maker—in Commercial however severe, under such medical treatment Noggees had changed dreadfully, since I was street I think it was-or should be, for it lays as mine. I was under Doctor Noggs, one of the there last. I asked them if the Doctor was at along by the wharves and ships. We mounted principal practitioners of this grand ocean town. home. They replied, he did n't live there. I some three or four flight of stairs into a Sail-Loft His treatment was letting alone and cold water. asked where he lived, and they said he lived in and were introduced to John Child, a man of He applied the latter freely, fresh from the bot- the Barn. Mercy on me, thought I, if there was some sixty years. He was engaged in his protom of the well, and administered the letting alone any body under heaven living here, I would n't fessional vocation, and about him, on the floor till I got strong enough to bear severe bodily exercise and then put me upon that—by causing or two off. But I held my own, as well as I same as they have flown withal, since long before judge, by the two jaw bones through which I open and I found myself in among the stables, frankness and freedom from ceremony, that at entered to get here. Doctor Noggs is a surgeon the air of which did n't at all refresh my faint- once bespoke him the kind of man his friendS had -so, for a sort of sign-I suppose, he has plant-ness. I stumbled to the scaffill stairs, and made declared him. A strong instance of an entire ed these bones as an arched gate-way to his ofout, after halting several times, to get up. When soul, with a whole body, and a keen, clear, unhe thinks-though I imagine there is an under again. It is the dying, that gives dignity and current of meaning in him, he does not deem it terror to sickness-and to the corse after it ceases necessary, at all times, to let out. A vein of to be animated. Live human clay is base enough, good-sense runs through and pervades his-sense, and no matter who treads on it. Dead, it becomes

you can sit in his barn window and see them go (though they rather have us before, than just we were in the Sail Loft, we heard guns The people he rents the cottage to, this summer way to Long Wharf, for brother R.'s brother's. are from the city. "High gentry folks," likely. I The reader will excuse my particularity-but I the barn, and live in the cottage, myself. in life. This wharf lies at the foot of King Street I missed the Danvers meeting, after all my trouble or State, or whatever they call it, the same where and pains. I am sorry, for I wanted to see the the old state house stands as it was under the Danvers hearts—and they had a great meeting King—now City Hall, I believe. We were there in War, Politics, and Divinity—or moneyand I should like to have said a word or two in introduced to John G. Swift, merchant. I init. I left Durham, Wednesday, in company with cline to say something of the qualities Mr John A. Richardson, intending to stop a night in Swift impressed me as possessing, but will for-Boston, a night here, and then go, Friday morn-bear. I may properly say however that with as ing, (the "first") in company with the "mono-strong a head as belongs to almost any man, he mania" of Lynn, to the Danvers Meeting. But seemed to me to have a heart as big as belongs jaunting about most of the hot day before, in that kindly, feeling heart. Our talk-of his own inhot city of Boston, where for want of New troducing-not such as you would look for, in a Hampshire water to drink, I was foolish enough highly successful merchant-there amid the din to take a glass of Sax a pariller soda, and af- of commerce and among the mercenary haunts ter that, to take cold, spinning over the Lynn of Trade--but he spoke, and earnestly too--of marshes in the evening air, in the cars. Friday the distress that pervaded the bye-lanes of city morning I was sick enough-symptoms of chol-existence, as of something he was interested in, era morbus. We set out however for Danvers and had not merely heard of. He lamented the Zones and from Sea to Sea-and the Ocean, -and walked some half a mile or more to the fate of Labor there, doomed to inevitable priva-Depot-when I reached there, it seemed to me tion, almost, -going without, in the midst of something towards it, when men leave off it was going to be my final depot. I have n't heaped-up abundance. I thought if such were competing - struggling - fighting - and feit such dendly sickness since I was tossed the feeling of city merchants generally, Boston in the Acadia, the first day after leaving the would care for its thousands of desolate, shiftless, smooth Irish Sea, and getting out into the rough despairing Poor-instead of for Atheneums and and tumble of the Atlantic. And this, Land- Bunker HillMonuments and Steeples and Steeple a sickness, which is quite another thing from Sea. Houses. The city would devise means for the I hurried up from the depot, to deposite myself rescue and comfort of those suffering Poor-of with Doctor Noggs. Much as ever, I clambered up keeping Labor from being eternally destitute, as

me to laugh violently. I am now sitting in his could, and staggered for the Barn. I got into the days of Autonio's 'Argosies,' of Shylock, and medical office—a sort of Whale's Belly, I should the wrong department. The barn door was of Venice. He received us with the intelligent fice—the old Gothic or lancet arch, being partly to correspond with the "Gothic Cottage," to which into the hands of College of Coll into the hands of folks, and pretty much forget ted, I mean in the pedant's sense of the word, it leads, and partly to show he is a Doctor, though what followed during the rest of the day. It is but as familiar with the essence and pith of the he never bleeds, I believe. He has put the name in bad taste, I know, thus to go into particulars best authors in the language, as with the canvass of Kittredge over his door, though every body here and facts, and profune almost, to trifle about this of a ship. An unknown man, I suppose, beyond knows that is not his real name. Policy, per- land-sort of sickness. They often do about a small circle. I had heard of Abbot Lawrence haps, to attract custom by a popular medical sea-sickness, for people don't die of that. They and Samuel Appleton—and Samuel Armstrong name. He is an eccentric creature. Speaks, suffer worse than death—but no matter how they tell me, just what he thinks, and about all much folks suffer, if they only live—to suffer in Boston. Too free-thoughted and honestin Boston. Too free-thoughted and honestspoken, to be very current amid a mercenary and 6/6/ hypocritical Corporation.

An hour or two passed rapidly in his company. He had not given his attention to the Anti-Slavery movement .- I introduced it-and he did not, I thought, converse upon it with the clear good overthrow of Slavery, a system so abhorrent to so broad a humanity and so kindly a heart as his. On our way to Mr. Child's place, Mr. Swift told us the steamer Cambria was telegraphed, as in the harbor - though only a little over ten days from England. While 24 out on the water, - that stifled, muffled, leaden sound they have, fired at sea. We went to the windows, overlooking the water, 6 4/8/ and lo the proud Steamer, walking gallantly into port - only ten and a part days from the Old world. Hardly time enough for we them to be sea-sick, or get the hang of the ocean so as to walk a deck. It was a sight to see her come in, from so short a passage of the great Atlantic, the shortest ever made by Navigation .- Steam, in less than five my years, will traverse that sea in a week! -Steam, or something spryer and less costly. For mankind are going to find out things. Their strength is n't always to be laid out want getting and keeping - (or trying to keep for it can't be kept.) Men are going to work, by and by, on t'other side. - And when they ao - Nature will unroll and unfold to them. She will show her hand - and they will into her philosophy with a good-natured intrepidity, that will let them explore to her very centre. Mankind will feel at home - MTP by and by on this planet of theirs. It will be peopled too. Now it is nine-tenths desert. The Land will be peopled, and the Sea. The Land, one great embowered and smiling Neighborhood -- through all the rull a Floating Garden. If not exactly this -go in for the good of the whole.

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The Bible.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

This little book I'd rather own Than all the gold and gems That ever in monarchs' coffers shone; Than all their diadems. Nay, were the sea one crysolite,

The earth a golden ball, And diamonds all the stars of night, This book were worth them all.

How baleful to Ambition's eye His blood-wrung spoils must gleam, When death's uplifted hand is nigh, His life a vanished dream, Then hear him with his gasping breath, For one poor moment crave; Fool, wouldst thou stay the arm of death, Ask of the gold to save!

No, no, the soul ne'er found relief In glittering hoards of wealth; Gems dazzle not the eye of grief, Gold cannot purchase health, But here a blessed balm appears To heal the deepest wo, And he that seeks this book in tears, His tears will cease to flow.

Here he who died on Calvary's tree, Hath made that promise blessed, Ye heavy laden come to me, And I will give you rest : A bruised reed I will not break, A contrite heart despise, My burdens light, and all who take My yoke shall win the skies.

Yes, yes, this little book is worth All else to mortals given, For what are all the joys of earth Compared to joys of heaven. This is the guide our fathers gave, To lead to realms of day, Star whose lustre gilds the grave, The light, the life, the way.

Every one has at least one talent.

What if the little rain should say, So small a drop as I Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields-I'll tarry in the sky.

What if a shining beam at noon, Should in its fountain stay, Because its feeble light alone Cannot create a day !

Does not each rain drop help to form The cool refreshing shower, And every ray of light to warm And beautify the flower?

'Tis a little thing, To give a cup of water; yet its draught Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips, May give a shock of pleasure to the frame, More exquisite than when nectarian juice Renews the life of joy in happiest hours. It is a little thing to speak a phrase Of common comfort, which by daily use Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fi Like choicest music.

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From the Liberty Bell. LINES

Written on hearing the remark of a friend, that a large number of Abolitionists had died during the preceding BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

Too true thy words! a glorious band have faded from

With aching hearts we vainly muse on them the good and tried : Mid scenes of joyous hope or trust their forms before

Their shadowy presence girds our souls in hours of

Is our path bright? we mourn that they its beauty should not share,-

Is the way dark? we would not fear, were they but with us there.

But while in fervent grief we weep above each lowly

May we like them the weak protect, from wrong the Their pure devotion, earnest faith, and love of human

Within our inmost souls let these an answering echo

And should the hour of peril come, and freedom's friends turn pale,

mail.

But does you world, the far, the unknown, bestow no

each brow:

The bitter scorn, the weary toil, on earth so meekly borne,

Have cast no shadows o'er the face whose absence here we mourn

And as our onward path we tread, too oft perplexed and slow,

With what an earnest watchfulness they mark the path we go;

And when, despite the assailing world, we rally for the slave. And in his cause its sharpest darts with calm endur-

ance brave. And when in all of human kind a brother's face we

Whate'er his color, creed, or clime,-whate'er his des-

Oh! does not then an answer come in thrilling tones of power,

Vouchsafing commune to our souls, even in an earthly hour.

And whispering to our inmost hearts, ' Below we meet no more.

But in the spirit-world thy soul even unto ours may

And not one holy wish or thought, that rises in thy But meets its kindred in our souls of which it forms a

part. Boston, December 19, 1837.

The stars are angels' eyes Bright beaming from above; Upon the good and wise They smile with looks of love; And kindly seem to say, ' Come, kindred spirits, come ! Offspring like us, of day, Come to our heavenly home ! '

Go out when thick and clear, They're shining down at night, And read that written sphere, So eloquent with light; And, if thy soul be free From sin's polluting stain, They'll so discourse to thee, Thou'lt often come again.

But if thy secret heart, With stings of conscience riven, Advises thee thou art Traitor to truth and heaven, With calm yet stern rebuke, They'll tell thee of thy sin, And bid thee turn and look

On the dark scroll within

Indian Minuteness.-For acuteness of sense we think none compete with the class of Indians whose wonderful powers of reasoning are described below, extracted from Thatcher's Indian Traits:

"Owing partly to his organization, doubtless, as well as to his mode of living from his childhood up, the senses of the Indian arc extremely acute. It is related in modern times that a hunter, belonging to one of the western tribes, on his return home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Having gone a little distance, he met some persons, of whom he inquired if they had seen a little old white man, with a short gun, accompanied by a small dog with a short tail? They replied in the affirmative; and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus lescribed had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person he had never seen? The Indian replied thus,- The thief I know is a ittle man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it standing on the ground; that he is an old man I know by his short steps, which have traced over the dead leaves in the woods The memory of the faithful dead shall prove as triple that he is a white man, I know by turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does, his gun I know to be short, by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark of the tree where Do not fond memories of ws yet linger in those bowers? it leaned; that his dog is small, I know by his Ah! yes, 'a cloud of witnesses' are bending round us track, and that he has a short tail, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was With life immortal on each cheek, and glory round sitting at the time that his master was taking down the meat.

To my Priend on the Death of his Sister.* By John G. Whittier.

Thine is a grief, the depth of which another May never know, Yet o'er the waters, O my stricken brother ! To thee I go.

I lean my heart unto thee-sadly folding Thy hand in mine, With even the weakness of my soul upholding.

The strength of thine.

I never knew, like thee, the dear departed;

I stood not by
When in calm trust, the pure and tranquil-hearted Lay down to die.

And on thy ear my words of weak condoling Must vainly fall: The funeral belt which in thy heart is tolling,

Sounds over all! I will not mock thee with the poor world's commo

And heartless phrase, Nor wrong the memory of a sainted woman With idle praise.

With silence only as their benediction, God's angels come Where, in the shadow of a great affliction, The soul sits dumb

Yet would I say what thy own heart approve th; Our Father's will, Calling to him the dear one whom he leveth, Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel Hath evil wrought

Her funeral authem is a glad evangel,-The good die not !

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not whole What he hath given; They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly As in his heaven.

And she is with thee. In thy path of trial

She walketh yet; Still with the baptism of thy self-denial,

Her locks are wet. Up then my brother ! Lo, the fields of harvest

Lie white in view She lives and loves thee and the God thou servest, To both is true.

Thrust in thy sickle !- England's toil worn peasants Thy call abide; And she thou mourn'st, a pure and holy presence, Shall gleam beside!

Amesbury, 19th 7th mo.

*Sophia Sturge, sister of Joseph Sturge, of Birming 0.0.10

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Entering in at the Celestial Gate.

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

"Now just as the gates were opened to let in the Men, I looked in after them, and behold the City shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men with crows upon their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal."

"There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.—Pilgrim's Progress.

Would I were with them !—they are free
From all the cares they knew below:
And strangers to the strifes which we
Encounter in this vale of wo—
From storms of sorrow and of pain
Forever are they garnered in,
Secure from sad defilement's stain,
The mildew and the blight of sin.

Would I were with them !—they embrace
The loved ones lost long years before;
What joy to gaze upon the face
That never shall be absent more!
There friends unite who parted here,
On death's cold margin, O how sadly!
Forgotten is the sigh or tear,
Their hearts are leaping, O how giadly!

Would I were with them!—they behold
Their Savior, glorious and divine,
They touch the cups of shining gold,
And in his kingdom drink new wine.
How flash like gems their bril!iant lyres
Along the sparkling walls of heaven,
When from his radiance catching fires,
The song of songs to Christ is given!

Would I were with them !—while without
Are sighs and weeping, they, within,
For very joy and gladness shout—
And well they may, who're free from sin,
O this, indeed, is heaven above;
This fills the bliss of every soul—
To grow in holiness and love,
As age on age shall ceaseless roll!

delegates. Let meetings be called in every town for that purpose forthwith, but let no Abolitionist remain at home because he is not appointed a delegate. Lat there be a general rally by all the anti-slavery friends from Nantucket and Cape Cod to the hills of Berkshire.

No efforts will be spared by the committee to secure the attendance of able and distinguished advocates from abroad, which, in addition to the delegates to the World's Convention, cannet fail to render the meeting one of uncommon in-

terest.

Yours for freedom,
J. A. COLLINS,
H. G. CHAPMAN,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
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From the Herald of Freedom.

Norwich, Conn. Aug. 7, 1840.

DEAR BROTHER PHASBURY :-

BE PAITHFUL. I feel impelled to say to you—in the fearful, the time-serving, the carnally minded are useless name of God and the slave, swerve not one hair's breadth now. Storm-proof spirits, who, self-possessed and serene from the straight and narrow path. The cause of human rights is now in the hands of true-hearted abolitionists.—

God has made them the ark of the covenant—the sacred

Thank God, they are on hand. Their souls are freed. Thank God, they are on hand. God has made them the ark of the covenant—the sacred and with its iron heel of tyranny, is treading out the hearts slavery, prejudice, sectarianism and clerical domination;—and lives of millions—and while loes without and traitors beautiful amid deformity; pure amid pollution; erect and element of their moral nature. They should be abolition incarnate—every one being a test question, a living epistle, his speech "should bewray him to the world every day, with heart of steel, and neck of iron, and brow of brass toward all hollow-hearted professors, toward all apologists for slavery, and toward all who keep silence. The "dumb dogs" are now among freedom's deadliest enemies. Slavery wants, at this juncture, no better advocates than the silence and poursality of northern ministers and politicians.

standard, to smooth and polish abolition truth to suit the appetites of pro-slavery ministers and demagogues. They lated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear not for God is refuse to apply their principles to pro-slavery ministers and politicians—to a church and State in league with fraud and oppression. They love their pro-slavery church, more than truth—reverence the corrupt maxims and usages of the world, more than human rights—are more devoted to Var Buren and Harrison, than to the slave—and fear their time serving ministers about as much as they fear God. When asked to say, no abolitionist can vote for Van Buren or Harrison without treachery to principle, they answer—"we shall not sail under the Garrison flag;" and when asked to say, that duty to God and the slave demands that no man should be received and supported as a christian minister,—

become a hindrance to those principles, let them be annihis lated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear not for God is the faithful then to principle, and fear not for God is the lated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear not for God is the lated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear not for God is the lated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear not for God is the lated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear not for God is and to her darkened mind alone impart on the lated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear not for God is the lated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear heart, and to her darkened mind alone impart on the lated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear not for God is the lated. Be faithful then to principle, and fear heart, and to her darkened mind alone impart on the lated. Be faithful then to elif—till the Geforth to summon the abolition bost to the last conflict beforth to summon the abolition host to the last conflict beforth to summon the abolition host to the last conflict beforth to summon the abolition host to the last conflict beforth to summon the abolition host to the last conflict beforth to summon the should be received and supported as a christian minister, who apologizes for slavery or who refuses to bear his pulpit testimony against it, they say, "you will provoke the cler-gy, you would destroy the church and ministry." The Clergy wont come up to them, so they go down to the Clergy, determined to get them in at any rate. They seem to act on the principle that no just principles can be propagated vithout the Clergy-that no righteous cause can be sustained in opposition to them—that the principles of justice and humanity must go as the Clergy say. What infidelity! The Clergy in the path-way of eternal truth, are like straws n the way of a tornado-like the wilderness in the path-way of Jehovah. Before Abolition principles the Clergy at like the magicians of Egypt beneath the footsteps of God. They as a body will never come into the Anti-slavery cause while it is managed by laymen. Unless they come in, in their pontifical robes, they will not come at all. As mennever. They are clergymen—nothing else—and only on condition of being called "rabbi" and sitting in the upperst seats will they touch abolition

There is a combination in this State among the clergy to get this holy cause of human rights into their hands, and they are using New-Organizers as their cat's paw. They go about it warily. They say,—cast out the women—we won't work with the women to heal the broken-hearted slave. Let them all perish rather. Out go the women—the most efficient part of our host. Cease to apply your principles to the church and ministry and the ballot box.— Yes, we won't sail under the Garrison flag, exclaims "Major Domo" Ludlow with his new-organized brethren. They call for a change in that article of the constitution which declares slavery to be a sin under all circumstances; then, says Rev. Mr. Sprague of Hartford, the clergy will come in. Very well is the response—we will only say slavery is a sin—a very naughty thing and that it ought to be done away with a cough as it can one way in the world. done away with as quick as it can any way in the world.—
There is one more sacrifice,—disband anti-slavery societies and let the church manage the whole matter, then ministers will act—for then it will all he in their hands. will act-for then it will all be in their hands. Now, may Heaven preserve the cause of abolition from the control of pro-slavery—time serving ministers and politicians. They blight and curse every righteous cause they touch.

To conciliate ambitious and pro-slavery ministers and poltial rights of half mankind. They wrest from half the hu-man race the right to raise hand and voice for God and the slave as conscience shall distate margin has a conscience shall be considered in the considered in the conscience shall be considered in the co iticians, the new-organizers have made war upon the esslave as conscience shall dictate, merely because God made them women! They gag women. I would no more stand in their place than in that of a slaveholder. Will the timein their place than in that of a slaveholder. Will the timeserving, women gagging clergy, who love stipend and power
better than the principles of humanity, join their ranks?—
Will corrupt politicians, who may be bought by a ballot
come in? Never—till converted.

Are you ready, my brother, not only to be bound but to
die for Abolition? To cast your reputation into that sepulchre in which the American church and republic have en-

tombed three millions of God's immortal children? that tomb of living death to the soul? Are you ready to lay all opposing prejudices, parties and institutions on the altar of principle, and to say let God be true though all men are liars! Such are the men and women now wanted to

navigate the Abolition ship. That gallant sample her rig-Mountain billows dash around her. ging. Mountain billows dash around her. All around her are stationed deadly enemies—pouring into her their broad-sides, and in her are traitors ready to blow her up. The

repository of the hopes of mankind. While a pro-slavery from sectarian and party shackles. They walk by faith.—
They count all things loss. They are armed with the mind of Christ and they carry about in their bodies daily the dyvery and are in fast fellowship with robbery, adultery and ing of the Lord Jesus. Our contest is—not for social orvery and are in last lenowship with robbery, adultery and every abomination—while a hypocritical and piratical government, with the Declaration, that all are created free and equal, in one hand, and a slave-driver's lash in the other, is, in conjunction with the church and ministry, annually immolating eighty thousand of God's free born children on the altar of our "patriarchal and christian (!) institution" and with its iron heel of tryanny is treading out the hearts, slavery, prejudice, sectarianism and clerical domination; and slave driver's lash in the other, is, in conjunction with the church and ministry, annually immolating eighty thousand of God's free born children on the altar of our "patriarchal and christian (!) institution" and with its iron heel of tryanny is treading out the hearts, slavery, prejudice, sectarianism and clerical domination.

Reproduction the Lord Jesus. Our contest is—not for principle,—and our is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,

Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—once more the jest-word of a mocking band, within are endeavoring to cut-down the flag-staff of the abolition enterprise—it behooves the elect, the chosen and anomted ones, to stand firm and true to the principles of freedom. They should be baptized into abolition—the principle should go down into their soul and become an essential
element of their moral nature. They should be abolition
interprise—it behooves the elect, the chosen and anomted ones, to stand firm and true to the principles of freedom. They should be baptized into abolition—the principle should go down into their soul and become an essential
element of their moral nature. They should be abolition
will pass away and cover with shame those by whom it was
incarragle—every one being a test question, a living enistle.

ce and neutrality of northern ministers and politicians. governmental organizations are means of human device, to The new organizers in this State are trying to lower the sustain and give efficacy to those principles. When they standard, to smooth and polish abolition truth to suit the become a hindrance to those principles, let them be annihi-

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BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Christian Slave.

A Christian! going, gone! Who bids for God's own image-for His grace Which that poor victim of the market place Hath in her suffering won!

My God! can such things be? Hast thou not said, that whatso'er is done Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,

Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand-Bound, sold, and scourged again !

But wisely shut the ray Of God's free Gospel from the simplest heart,

Thy poor disciples sell!

Oh, shame! The Moslem thrail, Who, with his master to the prophet kneels, While turning to the sacred Kebla feels 'His fetters break and fall.

Cheers for the turbaned Bey Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn The dark slave dungeons open, and hath borne Their inmates into day

But our poor slaves in vain, Turns to the Christian shrine his aching eyes-Its rites will only swell his market price, And rivet on his chain.

God of all right! how long Shall priestly robbers at thine altar stand, Lifting in prayers to Thee, the bloody hand And haughty brow of wrong?

Oh! from the fields of cane. From the low rice swamp, from the trader's cell;

From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome And coffles weary chain-

Hoarse, horrible, and strong, Rises to heaved the agonizing cry,

Filling the rrches of the hollow sky, How LONG, OH GOD! HOW LONG toop it a Croole of 2.2 cooly or 7116 to good 1716 4/6/ 1000 for at-

To farf of gorg as arry glas of are happy: but, somehow, there's always a fearful To b " 6 - ying our compt light hearts, for this work! I know you do. It has taken 4 away our reputation, in some instance our means of white the

all the holiest ties of human existence, and exasperate to madness and suicide. Slavery is abolished! They can't do such acts to-day! Let us sing a joyful and triumphant song of jubilea for that, to-day Sing! What do I say? No-we cannot, while we think of these atrocities as perputrated in our own native land this hour! No where on the face of the earth is slavery so cruel, so malignant, so bloody, as in this land of hypocritical pretence to freedom.

Once more : Wherever slavery exists, (it don't exist, God be thanked, in the West Indies, now) -there exists with it a necessity for laws of a particular character on personal restraint, the breach of which is punished by severe and cruel inflictions, and in some mes by death

Thank God! they cannot put human beings to death there now, for walking abroad and looking on the bright stars by night, and the moon when she walks in her brightness. They cannot lacerate the flesh, and bruise the limbs of tender youth, for lingering to look upon the loveliness of Nature, as a solace after the day's exhausting toil. The angel of mercy has triumphed in the isles of the sea! And, oh! that the triumph might be complete in this blood-stained land, where all those laws, and penalties, and inflictions, are in force to-day; for without them, slavery cannot exist.

Mr. Garrison then spoke of the horrible depopulation occasioned by slavery in the West Indies, and of the danger of insurrections. They tell us, the slaves looking for of insurrection, wherever their system exists. But who talks about insurrection in the West Indies now? Why, even our pro-slavery editors have given it up. Insurrection is the concomitant of slavery. Who ever heard of it in connection with freedom? Well may our hearts fail us for fear, while we cling to slavery.

Mr. Garrison then went on to relate the cruelties inflicted by the slaveholders on the missionaries, who gave the slaves religious instruction; and the outrages committed against their property, and their liberties, and their lives. I know, said he, these things are painful to hear; yet let us hear them, till our hearts are kindled to fresh devotedness; for these are the very features of American slavery at this moment. There is a sentimentality that cannot brook to hear them; but our virtue should be robust. We need that it should be so; for we go to take off chains in a land where slavery reigns paramount, and we will hear the worst, that we may bid it cease to be. Such scenes, I doubt not, we yet must continue to see in this land. We have seen and felt them already. The mobs, the sacking of houses, the tarring and feathering, the imprisonment, the branding, the flames of burning cities! We are able to testify that that they are not peculiar to the slavery of the West Indies.

But oh, friends! you who believe in the gospel of Liberty, is it not something to know that such scenesin the West Indies have now ceased?

But in our land, the gospel of Christ cannot go South of Mason and Dixon's line, where they sell human souls in lots to suit purchasers! It may not there be preached, and practically applied, except at the peril of the life of the preacher. Slavery wag e a war of extermination against it.

Columbia! O, shame on thee now! Repent thee in ashes and dust!
There is blood on thy hands—on thy brow—
And thou art by slavery cursed!
Thy millions of vassals set free—

Away with the scourge and the rod— Then join with the Isles of the Sea, In a shout of thanksgiving to God!

Oh, brothers and friends in this holy work! almost I am tempted to be impatient. With such deeds continually going on in our own land, how can I wait! Yet, having faith in God, I will have patience, and wait, and toil, and do all I can, remaining firm at my post, not counting my life dear unto me, so that this great deliverance may be wrought out.

Give me your hands, my friends! give me your hearts, for this work! I know you do. It has taken livelihood; but the road, though difficult, can yet be trodden. God reigns above these momentary clouds. With the cross comes the crown ;-a crown of rejoicing indeed will it be to see this land purified from the sin that defiles it, and standing forth in the glory of all lands. God, our guide and defender, hasten that

SPEECH OF MR. GARRISON, ON THE FIRST cipation. It is recorded among the incidents of that OF AUGUST, AT DEDHAM. [REPORTED FOR THE LIBERATOR.]

The first thing that strikes my mind, as I look

But it fairly represents the condition of our landsunk as it is in the debasement and moral degradation of slavery. If this people, professing the principles of freedom, were really on the wife of freedom if we delighted, as a nation, to do homage to liberty-this grove would not be large enough to contain the numbers that the occasion would call together. They would be thicker than the leaves of the trees. go out free from beneath its power? Who that proesses to believe in our common humanity, and claims lescent from those who fought and died for liberty, but should feel his heart overflow with joy this day

But it is not so. As a people, we do not rejoice at all. Only the few, who are banded together for the destruction of American slavery, and branded by the give honor where honor is due. It was not to Clarkcommunity by which they are surrounded with op-

to words. When I think of what slavery was in the ceptible progress was made. But when that prinleap up exultingly with the enfranchised! I don't a rock, amid all the billows of opposition. know how to make a speech!

feel too sad to speak. I fain would weep with those it seems, to pull down our republican institutions, by whose tears flow without ceasing, because of their giving freedom to her West Indies! She had found cruel oppression. I can only give my sympathies to a weapon against the United States, and she merely their sorrows-I feel only the strong impulse to join proceeded to use it. Granting it were so, are we in the shricks of their despair !

dance of the heart, the mouth speaketh. I will make her hand, by freeing our slaves? Why do we not an effort to speak to-day, because the tyrant bids me put ourselves on even ground with her? to be dumb; and that of all other hours is the time But, whoever says that the government of England for me to speak.

is it so? British emancipation! And why not Ameri- possibly act with a holy purpose. They know not can emancipation? Who are we, that we thus fall God, except as they obey the mandates of the people, in the rear of the noble race? Oh! this guilty in- who are to them as God. consistency! A monarchy has proclaimed the slave's But when the people of Great Britain, moved by day of jubilee; while we, a republic, have no word a sense of justice and compassion, crose and demand of relenting to utter! And our fathers could not edemancipation, then the lords, the gentry, and the brook the semblance of a chain; while we, their bishops-all the great men of the kingdom-the children, with the Declaration of Independence in imperial parliament, and the throne, yielded. Then, our right hands, hold it up to the world, and boast when they could no longer withstand it, the governthat there are none like us, in regard to freedom,— ment of England gave way to the uprising humanity that we are the pioneers in the race,—and yet we of the common people—to the might of the mercy have no heart to rejoice in the example of the great that awoke in the hearts of the laboring classes of nation which has actually gone before us. Oh, would England. It was not by the rich and wealthy, but that we, as a nation, might be stimulated to follow before the poor and the oppressed of that land, that her example! God hasten the day!

We are here to see what we can do to hasten it .- down. powerful and predominant in our land, and whatever say for the slaves. obstacle blocks up the way, we are to wage hostility I fear we do not all realize what slavery is. I fear

thought, that she is not the church of Christ; for son to rejoice. shield of the oppressed.

here to destroy, root and branch, cost who it may.

God, whose promises we distrust in this matter.

Indies, in the work of immediate, unconditional eman that they can't do this now !- they cannot whip, and

occasion, that an American sea-captain, the evening before, hurried off to his vessel at anchor in the stream, dreading lest the gift of freedom should rouse around, is, that this is not a very large assembly, dawn of day! It took an American to do that. How the people to vengeance! afraid to meet the comingit illustrates our lack of faith in those principles we profess to hold sacred! When the time comes toy apply them, we run away, and dare not meet the consequences of doing right.

My friends! it was a long struggle of more than fifty years, that won emancipation for the West India slaves. How long did that glorious conflict of Clarkson and Wilberforce seem to be almost in vain !-For is it not a great and glorious occasion, when the arm of the oppressor is broken, and the oppressed could conquer. They thought by pruning the branches of the great Bohon Upas of slavery, to make it wither and die, and they attacked the trade. They saw not then, that the only sure course was to stop the market. Let us not withhold from them reverence and honor; they worked in the light they had, and as far as they saw. But let us remember to son, nor to Wilberforce, who discovered the true and probrium,—they, and they only, exult on the return of this day. I confess that, so conflicting are my emotions at HEVRICK had proclaimed the doctrine of IMMEDIATE this moment, I scarcely know how to give utterance AND UNCONDITIONAL EMANCIPATION, that any per-West Indies-how unlimited was the power of the ciple was once promulgated, the parliament and the planter, and how mercilessly it was used, and that throne were shaken, and the whole system went now he can lash, and brand, and whip, and put to down as with the shock of an earthquake. So much death no more, I want to sing-to cry, 'Halleluia! for moral power! Those who opposed it talked foolfor the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' I want to ishly; they saw not at all! The principle stood like

But we are often told that Great Britain had no But, oh! when I turn to my own guilty land, I humane purpose in what she did. She only wanted, obliged to sit still, and be stabbed to the heart by her And yet, words have power, when out of the abun- superior policy? Why not take the weapon from

what are we here to celebrate?—Gracious God! merely utters a truism. No such government can

the throne was humbled, and parliament bowed

Let us go on with the work, with the faith that over- FREEDOM was obtained for the British West Indies : comes all things-with the courage that dares all and with all the delays, the drawbacks, the bad things. We are here to conspire against all that is motives of some in giving it, that is a great thing to

we think it is not so very bad, after all. We are told Is it the church? While renewing our determi- slaves do not want to be free; that there is not much nation to war against the slaveholding church of this to choose between the condition of the oppressed and country, let us take courage and consolation in the the actually enslaved; and that we have no just rea-

that is always the main support of liberty, and the Let me go back to the evidence laid before the people at that time; and we shall see what it Is it the government? Ours is not a task that we is, over the extinction of which we come together ought to shrink from; for the government that has this day to rejoice; and you shall say whether nullified all its professions of respect for the rights of there be occasion or not for the strongest emotions man, by making itself part and parcel of slavery, is of joy. And, first, the cruelty of the system. [Mr. not a free government, nor worthy of a freeman's Garrison here gave all the statistics laid before support. Whatever makes itself the foe of man, by sustaining slavery-be it church, be it government-we are tion. He spoke of the whippings-the chains-the iron collars with spikes in them-the declaration of It will be safe-nay, it is the only safety for this the planters, that it was cheaper to buy negroes than people; yet we are cowards and faithless to the living breed them-the dying of slaves under correction permitted by law-and all the horrible atrocities of Antigua took the lead of all the British West India slavery.] Oh, friends! let us rejoice

From Hood's Magazine. THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS. "Drowned! drowned!"-Hamler. One more Unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death.

> Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care; Fashioned so slenderly, Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments Clinging like cerements: Whilst the wave constantly Drips from her clothing; Take her up instantly, Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully; Think of her mournfully; Gently and humanly ; Not of the stains of her, All that remains of her Now is pure womanly. Make no deep scrutiny Into her mutiny Rash and undutiful; Past all dishonor. Death has left on her Only the beautiful. Still, for all slips of her's,

One of Eve's family-Wipe those poor lips of her's Oozing so clammily. Loop up her tresses Escaped from the comb, Her fair auburn tresses ; Whilst wonderment guesses Where was her home? Who was her father? Who was her mother? Had she a sister? Had she a brother? Or was there a dearer one Still, and a nearer one Yet, than all other? Alas for the rarity Of Christian charity Under the sun! Oh! it was pitiful! Near a whole city full, Home, she had none. Sisterly, brotherly, Fatherly, motherly,

Thrown from its eminence; Even God's providence Seemed estranged. Where the lamps quiver So far in the river, With many a light From window and casement, From garret to basement. She stood with amazement

Feelings had changed ;

Love by harsh evidence

The bleak wind of March Made ber tremble and shiver; But not the dark arch Of the black flowing river; Mad from life's bistory. Glad to death's mystery. Swift to be burl'd-Anywhere, anywhere, Out of the world !

Houseless by night.

In she plunged boldly, No matter how coldly The rough river ran,-Over the brink of it. Picture it-think of it, Dissolute man! Lave in it, drink of it. Then if you can!

From the Anti-Corn-Law League.

A LITHOGRAPHIC SKETCH.

'Tis a cold and gloomy winter's day,
Heavy and damp with fog;
And a squalid wretch on the pavement way
Is crouching down like a doz:—
Like a poor and famished dog that, now,
Neither cart nor truck may draw,
That squalid wretch with care-worn brow,
Puts forth his skeleton paw.

On the surface flat of the pavement stone—
Cleansed with his ragged cuff—
He chalks, he chalks, with moan and with groan,
Sketching his work in the rough,
Chalking—chalking—chalking away,
Characters fair, in coloring gay;
A record of inisery, talent, and want,
With hungry belly and fingers gaunt.

Passengers hurry, horry along,
With sorrowful bearts, or gay;
Rich and poor—a motley throng—
Pass over the pavement way;
But none, save the needy, slacken their speed
To gaze on the writing there;
None, but the wretched, can tarry, to read
That famished wretch's prayer.

He has chalked and chalked all his chalk away.

Making the very pavement pray;

And shown us how stones may come out in print,

To soften with pity men's hearts of flint.

Mockery!—cruel mockery all!

In a land of mocking and groans,

Where the pamper'd steed feeds high in the stall,

While Christians starve on the stones!

One word!—only one—appears on the stone,
In characters bold and fair;
But oh! that word is of skin and of bone!—
"Starving" is written there.
Starving, in flourishes chalked on the ground,
Starving in colors so gay,
Like the rich who can revel in luxury round
Our famishing forms of clay.

Starving—starving—starving!

With maddening hunger and cold,

While the holy Bishop is carving

His viands on dishes of gold!

Oh, the shivering wretch may hide his head,

And his eye so hollow and dim,

For life to the fat church livings has fled,

And Death may grapple with him.

Oh, land of mockery, wealth and wo,
A land of riches and razs,
Where the alien rides in pomp and show,
And the native starves on the flags!
Mockery—mockery—mockery all!
A land of mocking and groans,
Where the pamper'd steed feeds high in the stall,
While Christians starve on the stones!

Q.

	Copperas	
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0	do. Arabic Turkey, 42 a 45	Tar, bbl. 1.87 a 2.20
1-		Filch 80 a 1.00
-	Madder, Dutch 12 a 161 Oil of Anis 1.50 a 1. castor, gall. 60 a .65	Rosin, N. C. & W
ve	Tartaric acid, lb. 40 a 42	do. N. C. soft 2.75 a 2.87
h.	Verdigris 18 a 21 Vitriol, blue a 74	Spirits turp'tine gal. 40 a 42 OILS.
11-	Vitriol, blue DYEWOODS. & 75	Olive, in casks, gall. 92 a 95
	Brazilletto, ton 18.00 a 20.00	Linseed, American 68 a -
ap-	Camwood 25.00 a 70.00 Fustic, Cuba 26.00 a 30.00 do. Tampico 16.00 a 18.00 Logwood, Cpy. 26.00 a 28.00 FEATHERS.	Whale refined 50 a 55 Sperm, crude 90 a 91
ve-	do. Tampico 16.00 a 18.00	do. winter 93 a 95
Pro-	Logwood, Cpy. 26.00 a 28.00 FEATHERS.	PROVISIONS. 66 4 68
	Live, foreign lb. 12 a 25	Beefmess bhl. 8.75 a 9.00
d a	do. American 26 a 30	do, prime 5.50 a 6.00
of	PISH. Dry cod, cwt. 2.75 a 0.00	Pork, mess bbl. 12.50 a 13 25 do. prime 9.50 a 10 60
hat	Dry scale 1.25 a 1.50	do, cargo a
our	Pickled, bbl. 3.15 a 3.50	Butter, West dairy 11 a 13
our		do. Orange county 14 a 16
pur	Mackerel, 1, bbl. 11.50 a 11.75	do. common 77 a 7
me,	do. No. 2 10 75 s11.00 do. No. 3 5.25 s 5.50	Cheese, Am. 1b. 7 a 8 Hams smoked 84 a 10
be.		RICE.
nay	Bucksp't, bbl. 7.50 4 8.00	Good to prime, 3.50 a 4.00
pp ?		SALT.
	do. scale, per box, a .40 do. No. 1 a .30	Turks Island, bushel, 25 a
ion	do. No. 1 d .30	Bonaire 28 a 3 Curacoa 27 a
COLUMN	FLAX.	lvica
ney	Russia, lb. 9 a 11 American 6 a 7	Cadiz 20 a St. Kitts a
	FLOUR & MEAL.	Lisbon 23 a
100		Liverpool, ground
-	Troy . a 4.50 Michigan 4.87 a 4.43	do. do. sack .95 s 1.0 do. do. fme 1.35 s 1.
	Ohio, round and flat 4.37 a 4.43	SOAP.
	Pennsylvania . a . Brandywine 4.871 a 5.00	New-York, brown 1b. 3½ a Castile 8½ a
	Georgetown a 4.87	STEEL.
-	Baltimore c. mills 4.75 a 4.87	German lb. 101 a
	Richmond c. mills 6.59 a 7.00 do. country 5.00 a 5.15	English, hoop L. 13 a Prieste, in boxes 6½ a
	11 4 98 a 4 of 1	American 5 a
NN-	Fredericksburg a 4.57	SUGARS. 53 a
	Rye flour 3.124 a 3.25	St. Croix, Ib. 7 4
ore-	Thurst mest	New-Orleans 41 a
irm	do. per hhd. 11.50 g 11.75 GRAIN.	Porto Rico 6; a
pe-	Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel, 1.00 a 1.08	Havana, white 10 a 1
8 10	do. Southern new 1.00 a 1.00	do. brown 7 a Cuba, white 8 a
ho,	do. Southern new 1.00 a 1.00 Rye northern 67 a .	do. brown 6 a
s in	Corn north'n & Jersey 45 a .4: Southern (weight) 48 a .4:	Brazil, wnite 8 a Manilla, brown 6 2
and	Barley, N.R. 55 a .50	Loaf Ilia
ant	Uats, northern or a coo	Jrushed 11 a 1
xe-	do. southern 25 a .29 do. New-Jersey	Foreign, lb.
ear	Beans, tce. 6.12 @ 7.624	American 61 a
e of	HEMP.	TEAS.
re-	outshot 200,00 - 205,00	Gunnowder 38 a
ion.	Manilla 147.50 g 150.00	Hyson 43 a
ings	American, dew rot 90.00 s 100.00 do. water rot 120.00 s 182.50	History Skill 22 a
rust	HIDES.	Southong, Poweh'g, &c. 20 a
, we	B. A. & Rio Grande, lb. 127 a 13	Bohea TIN.
what	California 4 a 11 Orinoco 11 a 11	Block, South Am. 1b. s
best	Mexican • 92 a 11	do. East India 15 a
Will	S. American horse, piece a Calcutta, dry 65 a .75	In plates M box 8.75 a 9.
form-	HOPS.	Am, Sax'y, fleece, lb. 38 a
ticles	First sort 1844, lb. 13 a 15	do. merino 36 a
terest	Ox, hundred 6.00 a 8.50	No. 1 30 a
bene-	Cow 2.00 a 3.00	No. 2 22 a
i-Sla-		

WILLIAM GUNNISON, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT. 101 SOUTH ST. (BOWLY'S WHARF,)

January 9, 12m.

Ches-

d furit the unite vidual

Y PEACE PLEDGE.

t to countenance or aid the United States Gover ioned by the annexation of Texas, or in any off rengthen or perpetuate Slavery. emn sadness of love many died before their the hard ground with a force that drove the fore they were old; and the silver locks of

But this is the dark side of the picture. For even in their caves were these people Their children were with them, happy. even like the wild flowers that blossomed all about the entrance of their dens. when the voice of psalms rose up from the profound silence of the solitary place of rocks, the ear of God was open, and they knew that their prayers and praises were heard in heaven. heard in heaven. If a child was born, it belonged unto the faithful; if an old man died, it was in the religion of his forefath-The hidden powers of their souls for it.' ers. were brought forth into the light, and they knew the strength that was in them for these days of trial. The thoughtless be-The thoughtless beunfeeling were made compassionate-hard hearts were softened, and the wicked saw the error of their ways. All deep passion purifies and strengthens the soul, and so it was now. Now was shown and put to the proof, the stern, austere, impenetrable strength of men, that would neither bend nor break—the calm, serene determination of matrons, who, with meek eyes, and unblanched cheeks, met the scowl of the murderer-the silent beauty of maidens, who, with smiles, received their deaththe mysterious courage of children, who, in the inspiration of innocence and spotless nature, kneeled down among the dew-drops on the green sward, and died fearlessly by their parents' sides. Arrested were they at their work, or in their play, and with no other bandage over their eyes but haply some clustering ringlets of their sunny hair, did many a sweet creature of twelve summers, ask just to be allowed to say her prayers, and then go, unapplauded, from her cottage-door to the breast of her Redeemer.

In those days had old Samuel Grieve and his spouse suffered sorely for their faith. But they left not their own house, willing to die there, or to be slaughtered whenever God should so appoint. They were now childless; but a little grand-daughter, about ten years old, lived with them, and she was an orphan. The thought of death was so familiar to her, that although sometimes it gave a slight quaking throb to her heart in glee, yet it scarcely impaired the natural joyfulness of her girlhood, and often, unconsciously, after the gravest or the saddest talk with her old parents, would she glide off with a lightsome step, a blithe face, and a voice humming sweetly some cheerful hard upon old people, who were desirous of The old people looked often upon her in her happiness, till their dim eyes filled with tears-while the grandmother said, " If this nest were to be destroyed at would feed this young bird in the wild, and where would she find shelter in which to fauld her bonnie wings?"

Lilias Grieve was the shepherdess of a small flock, among the green pastures at the head of St. Mary's Loch, and up the hill-side, and over into some of the little neighboring glens. Sometimes she sat in that beautiful church-yard, with her sheep Sometimes she sat in lying scattered around her upon the quiet graves - where, on still, sunny days, she could see their shadows in the water of the Loch, and herself sitting close to the low walls of the house of God. She had no one to speak to, but her Bible to read—and day after day the rising sun beheld her in growing beauty, and innocence that could not fade, happy and silent as a fairy upon the knowe, with the blue heavens over her head, and the blue lake smiling at her feet.

"My Fairy," was the name she bore by he cottage fire, where the old people were ten, in her joy, the green graceful plants that grew among the hills were wreathed So was she dressed on round her hair. Sabbath-day, watching her flock at a considerable distance from home, and singing to herself a psalm in the solitary moorwhen in a moment a party of soldiers were upon a mount on the opposite side of a narrow dell. Lilias was invisible as a green linnet upon the grass-but her voice had betrayed her-and then one of the soldiers caught the wild gleam of her eyes, and as she sprung frightened to her feet, he called out, "A roe-a roe-see how she bounds along the bent!" and the ruffian took aim at the child with his musket, half in sport, half in ferocity. kept appearing and disappearing, while she flew as on wings, across a piece of black heathery moss, full of pits and hollowsand still the soldier kept his musket at its aim. His comrades called to him to hold his hand, and not shoot a poor innocent child-but he at length fired-and the bullet was heard to whiz past her fren-crowned head, and to strike a bank which she was about to ascend. The child paused for a moment, and looked back, and then bounded away over the smooth turf-till, like a cushat, she dropt into a little birchen glen, and disappeared Not a sound of her feet was heard—she seemed to have sunk into the ground-and the soldier stood, without any effort to follow her, gazing through the smoke toward the spot where she had vanished.

A sudden superstition assailed the hearts of the party, as they sat down upon the ledge of stone. "Saw you her face, Riddle, as my ball went whizzing past her ear -curse me, if she be not one of those hillairies, else she had been as dead as a herring-but 1 believe the bullet glanced off her yellow hair, as against a buckler."-By St. George, it was the act of a gallowsrogue to fire upon the creature, fairy or not airy-and you deserve the weight of this hand—the hand of an Englishman, you brute, for your cruelty!"—and uprose the when the other retreated some distance, and began to load his musket-but the together." said Samuel, with a loud voice Englishman ran upon him, and with a

time, of minds sunken, and of broken breath out of his body, and left him stun-hearts. White hair was on heads long be-ned and almost insensible. "That serves fore they were old; and the silver locks of him right, Allen Sleigh—shiver my timoers, ancient men were often ruefully soiled in the dust, and stained with their martyred blood.

It seemed that an an from Heaven to save the old gray-headed folks. enow for such creatures—if this be one, it in sunny light, seeming is the first I ever saw, but as to your mer-maids, I have seen a score of them, at ing lustre, and yet streaming tears, with shooting them, no -- no-we never tried motion gentle and gliding as the sunshine that, or the ship would have gone to the bottom. There have I seen them sitting on a rock, with a looking-glass, combing their hair, that wrapped round them like a net, and then down into a coral cave in a jiffey to their mermans-for mermaid, fairy, or mere flesh and blood women, they are all the same in that respect-take my word The fallen ruffian now rose, somewhat

humbled, and sullenly sat down among the rest. "Why," quoth Allen Sleigh-"I wager you a week's pay, you don't venture fifty yards, without your musket, down vonder jingle where the fairy disappeared; and the wager being accepted, the half-drunken fellow rushed on toward the head of the glen, and was heard crushing away through the shrubs. In a few minutes he returned, declaring, with an oath, that he had seen her at the mouth of a cave, where no human foot could reach, standing with her hair all on fire, and an angry counte-nance, and that he had tumbled backward into the burn, and been nearly drowned,-Drowned!" cried Allen Sleigh, "Av 'Drowned!" cried Allen Sleigh. "Ay, drowned-why not? a hundred yards down that bit glen the pools are as black as pitch, and deep as hell-and the water roars like thunder-drowned-why not, you English son of a deer stealer?" "Why not-because who was ever drowned that was born to be hanged?" And that jest caused universal laughter-as it always is sure to

pany of ruffians, such is felt to be its per-

tect truth and unanswerable simplicity After an hour's quarreling, and gibing, and mutiny, this disorderly band of soldiers proceeded on their way down into the head of Yarrow, and there saw, in the solitude, the house of Samuel Grieve. Thither they proceeded to get some refreshment, and ripe for any outrage that any occasion might suggest. The old man and his wife hearing a tumult of many voices and many feet, came out and were immediately salut ed with many opprobrious epithets. house was soon rifled of any small articles of wearing apparel, and Samuel, without emotion, set before them whatever provisions he had - butter, cheese, bread, and milk-and hoped they would not be too dying, as they had lived, in peace. Thankful were they, in their parental hearts, that their little Lilias was among the hills-and the old man trusted, that if she returned and our heads in the mould, who before the soldiers were gone, she would feed this young bird in the wild, and see from some distance their muskets on the green before the door, and hide herself among the brakens.

The soldiers devoured their repast with many oaths, and much hideous and of language, which it was sore against the old man's soul to hear in his own hut; but he said nothing, for that would have been wilfully to sacrifice his life. At last one of the party ordered him to return thanks in words impious and full of blasphemy, which Samuel calmly refused to do, beseeching them, at the same time, for the sake of their own souls, not to offend their kind and bountiful Preserver. "Confound the old canting covenanter -- I will prick him with my bayonent if he won't say grace;" and the blood trickled down the old man's cheek, from a slight wound on his forehead. The sight of blood seemed to awaken the dormant blood-thirstiness in the tiger-heart of the soldier w gladdened by her glee, and turned away old man did not instantly repeat the words from all melancholy thoughts. And it was after him, he would shoot him dead. And, a name that suited sweet Lilias well-for as if cruelty were contagious, almost the she was clothed in a garb of green, and of- whole party agreed that the demand was but reasonable, and the old hypocritical knave must preach or perish. him," cried one of them, in a fury, "here is the Word of God, a great musty Bible, stinking of greasy black leather, worse than a whole tanyard. If he won't speak, I will gag him with a vengeance. Here, old Mr. Peden the prophet, let me cram a few chapters of St. Luke down your maw. St. Luke was a physician, I believe. Well. here is a dose of him. Open your jaws." And with these words, he tore a handful of leaves out of the Bible, and advanced towards the old man, from whose face his

terrified wife was now wiping off the blood. Samuel Grieve was nearly tourscore: but his sinews were not yet relaxed, and in his younger days he had been a man of great strength. When, therefore, the solgreat strength. When, therefore, the soldier grasped him by the neck, the sense of receiving an indignity from such a slave, made his blood boil, and, as if his youth had been renewed, the gray-haired man, with one blow, felled the ruffian to the floor.

That blow sealed his doom. There was a fierce tumult and yelling of wrathful voices, and Samuel Grieve was led out to die. He had witnessed such butchery of others -- and felt that the hour of his martyrdom was come. "As thou didst reprove Simon Peter in the garden, when he smote the High Priest's servant, and saidst, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it.", So, now, oh, my Redeem-So, now, oh, my Redeemer, do thou pardon me, thy frail and erring follower, and enable me to drink this cup! With these words the old man knelt down unbidden; and, after one solemn look to Heaven, closed his eyes, and folded his hands across his breast.

His wife now came forward, and knelt down beside the old man. "Let us die to-gether, Samuel; but, oh! what will become of our dear Lilias?" "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," said her husband, opening not his eyes, but taking her hand into his, "Sarah-be not afraid." "Oh! Samuel, I remember at this moment, these orute, for your cruelty!"—and uprose the speaker to put his threat into execution, when the other retreated some distance, not what they do," "We are all sinners "we, two old gray-headed people, on our

all, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven .-We are ready-be merciful, and do not mangle us. Sarah, be not afraid."

It seemed that an angel was sent down from Heaven to save the lives of these two With hair floating in sunny light, seemingly wreathed with flowers of heavenly azure, with eyes beamwhite arms extending in their beauty, and when a cloud is rolled away, came on over the meadow before the hut the green-robed creature that had startled the soldiers with her singing on the moor, and crying loudly but still sweetly, "God sent me hither to save their lives." She fell down beside them as they knelt together; and then, lifting up her head from the turf, fixed her beautiful face, instinct with fear, love, hope, and the spirit of prayer, upon the eyes of the men about to shed that innocent blood. They all stood heart-stricken, and the ex-

ecutioners flung down their muskets upon the green-sward. "God bless you, kind, good soldier, for this," exclaimed the child, now weeping and sobbing with joy; ay, you will be all happy to-night, when you lie down to sleep. If you have any little daughters or sisters like me, God wil love them for your mercy to us, and nothng, till you return home, will burt a hair of their heads. Oh! I see now that sol-diers are not so cruel as they say!" "Lilias, your grandfather speaks unto you ;-his last words are-leave us-leave us they are going to put us to death. Soldiers, kill not this child, or the waters of the loch will rise up and drown the sons of perdition. Lilias, give us each a kiss-and then go into the house.

The soldiers conversed together for a few minutes, and seemed now like men themselves condemned to die. Shame and remorse for their coward cruelty, smote do, often as it may be repeated in a comthem to the core-and they bade them that were still kneeling to rise up and go their ways-then, forming themselves into regular order, one gave the word of command, and, marching off they soon disap-peared. The old man, his wife, and little Lilias, continued for some time on their knees in prayer, and then all three went into their hut-the child between themand a withered hand of each laid upon its beautiful and its fearless head,

LILIAS GRIEVE.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

There was fear and melancholy in all the glens and valleys that lay stretching around, or cown upon St. Mary's Loch, for it was the time of religious persecution. Many a sweet cottage stood untenanted on the hill-side and in the hollow; some had felt the fire, and been consumed, and violent hands had torn off the turf roof from the green shealing of the shepherd. In the wide and deep silence and solitariness of the mountains, it seemed as if human life was nearly extinct. Caverns and clefts in which the fox had kenneled, were now the Caverns and clefts in shelter of Christian souls - and when a lonely figure crept stealingly from one hiding place to another, on a visit of love to some hunted brother in the faith, the crows would hover over him, and the hawk shriek at human steps, now rare in the desert .-When the babe was born, there might be none near to baptize it; or the minister, driven from his kirk, perhaps poured the sacramental water upon its face from some pool in the glen, whose rocks guarded the persecuted family from the oppressor. Bridals now were unfrequent, and in the sol. Cumberland gripe and a trip, laid him upon knees, and about to die, both forgive you

when to warn them faithfully puts to like-hazard their own periled bread and butter !

Such is the Priesthood as it seems to meuch is the Church, whereof the Clergy are the ife; such is the World their poor Samaritan vicim. Without measuring the actual or comparaive guilt of either I do solemnly declare my heard." elief, that the world can never be blessed with great spiritual advance till Church and Priestood both have perished together, to be pushed uietly away by man's aspiring soul, as the dead eaves are borne from the swelling buds of Spring.

THE HUTCHINSONS IN PHILADELPHIA. The Pa. Freeman, of last week, says :

The concert of our true-hearted friends, the Hutchinsons, on Monday evening was attended y a crowded audience. Our friends were welomed by a spontaneous burst of applause on irst coming forward, and all their songs were reeted with enthusiasm, especially their mancipation one. There was something very ouching in the simple, courageous honesty with which they trusted themselves to the natural empathies of their audience in singing the unopular truths which their consciences dictated. Ve regret extremely that Jesse-who accompans the singers-should have been called home, nd regret still more the family affliction which emanded his return. The verses which he imrovises to suit the occasion always come in with he happiest effect. Our friends give another oncert on Thursday evening and we hope that ll our Anti-Slavery friends will take pains to be tere. They not only deserve our warm support n account of their music, but for their concientious fearlessness in a good cause, a quality ven rarer (we grieve to say) than their extraorlinary vocal powers.

A Scene AT THE POLICE OFFICE .- A poor, emaciated, wretched looking woman, shout forty, her shoulders covered with a lirty, whisky-colored shawl, came relucantly edging her way up to the bar, urged on and encouraged by sundry good-natured winks and pushes from a fat, sleek, well-toto colored woman, under whose protection e poor wretch had evidently placed her-

was applauded so much that he could not go on for about five minutes. He is a great favorite. Abby sings a solo that is universally admired-" The May Queen," by Tennyson-set to music by Dempster. It is one of the most beautiful things I ever

Communications.

SHORT CREEK, OHIO, April 1st, 1845. Dear Rogers: I am intormed through the medium of the Liberator, that you and Mr. French, have commenced the publication of a paper, called "The Herald of Freedom," or as you would say, resumed the publication of the Herald of Freedom. I am a subscriber to the Liberator, and have had an opportunity of reading the Herald, from July last, until the middle of January. The controversy between you and Mr. Garrison, that has grown out of the Herald affair, has been as painful to the readers of those papers here, as it has been to you. For Heaven's sake -- for the sake of down-trodden humanity - let a reconciliation take place as speculity as possible without a sacrifice of principle. It certainly is unnecessary - somewhat unphilosophical, for two, who have so long and so gallantly battled with the common enemy of Freedom, side by side, to be now arrayed in such deadly hostility against each other; for what seems to us here, a comparatively trifling affair, compared with the great questions which your papers have been so long agitating, many of which are yet unsolved by a large number of your readers. It grieves me to hear friend Garrison say that the issue of your paper has "sundered the last tie," &c. Why should this be ? If you were capable of editing a paper under the control of a "board," without being placed under any restraint in your love of free speech by that board, as Mr. Garri-She had come to give herself up as a son and all others admit, how can your paper now, that you are just as free and no more so than they wished you to be, exert so deleterious an influence on the cause of iniversal liberty? If both Heralds can be sustained perhaps it will be better, if not. et that one go down that the people are not willing to sustain. I am poor, but you shall have the dollar and a half for your free sheet, until I cease to be able to pay, or until it ceases to be free. So shall it be with the Liberator. I have done what little I could for its circulation, I shall now do all I can for both. I sincerely hope that your paper will receive a support that will its continuance to amphantly, amid all the opposition that may be arrayed a-

But that opposition with which you meet from friends, will certainly cease. It cannot continue. There is too much soul; too much goodness; too much of sympathy for the injured, in those noble men. In their breasts are too deeply planted the principles of justice, for this suicidal opposition to your emphatically free sheet. Mr. Garrison, I suppose, would think I was "determined to be governed by my prejudi- which before was unseemly. es" and would think my course "wayhe is mistaken. I am sure I had no biasing predilections. No man stood higher, in my esteem, than did Mr: Garrison .-In no man's veracity, or honesty, or capacity, did I, or do I now, place more confidence. But I do not believe him to be infallible, nor do I believe he claims it. I nection with that of others, draw different conclusions from those at which he arrives. could inform him if I would, that there are obscure, humble individuals, even here in the west, who cannot see just as he does in this case, and yet, are as far from acting they may not be known beyond a very limited sphere, yet feel as keenly a thrust made at their honor or integrity, as do those whose talents have placed them in more prominent positions. But we will be slow o charge him with dishonesty. We sinerely believe that he is honest and conscientious, in what he has done and said. But we cannot, as he does, regard your paper as an " usurper," or as calculated to "strengthen the stakes of slavery." On the contrary, we hail it as an auspicious movement.-We do not expect to see it throw obstacles n the way of its contemporary reformers; and the cause of outraged, oppressed hunanity, requires that they shall cease their opposition to it. Go on then, dear brother, n your noble enterprise. Your free heart, our unfettered pen, and your gallant free heet, -- will strike terror into the enemy's anks. It will not be long before they your old friends) will admit that you are ny thing but an "usurper." Your paper vill be acknowledged to be a powerful auxiary in the cause of freedom, by those who are now opposing its introduction.

Yours, for freedom of person, freedom of thought, and freedom of speech WM. E. LUKENS. Dover, April 15th. 1845.

Mr. Editor: Permit me to say a few words through the Herald, concerning our temperance meetings, held in Banfields Vestry. There are very few friends, to aid us in this glorious cause, and they all agree with me in the opinion, that the course we have pursued, is just and praise-worthy. -We hold temperance free meetings, and they are unquestionably, I think when known, the favorite over all other kinds. But we have many to contend with, in this good work. Although there are many, in my belief, daily falling into our ranks.

May the time speedily come, when all our rum-killing popular men, will become united with those, who are engaged in the cause of Total Abstinence, and be honored and justified by God, instead of man.

Yours,

From the Communitist. DIET.

This is the beginning place for Reform-I have little confidence in any very considerable reform that does not commence If we would have a good building, the timber must be prepared, scored and bewn for that purpose. Society is made up of individuals—What they are, it will be. Who cannot govern this appetite is illy qualified to control any of his passions. To make a God of the palate is the almost uni-versal idolatry. We should do in this, as in other matters, first find what is the best for our systems and most adapted to our nature, and then use it. This is the only reasonable way. Any other argument comes from the palate, and is equally applicable to the rum-drinker. Talk not of reformers whose highest object is to get something that tastes good! I would not undervalue the agreeable sensations of the palate, but like every other passion, must be controlled by reason, and is as susceptible of control. It may be so changed by habit, that what was formely diagreeable, becomes pleasant to the taste, and vice versa. If we had always been under right circumstances, the palate might have been a guide to our food. As it is, we have only to use our reason in the matter, or take the other course, and like the inebriate, follow the dictates of a vitiated taste.

Why, Bless us, eating should not become the highest pleasure of life, even if we live for our exclusive benefit! Eating should be a sort of means to live, not the object of life. The animal world, generally, have some kinds of food which are common to the species, but man in his present state has been justly called all-eating animal. Now this can not be right. Nature leaves us without clothes, and with uncooked food. We do not hence infer that we are to wear what is unseemly or eat whatsoever comes to pass. If she has thus left us, she has given us intelligence to provide for our necessities. If the human species have a natural instinct in common with the ani-mat world, for a particular kind of food, it is for fruit. Instance the love of fruit in children. Picture to yourself a human being with fine ripe peaches, pears, apples, oranges, pomegranates, pine-apples, strawberries &c. before him, making choice of a filthy hog or an innocent lamb for his food! The very thought is degrading. It is my private opinion, that somewhere, way back, back in the history of our earth, the rruit must have been destroyed by frost or flood or some other way, and out of sheer neces sity, men were forced to eat animals, and by the force of habit learned to love that

If we have not such instinct, but are left ward," "impulsive" and "dishonest." But should choose that which is most conductive to health. Such we should choose without regard to the theories, analogies, or hy-pothetical reasonings of speculators. What purifies the body, purifies the mind. If we would have pure hearts we must have clean stomachs. It you wish a spiritual, and not carnal life, or in other words, if you would make mental your highest enjoyments, and you find that animal food and condiments therefore, from his own testimony, in con- have a striking sympathy and relation with general sensuality (which is a known fact) you should leave them at once. If you wish for health and long life, and find that these are destructive to both, and that by living on vegetable tood you are proof against the fevers, rashes, or epidemics common to the country, is it not a sufficient in-ducement to do so? If you find that unidishonestly, as any others - who, although form health, steady strength, even pulse, and a greater share of intellectual vigor and cheerfulness accompany the use of the vegetable diet what shade of plausibility is there for using animal food more than for alcoholic drinks? It you are over-taxing your system to procure a living, and animal food costs you three times as much as vegetable, why in reason's name do you use it? the above are just suggestions, if there were no other proofs than our experience, what I have seen would be satisfactory evidence to me.

Is an individual prepared for a moral giant, to revolutionize society, who cannot so far revolutionize him or herself as to leave off such obnoxious things? I trow not. Animal food stimulates the system, and like every other artificial stimulant produces, when left off, a corresponding debility, hence many who leave off only for a short forgetting that depression is the natural consequence of commencing such a reform, say at once, they cannot stand the diet, it do'at agree with their health! We have uniformly experienced this debility on commencing the vegetable diet, but have soon overcome it and become strong and healthy and have enjoyed uninterrupted health, for a year and a half. The greatest argument for using animal food lies exactly where the coffee and rum-drinker's does-near the back of the mouth! M. LOOMIS.

It is said the "under-ground railroad" through Ohio, and in other places is doing good business this season.

The same of the sa		
M. A. P. Sandinas		
Moses L. Eastman, Franklin, -	\$0	50
Malvina George, Plymouth,	1	50
Abigail Stickney, Campton, -		50
A member of the Liberty Party, Bosto	n, 3	00
John Cullen, Providence, R. I	1	
Wm. A. Comstock, Providence, R. I.	1	50
J. M. Lawton, New Bedford, Mass		00
Hiram A. Morse, Holliston, Mass		00
Daniel O'C. Flagg, Concord, -		00
T. A. Harraden, Concord,		50
James Morrison, Somersworth,	1000	
Jemima Moulton, Somersworth,		00
	1	1000
T. S. Greenwood, Somersworth,		75
T. B. Moses, Somersworth,	1	50
Mary Moses, Somersworth, -	1	50
John Hobbs, Somersworth, -	1	50
Donation of Eliseph Preston of Syracus	se,	
N. Y., to be shared by Editor and Pu	b-	
17.4.4	25 (00
John A. Richardson, Durham, -	1 4	50
Benjamin E. Pendleton, Belfast, Me.		10
Chester Smith, Randolph, Vt	10	700

50

H. M. Smith, Randolph, Vt.

For the National Auti-Slavery Standard.

AN APPEAL TO ABOLITIONISTS IN BEHALF OF DAVID RUGGLES.

Place is gladly given to the following lines, and some benevolent spirit, it is to be hoped, may be aroused by them to extend a helping hand to him in whose behalf they were written. It is not one of the least baneful fruits of the accursed tyranny of the United States, that just so far forth as a colored man becomes an educated, an intelligent, and refined man, and worthy of respect, just in the same ratio does he lessen his chances of a respectable and adequate support, and the more liable is he to injury and insult, and the effects of that petty malice which hates and will trample on the lowly from the sheer love of tyrany. David linggles is blind, and poor, and meeds sympathy and kelp. He has guffered persecution, and his best days have been spent in efforts for his people's good. Let the appeal be not made in vain.—c.

A brother calls for aid—

Shall succor so much needed

Be longer yet delayed?

Save him from want and sorrow—
Save from corroding care,
Which throws o'er all life's radiance,
The mantle of despair.

Say ye, shall he who labored
So faithfully, so long,
To free the weak and helpless
From cruel hands and strong;

To give the crushed and darkened
The healing balm and light,
And give, to earth, enfranchised souls,
Strong in awakening might—

Now darkness gathers o'er him,
And power to toil hath gone,
Shall he not reap a harvest
From blessings he hath sown?

The eyes that blessed the hopeless,
Are now, with blindness dim—
"He hath been sight to others,"
Who will be sight to him?

Hark! in the din and tumult,
And discord wild of life,
Are mingled soft and gentle strains,
Heard 'mid its harshest strife.

The strains of heavenly love—the song
The Jewish shepherd's heard—
And ne'er hath earth been left without
Some tongues to speak that Word.

It answers to a brother's call—
Man's mighty voice is there,
And woman's sympathizing tones,
And childhood's trusting prayer.

A thousand voices echo back
The burden of the strain—
"A brother calls for sympathy,
He shall not call in vain!"

H. W. H.

NORTHAMPTON April, 1844.

Gertude H. Burleigh, Harriet Snyder, Margaret Griscom, Sarah M. Douglass, Harriet D. Purvis, Hetty Burr. Mary T. Stickney, Martha T. Carman, Mary Earle, Sidney Ann Lewis, Staney Sarah Lewis, Susan Shaw.

Sarah Pugh, Mary Shaw, Sarah Dorsey Margaret Jones, Margaretta Forten, Esther Reckless, Jannette Jackson, Elizabeth Carman, Lydia Gillingham, Hannah Lee Stickney, Susan Grew,

HILADELPHIA, April 23d, 1844.

BUCKS COUNTY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society will be held at ineville Hall, on Seventhday, the 8th of June, at 2 o'-lock, P. M. Officers will be elected for the ensuing Local societies are requested to be fully repre-WM. BURGESS, See'ry. ented.

ELEVENTH MASSACRET VERY FAIR. THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLA-

This annual effort for the sustentation of the anti-sla-This annual effort for the sustentation of the annual error cause, will be made in Amory Hall, Boston, compening on Tuesday, December 24th, 1844. By its means is, that the debts of the cause, last year, were disharged; so that it is, at this moment, free to put its uncommored strength, in the prosecution of THE HUN-RED CONVENTIONS, through the medium of which, a purpolar reaches year. If you wish slavary to cause is appeal reaches you. If you wish slavery to cease, u cannot more effectually aid in its extinction, than by holding this Fair. The experience of ten years enast the women of Massachusetts to present it to you as effectual channel, through which your sympathy may te with that of others, to swell the flood of effort by th high principle shall be diffused, and right feeling ted, till the horrible institution of slavery shall be

one of the funds raised by means of this Fair are permitted to run to waste in building up a political y, or in defraying electioneering expenses. They are to promulgate, through the press, and by the living e, the truths of freedom, which convert men's hearts he cause. We give a guaranty for the conomical judicious disposal of them, by providing for their ex-liture by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. hout going back for years, to recapitulate former the beneficial consequences of which are in peral glow, we will simply state that the proceeds of last year's Fair were TWENTY-ONE HUNDRED DOLS, exclusive of many small appropriations, and the essary expenses; and that, lacking the prospect of aid, neither the Hundred Western Conventions, nor Hundred Conventions now in progress through Mas-usetts would have been undertaken. The influence usetts would have been undertaken. The influence are cause might be increased ten-fold, by means of aid from the commonwealth generally, which it is osed, if the way were open, to afford. A few words uggestion may open this way. Permit us to make n for the cause's sake.

irst. We entreat whomsoever this sheet reaches, antly to announce an intention of aiding the ELEV-TH MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, ery effort through the year. Gain all the and pourto form, if possible, a little circle for weekly antinucleus round which much help will gather at length. econd. To remember that there is nothing useful or amental-no mechanical, agricultural, or manufacng product-nothing either to eat, drink, or wearwork of taste or art, for household use or decorationwill (so perfect have our arrangements at length come) be made as available to the cause as its worth

money.
Third. To correspond with us for the purpose of bening us by your suggestions, and receiving the aid of
s. For it may often be in the power of all the friends the cause, mutually to aid each other by the inter-

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care, Fashioned so slenderly, Young and so fair ! ist whom Ere her limbs frigidly Stiffen too rigidly, Cought Lumin to Sayening Jungers Decently, kindly,-Smooth and compose them; And her eyes, close them, Staring so blindly ! 1015 grow of # 4 101 Dreadfully staring (015 Jane 2,8 1 13y your Through muddy impurity, As when with the daring Last look of desparing Fixed on faturity. Perishing gloomily, grand Spurred by contumely, Cold inhumanity, 16.0% 4841 Burning insanity; Into her rest,-Cross her hands humbly, As if praying dumbly, Over her breast ! Owning her weakness, Her evil behaviour, 26/12 And leaving with meekness, Her sins to her Saviour ! 91 -71 FIII tropp 406 297 8 22.69 28:5 June 24 1815 184 Court 18.22 June 9 2 1815 - 134 Nova 9.2 myo 4/8 5008 8 15 w 8th Entoter of 6th Mus 2th 1014 my bush 11.6 under 26 11. 11. 14 Land Lung of 4101- 200 Compus 8041 & untry El 1/ Lond god 1+10/ 1/1/ Fingund #4 Synt 7166 496 746 401 Juny & 75/ goods grow b 16" Troy your 4.00% 1814 Hibuga 919-hmy12 4601 100

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speech of Wendell Phillips at the Meeting

remarks be read and well considered.

nized and proclaimed the fact, that the only their enterprise was first started, to whom droppings of the New England pulpit. The Exodus for the slave, out of the house of did they apply for assistance in carrying it American Anti-Slavery Society knows what bondage in our time, would be over the out? They went confidently with whole it has to deal with. It is not one-idea'd. ruins of the present union and the present and sincere hearts to the religious organi- It attacks every thing that it finds opposed sectarian organizations, this society rejoices zations of the country. You, Mr. Presi- to itself. It takes to itself the advice of in the thick coming signs of the last few dent, when single-handed you first promonths; that in the matter of Texas, the claimed the truth, that immediate emanci- friend to a Tipperary row: "Wherever you madness of Southern ambition has over- pation was the only watchword for the see a head, hit it." Wherever anti-slavery leaped itself, and signed for sooner or later liberties of the country, went to the relithe death warrant of the Union; (hisses) gious representations of the city of Boston, of those little entrenchments, behind which and that the religious sects, yielding, if not and besought with a childlike simplicity of a cowering priesthood seeks to hide itself to principle, at least a "decent" respect for spirit, that liberty which you felt certain of from the conscience of the world which the opinions of mankind, are beginning gaining. It was only after years of long it fears. [Loud hissing.] Now, those peoslowly and timidly, though it be to sunder experience-after finding that the religious ple that hiss, don't know the strength of the covenant with death (hisses) which has organizations have not eyes far-sighted the Church. [Increased hissing.] They bound them to the slaveholding churches, enough to look at the future, after having don't know the strength of that very miserand involved them in one common sin.

Mr. President: I lay before you that res- and mobbing, misrepresentation and calum- They don't know the character of those olution, because in the first place it includes ny, from the enterprise painfully opened very institutions which they attempt to put the fundamental principle on which this their reluctant eyes to the leaders of the down. They don't know the sign which

The following Resolution and remarks because we denounce in wholesale the in- and gives voice to the financers of the nawere offered by Wendell Phillips, at the stitutions of our country. Men think us tion, covering not a little space, but spreading over the nation, involving the whole people in Slavery Society, in New York. Let the draw up an indictment against the nation its gloomy shroud. For great as is the name Resolved, That having long since recog- abolitionists have not even taken. When it is but a whisper, compared with the daily

Society is based, and upon which this religious world, that the Anti-Slavery fact rests in the mistaken sentiments of Amerimovement proceeds, and I take the liberty that the nightmare against which they were ica. They have got to go through a long of laying it before you, in the second place, struggling was the falsely called Christianbecause it seems to me that having last ity of the nation; and we are pronounced they awaken to the conviction, that deeply May taken, in the face of this people, the wanting in religion, because after years of position that no Abolitionist could consist experience, we have presumed to proclaim ently support the Constitution of the United a fact so painfully learned. Yes, and men to be Christians. States, or could indulge any other feeling who presume to know the country, and than one of gratitude if it should be permit- have studied the character of its institutions. ted him before his 'nunc dimittis' was sung, - who knew what lies at the foundation of I perceive that some of my audience think to witness the struggling of, and final dis-union of the nation; and that no abolitionist could view but with delight the gradual the religious aspect of the cause, and that tendency, visible to every one who looks we are more anti-Church than Anti-Slavery, below the surface,—the disposition in reli- and that we can see nothing but churches gious organizations to withdraw from each and monasteries, and have not an eye to other, and break up—to seek a shelter from other causes which originate the great elethe high turrets of that public contempt ments of strength in our country. But, M1. community which were not religious in their sense of religion. The Hindoo bows which, having looked to the church so long President, I undertake to say that the to the Ganges, and carries into it his parent, for an exemplar of something more than Anti-Slavery lecturer, when he dwells upon to offer him up as a sacrifice or victim; the morality, and finding that every movement this people's responsibility knows that the African bows down to stocks and stones; in behalf of morality in the church, origi elements of strength from every other quarnated without the church—I say that public contempt which has begun to look upon with the religious influence in the land.— spikes as long;—all from the pervading 9/8/ the church, comparing its professions with Fashion and polite literature, public influence of the religious sentiment of the tis practice, as a stranded vessel struggling opinion and public order, politics and with the sad waters of coming changes the press-mighty levers of public senti-While the masses sweep indignantly by. I ment in other lands-those to which we Christian, I say it in this sense-that deeply say, Sir, I lay it on the table for these reashould address ourselves in France and as they are moved with their idea of beauty, with the fashionable idea, with the respect. is a becoming one; and I rejoice because public character in other lands, -- are all able idea of religious exertion, the stereowe have reason to be glad and rejoice in the wanting amid the overgrown influence of, typed form of religious exertion, they have events of the past year, whether we have and superstitious reverence for, the Calvin- been stripped of Christianity, ever since the been permitted to be of use or not. The istic churches of New England. Seven dawn of the present century. I say that nation has been borne onward in that Union thousand pulpits weekly summon the peo- the religious movement is not animated which it was once treason to calculate the ple to the house of prayer. At all seasons, by that spirit which is akin to the Great / & walue of, but which is now treated lightly and in all movements, the New Englander Master who gave us religion; that when in every man's discourse, and men are ready turns first and kindliest to the minister. It He and the great spirit of God knocks at to cry out not the heathen watchword of the is his voice which gives sense to the light, the doors of these churches, which profess past, "liberty and union;" but liberty with ature of the land- his voice gives tone to to be his followers, and requires of those or without the union-liberty at any rate, the politics of the land to such an extent who claim to be the religious representa-I am aware, Sir, that it is probable that the that he dares not but expect that his follow- tives of God, that they should go down to position of this Society is sufficiently start-ers will be regulated by the great overshad- the depths of human misery and degradaling to the great body of the community, owing religious peculiarities of the people tion, and give the right hand to the drunkwithout going one step ahead; but it is our of New England more, and also and, and the left hand to the slave, and there duty to point out to the friends of the Anti- of every section of country which New answers curses from within, closed doors Slavery cause, the reasons for which renew- England has populated. And at this time, from within, indifference from within; I ed zeal is needed to carry it on. Now, Sir, in such a state of things, an enterprise is say that true Christians are to be found in what have we in the union of the United launched upon the world, which threatens those hearts in which bubbles up freshest States? What have we in the Church or- to tear up the very institutions of our coun- the answering spirit to the most humane ganizations which overshadow the whole try. It is viewed with horror by the Church instinct to which the present generation has land? We have a civil polity and a reli-which dictates public opinion in the listened. And when I judge the human gious representation, in the midst of which, Capitol, and inculcates morality in the pul- church, I judge a fallible church, I judge au exciting and powerful as they both have pit, which speaks on all occasions, and on erring church, I judge a humanly construct

been for the last fifty years, the system of all subjects, and is heard with a slavish ed church, by the light of those principles Slavery has grown up from 700,000 to 3,- obedience, whose influence is so great, that which God's own finger has written on the

000,000. Men think us infidel and fanatic, it controls the policy of the Government,

-a position which even the gigantic ge- of Webster, and though the name of Clay Indian cruelties, dared not assume—which a response among the mountains of Greece, actually been tortured by years of contumely able idol in behalf of which they hiss .-

are sound at the core. I know that there is a heart, though we have not yet reached it, which will ring true metal to a cry couched in the very words of the fathers, whose sepulchres they are building. I have no fear for either the fame or usefulness of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Its fame, poor thing !- it never had any. They are fools to expect any. They are only the material despised. They are tumbled into the gap, and make up the way over which the swelling thousands march unbidden into the peaceful haven of their fellow citizens' choice and bounties. It is so in the order of Providence, in order that the leaders in every great movement should be of that openness which is essential to the success of the cause, and that they may be deprived of that panting for selfish notoriety, which bows before the truth : it is so that men may not distrust the startling truths which they protter under the well-grounded hope that they are pandering to potoriety. Do you want to know what sustained the Auti-Slavery cause in Great Britain ? You find none of these men who seek notoriety of asks in frequent the boundage I histoffle voice of the se who have stood longs have tried to stand doubthy after in the cause, may be the first to file up the radard car, of read to the nation the lesson, newelcome, get fall of home. 76.418 8 6 " - while the dearing 102th spin 20 2 2 miles 5/8 1691 23.01 Common 100 2 40 200 8 7 long El sout mas filmough vy Lower of

ventional civilization, nor different times ligious consistency to numbers - and all who went into a room of revellers; they all these great overwhelming truths, the church tions, out of which not any of them can was sober. Just so Americans have done. finds herself deficient, and lacks strength to free themselves, are the exact opposite of John C. Calhoun was honest in Slavery. the past ten years in our hearts, that we reland quiver. We rejoice to see the great interests of society clash and jostle like mighty vessels in a storm, because the nation has reached the very depth of consistency in wickedness, and out of this must

Mr. President, I may have spoken too long; but I am anxious to be heard-not because I give any heed to the cry infideli-)

however much is done they are but empty shells, with great institutions and no actions, stranded, as I said before, and not of use in the present day. A Christian disciple of my master, am I to see an unprincipled man do acts outside the churches which in order to gain strength on another. pled man do acts outside the churches which in order to gain strength on another; for wish. Sedgwick, in this city, and many shall make the heart of humanity leap up? if he does so, he creates in an audience that others, united with the Democratic party; 5/0 Am I to say that is infidel, and this little distrust which takes away one half his vet they cried out against Texas, while dwarf is Christianity? Infidelity never yet strength. I refer, therefore, to the religious they supported Polk. Most respected men moved any disinterested project in behalf of humanity. Wherever you find a man far more important merely; but if you will they have any influence on the party? - you willing to swim against the current of the times, at the cost of reproach, taking his life permit me the expression, as the only important more; they mistook their vocation. If they present the times, at the cost of reproach, taking his life in his hand, and doing good for millions portant position which it has taken. And in heartily hated Texas, they should have whom he has never seen - wherever you find the hard, cunning, self-interest of the political aspects of the question which we with waning numbers, the party would have world staring in otter astonishment at the are concerned to carry; we have proclaim- trembled. What care parties for protests? self-denial of the man who is going to ed, that only by the death of the Union can They never care. They count noses. They work a miracle of philanthropy in his day the slave be freed. The history of the might protest to the grave; it would effect 70/10 -there is the man to whom I bow. No last fifty years justifies me in this assertion. nothing. Massachusetts tried protests; she matter what he calls himself, he is the Some say the Constitution is anti-slavery exhausted the dictionary in writing indigrepresentative of humanity. Nothing but the great majority say that it is pro-slavery, nant protests; but as George Canning told the grace of God would have induced him Take it which way you please; whether it Henry Brougham, there was a great deal to such an act. It is on this account that be pro-slavery as much as it can be, or an- of "excellent indignation," but with what the American Anti-Slavery Society arraigns Li-slavery as much as it can be, I care not results? Massachusetts was allowed to do the church of the country; not because they for the present-all I know is, that there is all the talking; but South Carolina the actwould belittle its influence; it is fearful; - something stronger than parchments. There ing. As the North has the best of the not because we have not judged the whole are in the great commercial and political arguments, the South takes the best of the depth of its foundation; mighty is its interests of the people, elements stronger loaf. What does the South care for the strength: aye, how often has philanthropy than Government. The British Govern- Constitution? What does the South care cowered under it ! We know that it rolled ment has no effect upon commerce and for its construction? What does the South the greatest obstacle in the path-way of agriculture. It has successfully bowed to care for Northern rights? What does the Wilberforce, and almost sent Clarkson into both, and will yet ow to a third element. South care for principles? As Robert Hall the dock at Liverpool. We know it full- If you wish for the history of a nation, seek told the minister who could n't see the abwell in the history of this enterprise, on it not in the written words of its Constitu- surdity of his signing the thirty-nine articles 42 both sides of the ocean. And it is with this tion. Seek it where the intelligence, wealth, -" Put a guines on your eye -do you see conviction in our mind, and the history of and religious condition of the nation has now, Sir?" "No." For the same reason fund been garnered up; and there you will find the South can't see why Slavery is a sin. joice when we see great organizations be- the very fortress and germ of strength and For she sees only the \$12.00,000,000 of ginning to shake before the advancing tread control for the people, out of which trea- slave property. She sees rising sur es of of that army of freedom which makes the sury the fact is now developed to the people, doubt whether that properly is legal. She that whether the Constitution has been hears far off the waves of civilization on anything or not, Slavery has been every the other side of the waters. They say, thing from the very commencement of this that when the earthquake rocked Lisbon, Government. At the North our interests there came ten successive waves like giants are divided : but at the South, there is but across the ocean, and shook the shore of come good, because it will produce a one great staple-one great investment- Antigua; so when the voice of England or one great species of wealth, under which. Ireland speaks, there comes ten waves with everything else trembles. What has the across the Atlantic to write the doom of South to do but to stand with the uobility Slavery. As a man is never so lost as not, of Great Britain, and hold the balance to to pay his first attention to himself, so the / () ty: infidelity has stirred the waters of the landed proprietors of Great Britain, who South sees nothing but Slavery.

people for the last twenty years! not be- have no greater proportion of wealth? Now with such a state of things, having the landed proprietors of Great Britain, who South sees nothing but Slavery. cause I dread the misrepresentations put William, the Conquerer, blotted out the found the strength of moral principle at the forth against us; but because I am aware first spirit of freedom, and the South is at North, no matter how wrongfully proclaimthat this people are startled and stunned at this moment, as far as civilization and ed in the pulpits of New England, and, last into thoughtfulness. As I meet men Government are concerned, the represendaving found that the belm of the vessel of in the street who have had seats in your tation of the dark middle ages, while the State is held by the slave property of New 11/1 capitol, they approach me with far differ- North is the representation of the civiliza- England, and knowing that you might as ent countenances from those which they tion of the present day. She has always well attempt to dam up the Mississippi exhibited years ago; and they say-we governed the country, and always will. I with straws, as to tie up the Leviathan of agree with you in the end; we wish we do not refer to that old proverb, that any Slavery with parties-we say ruin to the could see alike as to the means-alluding to man who makes a bargain with the devil, slave-Union. But men say we cry out a rupture of the American Union. It is will be sure to be cheated; but I do say, against that blessed, ever illustrious, never-177 because I see proofs that they have been that when Freedom has made bargains to-be-sufficiently-praised, never-to-he-said-a-// slaves to principles, the more powerful be- with Slavery, she has been sure to be out- word-against Union of '87. Union! I'd cause unseen-it is for these reasons that I witted in the end. Now men say, why not like to know where it is, so far as the wish the position of this Society to be un- bind the Leviathan? Why not get the Northern States are concerned. However derstood-and understood more in its reli- party cords together and bind down this rediculed or despised this Society may be, gious than political aspects. I have great Samson? I answer, did you ever know a for boldly coming out against the Union, leter contempt for politics, though I am no nonresistant. I never see a political reformer ciple at the bead? Why did not the Dem- new thing, nothing to be startled at. whose object is not to gain numbers: to ocratic party keep John C. Calbonn at Mr. President, as there are so many to attain this end, he must bow to the people, Washington? Because he was too honestly follow me, I will no longer trespass upon and the prejudices about him; while he wicked to serve any party. Med call our the patience of the audience. I am sensimust sink or be silent on others equally vi-tal. He must always be looking over the John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, crazy. felt anxious to have the religious and politi-

heart of humanity, and which neither con. him or not. He must always sacrince re- This reminds me of the story of the man can blot out, and when, in the storm one of these essential elements of party organiza- voted him decidedly tipsy, though he alone scheme against it, then I say Ichabod to that body—impotence for her numbers, because, however much is done they are but empty.

moral strength; for the man who believes in morality, will bow equally to all truth, knowing that he can afford to wait for the could not be screwed up to his point. And

shoulder to see whether any man follows They are the onl; sane men in the country. cal world know us. I know that the people

4 turings 96 11the prosess 16 11 to Good 48" 446 1-9"-6446 grave 15 th 1014 My 18 ate to Bulone 32 55 2000 8 100 800 1 st of 86. HE/ 1800 p at 6911 59" Ethail Bits 7166 wood or 60 " 446 88 "1 10001, 746 94 "9 10000 100 18006 04"-99" 10001 March 5th 10000 1) was 08'-1000g Eron & the contract 19"-HU"& & 32 short wind fylmore of some 69. 1600 \$ 101 61"49 \$ - 96 short word fylmgill 4/81 - sque of

members who can't sustain a single little nine shilling sheet, when rotten party spirit and scarcely less rotten sectarianism can whiten the land with its sheets Shame on New Hampshire abolitionists, that Charles C. Burleigh of Pennsylvania has to contribute ten pa-pers to their cause in this State, out of his empty purse, and they can't afford to subscribe for one! We talk to abolitionists in anti-slavery style. The true hearted will appland us for it. The no hearted we don't care for. The true hearted will send on their names to Chase & Crosby. We are the freer to speak on this point, because we are entirely uninterested. Let ever so many subscribe, it pays us nothing. But if it were otherwise, if subscribing helped the cause, we would not be mealy mouthed lest abolitionists should succeed the course. should suspect us of interested views. We have set should suspect us or interested views. We have settled that question, we think, both by being an ultra abolitionist, and by quitting our snug living. We go for the cause. Our brethren all believe us when we say it. We demand then a full support for the Herald of Freedom. We demand of abolitionists one and all to take it. If they can't afford this and party papers, let them ston the carty papers. let them stop the party papers. Aye, let them stop them, if they can afford it. Party is the bane of our cause. It is death to the slave. Let them not foster se. It is death to the slave. Let them not foster If they can't afford the Herald and the Panoply or other pro-slavery sectarian papers, let them stop those papers. Aye stop them, if they can afford it. Wha so fatal to anti-slavery as sectarianism? The secta rian pulpit will be the last citadel from which slaver will be ousted. The monster will be dragged, last o all, down its stair carpet out from behind its mirrore mahogany. The sectarian press is his forlorn hope Francis Jackson of Boston gave at the meeting \$50 for the Herald of Freedom. We feel less pain at this, for he is not poor, like Burleigh. But he is a Massachusetts man—or rather not a New Hampshire man. We do him wrong to say he is of Massachusetts. He is of no state—no country. 'His country is the world, his countrymen are all mankind.' Francis Jackson is a Max. He has that in him and all about him, to give the world. give the world 'assurance of a man.' He it was who threw open his princely mansion to the hunted wo-men of Boston when the gentlemen of property and standing' chased them from their prayer meeting. It was there that Harriet Martineau first declared herself an abolitionist. Francis Jackson is one of the Boston patricians. His rank entitles him to despise Boston particians. His rank entities him to despise the poor white man, and to use the colored man as his beast. Yet he is the poor man's friend, and the negro man's brother. He recognizes in both his kindred and his flesh. His house is the haunt of other broth-ers of the negro. We met there John Pierpont and Henry Colman, men of some 'standing'—we heard Henry Colman, men of some 'standing'—we heard nothing of their 'property.' But they are the colored man's friends and brethren. The maniy eloquence of the one and the burning numbers of the other are openly devoted to the deliverance of the colored man from the tyrannous oppression of the white man. We can bear Francis Jackson's liberality better than Charles C. Burleigh's, though he has that burden upon him in Boston, which the cause of truth always imposes. He is a friend of the Liberator—which, mighty as it is, the terror of America and the star of philan. as it is, the terror of America and the star of philan thropy in both hemispheres, is yet unsupported, by its subscription list. While the Boston Courier fattens its editor and has turned the poor printer's boy into an al-derman as full of turtle as a soup tureen (not that Mr. Buckingham is an epicere, but that his paper gives him the means to be one,) 'the Liberator' is poor, and Garrison lives, Goldsmith-like, in the penetralia of 'Nassau Court.' Jackson is among other things a patron of the Liberator. It was magnanimous in him Nassau Court. Jackson It was magnanimous in him patron of the Liberator. It was magnanimous in him to remember our New-Hampshire press, but it is not to the credit of the granite abolition sts, that he saw In this councetion we will suggest to our friends, who wish to aid the anti-slavery treasury, the policy of taxing themselves a certain sum or its amount in subscribers to the Herald. This answers the double purpose of helping the paper and aiding the cause by its circulation, and it costs the contributor nothing but his labor. The Herald should have forthwith 5000 patrons. Her det liberty. trons. Has not liberty so many friends in New-Hampshire—that prize her nine shillings apiece? Let not abolitionists wonder that their mighty cause is despised by party and sectarianism, when they despise it themselves, and when they give their means to these other despisers, to help enable them to crush it. - wind for Aprelians roquer of 2

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. On reading his essay on . The Future State.'"

Friend of my soul !- as with moist eye I look up from this page of thine, Is it a dream that thou art nigh, Thy mild face gazing into mine?

That presence seems before me now, A placid heaven of sweet moon rise, When, dew-like, on the earth below Descends the quiet of the skies.

The calin brow through the parted hair, The gentle lips which knew no guile, Softening the blue eye's thoughtful care With the bland beauty of their smile.

Ah, me !- at times that last dread scene, Of frost, and fire, and moaning sea, Will caste its shade of doubt between The failing eyes of faith and thee.

Yet, lingering o'er thy charmed page, Where, through the twilight air of earth, Alike enthusiast and sage, Prophet and bard, thou gazest forth :

Lifting the future's solomn veil, The reaching of a trembling hand To put aside the cold and pale Cloud-curtains of the unseen land !

In thoughts which answer to my own, In words which reach my inward ear, Like whispers from the void unknown, I feel thy living presence here.

The waves which lull thy body's rest, The dust thy pilgrim footsteps trod, Unwasted, through each change attest The fixed economy of God.

Shall these poor elements outlive The mind whose kingly will they wrought? Their gross unconsciousness survive Thy godlike energy of thought?

Thou LIVEST, FOLLEN !- not in waln Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne The burden of life's cross of pain, And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

Oh! while life's solemn mystery glooms Around us like a dungeon's wall-Silent earth's pale and crowded tombs, Silent the heaven which bends o'er all !

While, day by day, our loved ones glide In spectral silence, hushed and lone, To the cold shadows which divide The living from the dread unknown ;-

While even on the closing eye, And on the lip which moves in vain, The seals of that stern mystery Their undiscovered trust retain;

And only midst the gloom of death, Its mournful doubts and haunting fears, Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith, Smile dimly on us through their tears;-

'Tis something to a heart like mine, To think of thee as living yet; To feel that such a light as thine Could not in utter darkness set.

Less dreary seems the untried way Since thou hast left thy footprints there, And beams of mournful beauty play Round the sad angel's sable hair.

Oh !- at this hour, when half the sky Is glorious with its evening light, And fair broad fields of summer lie Hung o'er with greenness in my sight;

While through these elm boughs wet with rain, The sunset's golden walls are seen, With clover bloom and yellow grain, And wood-draped hill and stream between;

I long to know if scenes like this Are hidden from an angel's eyes; If earth's familiar loveliness Haunts not thy heaven's serener skies.

For sweetly here upon thee grew The lesson which that beauty gave, An ideal of the pure and true In earth, and sky, and gliding wave. And it may be that all which lends The soul an upward impulse here, With a diviner beauty blends, And greets us in a holier sphere. Through groves where blighting never fell,

The humbler flowers of earth may twine; And simple.draughts from childhood's well, Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

But be the prying vision veiled, And let the seeking lips be dumb,-Where even seraph eyes have failed, Shall mortal blindness seek to come?

We only know that thou hast gone, And that the same returnless tide Which bore thee from us, still glides on, And we who mourn thee with it glide.

On all thou lookest we shall look : And to our gaze ere long shall turn That page of God's mysterious book We so much wish, yet dread to learn.

With Him, before whose awful power Thy spirit bent its trembling knee,-Who, in the silent, greeting flower, And forest leaf, looked out on thee,-

We leave thee, with a trust serene, Which time, nor chance, nor death can move, While with thy childlike faith we lean On Him whose dearest name is love!

* Dr. Follen's works, vol. v.

THE HERALD OF FREEDOM.

We are sorry to learn that this invaluable paper is not supported by the avails of its subscription list. It ought to have 5000 subscribers in the granite State, and as many more out of it. We would suggest to our friends in Massachusetts, that if they can save \$1.50 by discontinuing some of their partizan political papers, or even some of the so called religious ones, hey could not make a better use of the money than by paying it for the Herald, which will be sent to them a year for that sum. We copy the following article from a late number of the Herald in the hope that nany will be thereby induced to follow the example of & The well-fed justice rated me, Francis Jackson and C. C. Burleigh, so far at least . And told me, it was time as to subscribe for one copy of that excellent sheet .- 1.

Among the contributions for the Herald of Freedom at our recent anniversary, was the subscription for tent copies, by Charles C. Burleish. We felt hurt at the time of its announcement, that this glorious, but poor, young Pennsylvanian should find it necessary to contribute to the support of our New Hampshire paper. And we feel mortified and ashamed when we think of it now. We cannot consent that our treasury retail this contribution. It is ungenerous. It is igno ought to be refunded and a generous present with it.
Were it a personal gift to us, we would not keep it and would not have suffered the noble hearted young orator to have parted with it. Why, he had al-ready made a contribution to the cause that money cannot equal. He had thrown in himself. The value of his tribute those can judge who have heard him. It s above rubies.

We are ashamed that our paper needs this special support from any quarter in the State or out. We are mortified that we don't edit it with such fire that the enemy himself should come and supportingly gaze at the light of it. By the blessing of God we hope to put some life into it by and by. Let our anti-slavery ge-nius about the State help us. But we are mortified at New Hampshire professed abolitionists, who don't subcribe for their paper. There are many, very many who are outrageous anti-slavery men, who will give nothing but a prayer, and that they would not give if they thought it worth nine shillings a year. They can give for dress and for furniture, and to build meetinghouses, and to cushion up pews and bedeck and be-dizen up pulpits, and make the minister life member of this, that and the other popular 'good object of the day.' They can take Panoplies and Patriots and Statesmen, to pumper their party and sectarianism They will shell out into the contribution box, for the Board of Commissioners, when the deacon brings it soil emuly round among the pews—on Sunday—under the inspection of the paster—but not a copper for the poor slave or his unpopular cause. Nine shillings a year or ninepence a month, to sustain their own period they can't afford. The negro asks a mite from them

and they give him a cheaper prayer.

Brethren, an't it so? Examine yourselves. Our cause has too many abolitionists. It can't maintain them. Our machinery is getting too cumbrous an unwieldly. It has too little vitality for its multiplie unwieldly. It has too little vitality for its multiplied numbers. We are like the army of Xerxes who could number the army of Xerxes who could number the army of Xerxes who could not be a second number to the army of Xerxes who could not be a second number to the army of Xerxes who could not be a second number to the army of Xerxes who could not be a second number to the army of Xerxes who could not be a second number to the army of Xerxes who could not be a second number to the army of Xerxes who could number to the ar not find room in the boundless plains to display the wings. Few though we be, we are too many for vie tory. Our Gideon's army must undergo a purgation We must get down to the 300 that lap water only in their eagerness to fall upon the children of the East We shall then get down to our old contributing num ber. Heaven save us from these rapid accessions of The Bread Snatcher.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

For two whole days we had no food, And nunesa, gaunt and grim, Beside our cold hearth-stone sat down, 'Till we were 'feared of him.

My wife and children made no moun, Nor spoke complaining word; But in the chamber of my heart. Their pleading looks I heard.

Much fretted by their patient eyes, I left the house of wo, And in the dusty village street, I paced me to and fro.

Before me stood the baker's shop, In whose windows I could see The great, round loaves of wheaten bread, Look temptingly on me.

My children shall not starve to death; Such thought within me burned; I slyly snatched a loaf of bread, When the baker's back was turned.

I hurried home with eager feet, And there displayed my prize-While Joy, too long a stranger thing, Came in and lit our eves.

To fragments in our hunger fierce, That sweet, sweet loaf, we tore ; And gathered afterward the crumbs,

From off the dusty floor.

While yet our months were full there came A knock to make us start-I spoke not, but felt the blood Grow thicker at my heart.

The latch was raised, and in there rushed The neighbors with a din; They said I stole the baker's bread. Which was a grievous sin.

To check the vices of the poor, And stop the growth of crime

In Court, the portly Judges said And doomed me to the gloomy jail, For wanton wickedness.

They asked me why the penalty Of crime should not be paid ; And when I strove to state the cause-They laughed at what I said.

In jail for three long months I lay,-Three months I toiled in wo, And then they opened wide the doors, And told me I might go.

From out the prison I did not walk, But run with harrying feet, Down through the dim'y lighted ball, Into the busy street.

I had not gone three yards or more, Before the poor-house hearse Passed by with coffins three within-Each coffin with a corse.

And two were short, and one was long-I asked who they might bear ; The people answered never a word, But on me fixed a stare.

The sexton turned his head away, And when the hearse had passed, 4 heard him mutter to the rest-" His mind is going fast !" I heeded not-I hastened home.

And entered in my door, Where silence, like a serpent, crept And slimed along the floor.

Our old cat came from the corner out, And crooked her back and cried; I stooped me down and patted her,

And then I stood and sighed. 110 0

010

I left the house and sought the street-My mind was growing wild; 44.04 And playing with a pile of dust, 26 cm 237 I saw a chubby child: "Come hither, my little dear," said I, " Where did the people go, 06" Who lived within you empty house, 6006 For some two years or so?" Then spake outright the litte child, While I grew deadly palewash sy 04. "The man, Sir was a wicked thief, 1 ward And they sent him off to jail. That the 00000 "His wife and children hid themselves, 98"/ But they were found to-day, 4166 10000 mas and And in the gloomy poor-house hearse, 90"1 10001 26 Cui 26 B Were taken far away. 68% 46" They say they never will come back, 1116 Because the three are dead-56" But was it not a wicked thing #61 88" For the man to steat the bread ?" 4181-1861 4191 blu 88000 2911-11" 468 " 16.00 G 444 10000 Bynny 4504 10000 98 Boos & 198 9 m he 4/1/ 4/1 long Boar 91 91.46 97 .. 686 00" min El 441 8 mg 6 05.1 8 min- 6 18000 f 98" though 9-" A 200 91 73/8 20 W6 5300 p 64" 496 2000 0411 66 .. 75/6 81.91 26" 80000 910 1-1: 9448 88 441 471 or acul 811 gron 6 Brown P mont, 06" 40 8000 V 247 Surse 910 nous 61" of reads almad of 3 by Lound 370003 0.5.7 0006 of sack 00 % 13/ sound Thon 41'96 11 stmy 0 Honseyl shows #181 #101

POETRY.

From the Liberty Bell.

ibed to the Intolerant, throughout New England and the Coasts thereof.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

The slave is dying in his chain,
Unheeded and alone;
We see his lears, we feel his pain—
We make his wrongs our own;
But while we labor for redress,
Up springs a root of bitterness.
We thought, by baskets, caps, and collars,
We well might raise one thousand dollars,
By which, if properly expended,
Would right prevail, and wrong be ended.

But, we the while, a recream few
Refuse to stitch, or knit, or sew,
Because, forsooth, such fairs as these,
Go sore against their consciences!
Now, Abolitionists, be true!

We fain would leave the case to you:
What kind of conscience can they have
Who will not labor for the slave,
By means of Fairs? Are such defensible,
Rejecting means so in dispensable?
We cannot for one moment doubt
You'll lend your aid to turn them out,
Yes, yes! you yield—we're of our men sure—

Yet do it genlly by a censure.

Resolve, that when this note they sounded,
The blessed cause they sorely wounded.

Tell them the verdict you have found,
Is, I wandered from the ancient ground.'

Tell them, with tears, that every minute
They wrong the cause, by staying in it.

Tell them that when with lofty airs

They give their reasons against fairs,

Tell them that when with lofty airs
They give their reasons against fairs,
Against the bleeding slave they sin;
'They've dragged a foreign topic in.'
Heed not their free, effectual pleading
And other labors for the bleeding;
Rejecting fairs, they've 'widely wandered

Rejecting fairs, they've 'widely wandered
From off the track,' and 'lowered the standard.'
If these just views you strongly word,
They'll leave us of their own accord,
With satisfaction and content;

Colonized with their own consent.

If not, both duty and propriety
Call loudly for a new society.

We must have paper, type, and ink,
To rouse men's hearts, and bid them think;
And surely all must see with one eye,
We cannot get them without money;

And loudly all our friends declare

Ve can't raise funds without a Fair.

In demonstration, oh what beauty!

Thus fairs become all Christian duty.

Then down with Grimke, Kelly, Weld,

And all who wickedly beheld

The glories of our needle cases,

With chilling brows or doubtful faces.

Denounce them 'in the vein of Ercles,'
Who cast contempt on sewing-circles,—
Those spheres appropriate' of woman,
By law divine as well as human.

And girdles for the merchant maketh:

Of scarlet silk her house is full,

Her hand the distaff taketh; '
(By this, no doubt, the wise man meant
The distaff of accomplishment.')
And then that hand, (the text how sure,)
Relieves the needy and the poor.'

What man is he, who proudly sneers,
As these strained arguments he hears
From custom, gospel, law, and chance,
In favor of intolerance?

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie him,
To see himself as others see him!

Oh, would eternal Providence
Enlarge his soul—increase his sense,
To see that on this mole-hill earth,
A congress and a sewing meeting,
May each to like events give birth—

With like parade its members seating;
To see that one strong word of truth
Is mightier than a world's coercion;
That bigotry, with tiger tooth,
No chain can break,—do anguish soothe;

That practice far outgoes assertion;—
That oft the means which lightest task us,
Excel the waters of Damascus;—
That even from reading doggrel numbers,
May Trath go with us to our slumbers.
That Farenow only is our goal:—
That every true and faithful soul
Must choose its own means to effect it;
And, be it ballot, be it fair,

Or free produce, or monthly prayer, Bell, book, or candle, or whate'er, Grant others freedom to reject it.

For the North Star.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY GRORGE KENT.

'An uncertain Sound.'

When this old Bell was new—
'Tis now, some sixty years—
Its tones, to freedom true,
Rang merry on our ears.
It told of chains then broken,
Of bonds then rent in twain;
'Twas Independences' token,
'We ne'er are slaves again.'

It rang in thunder-tones,

This truth, to freemen dear—
Pledg'd by our fathers' bones—
'All, men are equal' here.
The word of promise keeping,
To ears that hailed the sound;
But ah! what cause of weeping,

In broken hopes is found!

In shame this truth we own,

That palls upon the heart,

'All 'white' men'— they alone

Have in this boon a part.

In 'double-sense' we 'palter'—

We make of truth a lie;

Bow down at Freedom's altar,

In base hypocrisy.

Thus, thus—it shall not be,
Sons of our patriot sires!
In TRUE HEARTS now we see
The glow of freedom's fires.
The bow of promise beaming,
Meets high our ardent gaze—
The flag of freedom streaming,
Reflects the sun's bright rays.

The beneficent Grand-parents, Uncles, or Aunts, who are on the watch to gratify good children, are informed that a copy of the annexed lines, adds greatly to the pleasure to be derived from their gifts, as has been proved by actual experiment, in the cases of several little ones,

To save trouble, the toys can be wrapped in this paper.

ST. NICHOLAS IN THE CAUSE.

This personage is, in Romish fable, the patron Saint of good children, and is supposed to fill their stocking (hung up at the chamber door for the purpose,) with toys, at each recurrence of his day in the Calendar.

St. Nicholas started at twelve o'clock ;-He heard the voice of the morning cock . And he said to his comrade, a stout little elf, Full of philoprogenitiveness, like himself, Bestir thee! bestir thee! and sort out the toys, And make up a lot for the --- boys ' * The morning was chill, and the morning was dark, But St. Nicholas hastily lighted a spark, And seizing his basket and donning his coat, Directed their course to the chamber remote, Where good little - | lay fast asleep, And into the stocking they emptied a heap Of exquisite articles, tasteful and rare, Newly bought of the true Anti-Slavery Fair. But stop! ' cries his comrade, so staid and so sober, Why do up our Christmas affairs in October? The moment I learned there were slaves in the land. St. Nicholas answered, to free them I planned. And henceforth, (if parents my motion but second,) Be my day amongst moveable festivals reckoned, That my bargains a joy to the slave child may be, As my gifts always gladden the hearts of the free,' Then forward they flew, as the children were flocking, Each to see what St. Nicholas had put in the stocking.

*Here please to insert, in the blank space, the name of the town to which the little one belongs.
† Here please to insert the name of the favored little individual.

AN ACROSTIC.

S earch the history of guilt;
L er the inquisition tell
A ll the human blood it spilt;
V ice can show a blacker hell.
E nter yonder squalid place,
R ead the story of that face:
Y ou shall learn man's worst disgrace.

I AM WHAT! AM.

To me brave men have bent the knee,
H eaven and earth are full of me.
E ver make my way your guide,
F or no way is right beside.
A nd am! still unknown to thee?
I'm all around you, look and see;
R each forth your purse and give to me.

E. L. F

A GIFT FOR THE FAIR.

My dear Mrs. Chapman bids me send
A few lines for the 'Fair.'

I have ten dollars, I wish to spend,
Suppose I spend them there!

So take the money I here convey,
And spend it for a cake;
Or for a drink, if my lady may
A drink prefer to take.

GERRIT SMITH.

Peterboro', October 10, 1839.

1013 Mile of Burn of Sills 8101.

13) - 13) 13 8 Span (rout All Sale 1 cost 1 20048 - hind put Sund June 24 th my nucle Jacous 63.8 81-1 - in Cround in guilla dinally School School 1816 - And hat Elish - 1/81 16 th 15 C Rush - For he Ap the sollo 18. 3.00 9000 g 15.1 1000 gl 05. Desender 20 th Britance on 344 - - ,03 4866 conte for 19 19 19 19 18 PA \$ 34.73 86.99 21.6 - 1481 Lens hay 1811 - 5.16 18 War is the wat in seminar 24.61 80.848 1 spendinos from desse pet 4101 Munch 22-10th by 2866- \$9.58 82-65 Long & at 20 100 8 Davide France of goden & - siling () 8/01

Thanks to a kind Providence, I am now safe in old Ireland, in the beautiful city of Dublin, surrounded by the kind family, and seated at the table of our mutual friend, JAMES H. WEBB, brother of the wellknown RIGHARD D. WEBB. I landed at Liverpool on Thursday morning, 28th August, and took lodgings at the Union hotel, Clayton Squire; in company with friend Buffum and our warm-hearted singers, the Hutchinson family. Here we all continued until Saturday evening, the 30th instant, when friend Buffum and myself (with no little reluctance) separated from them, and took ship for this place, and on our arrival here, were kindly invited by James, in the temporary absence of Richard D. Webb and family, to make his house our home.

There are a number of things about which I should like to write, aside from those immediately connected with our cause; but of this I must deny myself,at least under present circumstances. Sentimental letter-writing must give way, when its claims are urged against facts necessary to the advancement of our cause, and the destruction of slavery. I know it will gladden your heart to hear, that from the moment we first lost sight of the American shore, till we landed at Liverpool, our gallant steam-ship was the theatre of an almost constant discussion of the subject of slavery-commencing cool, but growing hotter every moment as it advanced. It was a great time for anti-slavery, and a hard time for slavery ;the one delighting in the sunshine of free discussion and the other horror-stricken at its God-like approach. The discussion was general. If suppressed in the saloon, it broke out in the steerage; and if it ceased in the steerage, it was renewed in the saloon; and if suppressed in both, it broke out with redoubled energy, high upon the saloon deck, in the open, refreshing, free ocean air. I was happy. Every thing went on nobly. The truth was being told, and having its legitimate effect upon the hearts of those who at Liverpool, the slaveholders, convinced that reason, morality, common honesty, humanity, and Christianity, were all against them, and that argument was no longer any means of defence, or at least and resorted to their old and natural mode of defending their morality by brute force.

Yes, they actually got up a Mos-a real Ameritoo, on the deck of a British steamer, and in sight of that enslaved him, to think of it. Without the slightest pretensions to patriotism, as the phrase goes, the away from such a country. It was decidedly the then turned, and requested me to proceed. I again most daring and disgraceful, as well as wicked exhibition of depravity, I ever witnessed, North or South : and the actors in it showed themselves to be as hard in heart, as venomous in spirit, and as bloody in design, as the infuriated men who bathed their hands in the warm blood of the noble Lovejoy.

The facts connected with, and the circumstances leading to, this most disgraceful transaction, I will now give, with some minuteness, though I may border, at times, a little on the ludicrons.

In the first place, our passengers were made up of nearly all sorts of people, from different countries, of the most opposite modes of thinking on all subjects. We had nearly all sorts of parties in morals, religion, and politics, as well as trades, callings, and professions. The doctor and the lawyer, the soldier and the sailor, were there. The scheming Connecticut wooden clock-maker, the large, surly, New-York lion-tamer, the solemn Roman Catholic bishop, and the Orthodox Quaker were there. A minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and a minister of the Church of England-the established Christian and the wandering Jew, the Whig and the Democrat, the white and the black-were there. There was the dark-visaged Spaniard, and the light-visaged Englishman-the man from Montreal, and the man from Mexico There were slaveholders from Cuba, and slaveholders from Georgia. We had anti-slavery singing and pro-slavery grumbling; and at the same time that Governor Hammond's Letters were being read, my Narrative was being circulated

In the midst of the debate going on, there sprang up quite a desire, on the part of a number on board, to have me lecture to them on slavery. I was first requsted to do so by one of the passengers, who had become quite interested. I, of course, declined, well knowing that that was a privilege which the captain alone had a right to give, and intimated as much to the friend who invited me. I told him I should not feel at liberty to lecture, unless the captain should personally invite me to speak. Things went on as usual till between five and six o'clock in the afternood of Wednesday, when I received an invitation from the captain to deliver an address upon the saloon deck. I signified my willingness to do so, and he at once ordered the bell to be rung and the meeting cried. This was the signal for a general excitement. Some swore I should not speak, and others said I should. Bloody threats were being made against me, if I attempted it. At the hour appointed, I went upon the saloon deck, where I was expected to speak. There was much noise going on among the passengers, evidently intended to make it impossible for me to proceed. At length, our Hutchinson friends broke forth in one of their unrivalled songs, which, like the angel of old, closed the lions' mouths, so that, for a time, silence prevailed. The captain, taking advantage of this silence, now introduced me, and expressed the hope that the audience would hear me with attention. I then commenced speaking; and, after expressing my gratitude to a kind Providence that had brought us safely across the sea, I proceeded to portray the condition of my brethren in bonds. I had not uttered five words, when a Mr. Hazzard, from Connecticut, called out, in a loud voice, 'That's a lie !' I went on, taking no notice of him, though he was murmuring nearly all the while, backed up by a man from New-Jersey. I continued till I said something which seemed to cut to the quick, when out bawled Hazzard, 'That's a lie!' and appeared anxious to strike me. I then said to the audience that I would explain to them the reason of heard it. At last, the evening previous to our arrival Hazzard's conduct. The colored man, in our country, was treated as a being without rights. 'That's a lie !' said Hazzard. I then told the audience that as almost every thing I said was pronounced lies, I would endeavor to substantiate them by reading a but a poor means, abandoned their post in debate, few extracts from slave laws. The slavocrats, finding they were now to be fully exposed, rushed up about me, with hands clenched, and swore I should Yes, they actually got up a MoB-a real American not speak. They were ashamed to have American can, republican, democratic, Christian mob, and that, laws read before an English audience. Silence was restored by the interference of the captain, who took the beautiful high lands of Dungarvan! I declare, it a noble stand in regard to my speaking. He said he is enough to make a slave ashamed of the country had tried to please all of his passengers-and a part of them had expressed to him a desire to hear me lecture to them, and in obedience to their wishes he conduct of the mobocratic Americans on board the had invited me to speak; and those who did not wish Cambria almost made me ashamed to say I had run to hear, might go to some other part of the ship. He

> commenced, but was again interrupted-more violently than before. One slaveholder from Cuba shook his fist in my face, and said, 'O, I wish I had you in Cuba!' 'Ah!' said another, 'I wish I had him in Savannah! We would use him up! Said another, 'I will be one of a number to throw him overboard !!

We were now fully divided into two distinct parties-those in favor of my speaking, and those against me. A noble-spirited Irish gentleman assured the man who proposed to throw me overboard, that two could play at that game, and that, in the end, he might be thrown overboard himself. The clamor went on, waxing hotter and hotter, till it was quite impossible for me to proceed. I was stopped, but the cause went on. Anti-slavery was uppermost, and the mob was never of more service to the cause against which it was directed. The clamor went on long after I ceased speaking, and was only silenced by the captain, who told the mobocrats if they did not cease their clamor, he would have them put in 1101 3110 irons; and he actually sent for the irons, and doubtless would have made use of them, had not the rioters become orderly.

Such is but a faint outline of an AMERICAN MOB ON BOARD OF A BRITISH STEAM Churry

Yours, to the end of the race, FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

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hours

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wanted others to have theirs too. I have never seen a more hearty people. Frederick addressed them about half an hour, to great acceptance. He was constantly interrupted with applause. I have written considerable to say so little. I am not used to writing for the press, but am in hopes to improve. I shall note some of the incidents of our journey, and give them to you to do what you think I should be glad to say something about the noble men and women, which have welcomed us here, but have neither time nor room. They are noble specimens of humanity, and are deeply interested in the anti-slavery cause in our country. Your friend and co-laborer, JAMES N. BUFFUM. 741818 Minh 3) 1015 Pay Andle 4150 ful 410 tysa Jus for 4101414 funding mog ly 1.33 then 18 th should my co of

Now for the letter of J. N. Buffum. A truer friend of our good cause does not walk upon the on the original building. The latter consists of a earth. At all times, and under all circumstances, he range of buildings, on a plan of convenience and maghas proved himself to be behind no one in fighty, courage and self-sacrifice. He makes no pretensions as a public speaker; but he carries with him an exhaustless fund of facts and anecdotes, which he re-

DUBLIN, Ireland, Sept. 1st. 1845. ESTEEMED FRIEND GARRISON:

promise to write you some of my first impressions on the rout of his army at Rowton Mower. Chester visiting, for the first time, our father land. I shall abounds with antiquities. In a cellar in Bridge-street avoid commenting on many things of interest to me, are remains of Roman sudatory and cold baths; and which occurred on our passage out, as they will be in Watergate-street are several old houses, with grogiven you in much better language by our friend tesque devices. Douglass: Suffice it to say, that our passage was attended with many incidents of novelty and interest dence of the Marquis of Westminster, delightwe passed—the awful grandeur of the ocean, when and is fitted in the greatest splendor. It comprises,

inst, making our passage in eleven days and thirteen mens of stained glass—and a valuable library. The hours. Liverpool is delightfully situated on the mouth stables on the north side have a very picturesque apof the river Mersey. It is said that this place was pearance. For beauty of proportions, and splendid merely a hamlet until the time of William III., since execution, I have never seen any thing to compare mercial port in the kingdom. It is said that one through the house by a gentleman employed exclutwelfth part of the shipping is navigated by Liverpool, sively for that purpose, who pointed out the various are struck with the ancient and rusty appearance of in the saloon cost 1000 pounds sterling each, almost the old world, from its contrast with our own country, thing in proportion. The cost of the building of the in that particular.

has looked at your trunk must be paid something for ing for the want of land to raise their bread. his own benefit; the car man, whom you have agreed With these thoughts and reflections, I returned home, ernment has interposed to endeavor to remedy the ings of the poor.

with the Hutchinson family, Edward N. Wright of of some of these objects is truly painful. Philadelphia, and Mr. Sharp of this country, to visit On Saturday, we parted with our friends, the main streams, diverging from the centre, and is re- ter dinner, we were taken some eight miles from this in other towns. The houses are excavated from a in a fine square. When we arrived, our friend JAMES rock to the depth of one story, beneath the level of HACOMTON was addressing some four or five thouthe ground, on each side, and have a portico running sand people. We were immediately conducted to along their front, level with the ground at the back, the platform. We had not fairly ascended it, before but one story above the street. These porticos, which James Haughton said, he was happy to inform themare called the rows, afford covering for the traveller that two gentlemen had that moment arrived from to walk under. Beneath them are shops and ware- America, who were tectotalers and anti-slavery men. building is the castle, part of which was constructed for us as friends, and three cheers that we were aboin the reign of William I. and part recently erected litionists. They said they wanted their liberty, and

nificence, scarcely to be equalled in the kingdom. It comprises an armory, containing 30,000 stand of arms-a gunpowder magazine-the shire hall-the county jail-an elegant court house-&c. &c.

Here, too, is St. John's church, said to have been founded by Ethelred, in 689-a portico of which now forms a very picturesque ruin. Trinity church, containing the remains of Matthew Henry, the Commen-I embrace the earliest opportunity to fulfil my On the wall is a tower, from which Charles I. beheld tator, and Parnell the poet, &c. The city is walled.

At Chester, we took a carriage to visit the resito one unaccustomed, as I am, to a voyage on the fully situated on the banks of the Dee, about 31-2 ocean. The many sea-monsters, which lifted themselves above the bounding waves—the extent and ed with deer. This noble mansion was built in the picturesque appearance of the many icebergs which Gothic style, from designs by Mr. Pardon, in 1813, lashed into fury by the storm—the case with which besides other apartments, an entrance hall, paved our gallant ship outrode and surmounted the waves, with variegated marble—a music gallery, adorned which at times seemed to threaten to overwhelm us, with two of West's fine paintings, of Cromwell dis-We landed at Liverpool on the morning of the 28th II.—a saloon decorated with some beautiful specisolving the Parliament, and the landing of Charles which time, it has rapidly advanced in population and with them. The land estate, in the centre of which importance, through the industry and enterprising this is situated, is seven miles long and six wide, culspirit of its inhabitants,—being now the second comthat it has one fourth part of her trade, one sixth part objects of curiosity as we passed along. I will not of her general commerce, and one half as much trade attempt to describe them: they were so numerousas the city of London. As you enter the place, you and gorgeous as to be oppressive. Three windows everything around you. I should know that I was in \$5000. The doors inside cost £100, (500,) and every palace was one and a quarter million pounds sterling. We put up at the Union Hotel, Clayton Square. The gardens are the most extensive and rich. Three There, again, you are struck with the difference with hundred men are constantly employed in keeping which hotels are conducted, from what they are in them in order, and cultivating the land. At the end our country. You are shown into a room by the ser- of one of the walks stands a Roman altar, almost as vant, which is appropriated to you and your party ex- old as the Christian era. Such is a faint outline of clusively. You have what you call for, and pay for this splendid place. I am as fond of the beautiful as what you call for, and have it alone. They have no any one. I love to see the works of art, and the decgeneral table, as we have in our country. Hotels are orations of genius, when they are in harmony with managed by mammon-at any rate, as far as the busi- the laws of nature; but this unnatural accumulation ness operations are concerned. They have the great of wealth, and needless appropriation of the means of est facility in taking the change from a stranger, of life, were to me sorrowful, and destroyed all the any people I ever met with. Our Yankees are called pleasure of my visit. Here, thought I, we can read great sharpers, but I think they might improve by the secret of England's poverty-one extreme must taking lessons of the English. After charging for follow another. No one man can appropriate such rooms, meals, servants, and everything possible, they an amount of property to his own use, without robwill let their servants come upon you with an intoler- bing others. I am suprised that such things can be able importunity. The servant that has waited upon -one man appropriates thousands of acres to the your table must have something extra; the man who raising of game to sport upon, while others are starv-

to give two shillings to take up your trank, will thankful that I had neither poverty nor riches-that manage to get four, &c. &c. These tricks are play- no such responsibility rested upon me, lest I should ed off on strangers to such an extent, that the gov- harden my heart, that I might not behold the suffer-

I am beset with beggars at every corner of the 1 On the morning of the 29th, I started, in company streets, asking for the means of subsistance. The sight

the ancient town of Chester, one of the oldest in this Hutchinson Family, and started for this place, where country. Chester is situated on a rocky eminence, we arrived on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and half encircled by a sweep of the Dee. It has four were conveyed to our good friend James Webb. Afmarkable for a peculiarity of construction, not seen place, to a meeting which was held in the open air, houses on a level with the street. The principal The whole assembly immediately gave three cheers

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THE COMMONWEALTH.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1851.

THE DUMB CHILD.

She is my only girl:

1 ask'd for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfini-h'd was Love's jewell'd ring,
Till set with this soft pearl;
The shade that Time brought forth I could not see;
How pure, how perfect seemed the gift to me!

Oh, many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deaden'd ear,
And suffer'd not the lightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon;
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay—
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play!

'T was long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me;
Waited and watch'd God knows how patiently!
How willingly deceived:
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

"Oh! if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me Morrara, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those seal'd lips never may be stirr'd
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart is sorely tried
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,—
Then moves her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watch'd her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul would burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;
While even silence bath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,
E'en that His still small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve?—O, murmuring heart be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play,
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even her fathers would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!

And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
Oh! at such times I know—
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild—
How his heart yearns over his silent child.

AUCTION SALES.

BY JOHN TYLER.

Store No. 9 Central Wharf.

New Orleans Sugar.

New Orleans Sugar.

ac and Rocketle Brandy, St. Croix Rum, Whisky, faderia, Sicily Madeira, Muharsey, Pare Jaice and Madeira, Wines.

HIS DAY, at Hochock, in Celiars under the Custasks Cognac and Rochelle Brandles, consisting of Hennessy, Otard, Point, Castillea, United Propriet ora Felevolesic, Costean and Faber brands.

Technology, Clark, Inc., 1998.

Lish Whisky, Sakol Madeira Wine.

Sicily ""

Malmaley "

53

pasks Old Madeira Wine.
Sicily
Mainsley
Port and Pure Juice, Harris & Sons brand.
e above are all entitled to debenture.
Allogues on the morning of sale.
Holand Gin.
Pipes Holand Gin, of superior quality.
Hf do

ro-Morrow, at 11 o clock, at No. 9 Central wharf.

Now landing—
bbls Scotch Potatoes, of superior quality for family
man or for acce.

bbls Scotch Fotatoes, or so, so or or or use or for seed.

Hazara White Sugar and New Orleans Sugar.

For account of whom it may concern—
boxes Hayana white Sugar, slightly stained.

Indis New Orleans Sugar.

Carolina Rice.

casks Carolina Rice, prime quality

Demaged Genny Bags.

fORROW, at 11 o'clock, at Custom House Stores, Long
—For account of whom it may concern—
bales Gunny Bags, partially damaged on the voyage o
importation.

Damaged Gunny Cloth and Ginger.
O-MORROW, at 11% o'clock, at end of India wharf.
—For account of whom it may concern—
bales Gunny Cloth.
ot of Ginge.
s above were partially damaged on the voyage of im-

Cotton.

MORROW, at 12 o'clock, opposite No. 9 Central whf sales Cotton, picked up at sea by sch Valture.

Damaged Lump Magnesia and Mustard Seed.
TUESDAY, at 11 o'clock, at No. 9 Central wharf.
—For account of whom it may concern—
hoxes Lump Magnesia.
hage English Austard Seed.
tinily damaged on the voyage.

— Mortgagee,

EDNESDAY, at 11 o'clock, at No. 9 Central wharf, bls "

bls "Cherry Brandy. ask Madeiria Wine. ask Madelria Wine.

"Sherry "
"Malnga "
igh Holland Gln.
hest Young Hyson Tea.
bbls Ground Coffee.
gai Oil Caus.
resh emptied Wine and Liquor Casks.
ugs and Demiljohns.
opper Siphon.
rm Chairs.
coxes Soap, No 1.

By order of h

By order of Mortgagees.

—At Private Sale,— uncheons superior St. Croix Enm, now in Custo m o Cellar.

BY HORATIO HARRIS & CO. No. 18 India street, Opposite Head of Central whart

THIS DAY, at 10% o'clock at No. 18 India st. -Landing from bark Geo ge D. Smonse-

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POETRY.

From the Christian Examiner. PEACE-PREEDOM.

Written during the rumor of approaching war be-ween England and America, by WILLIAM BEATTIE, Esq. M. D

Peace-Freedom! heaven-descended pair! With you all pleasures bloom; Without you, life were but despair-The world were but a tomb !

Peace-Freedom! who, of these possess'd His bliss would madly mar-Would scare the halcyon from her nest, And yoke the steeds of war!

Of Peace possessed, canst thou be poor? Of Freedom, canst thou pine? Oh, no-thy cup with bliss runs o'er-The wealth of worlds is thine !

They mock at War, who never knew The horrors of its reign ! Who never saw that blasting view, A carnage-covered plain!

But ye who've seen the crimson surge Sweep o'er a prostrate land :-Pray Heaven may yet avert the scuorge, And stay the gory hand!

For oh, if once along you hills The 'Dragon-standard' lowers; That sign shall be a thousand ills Entailed on us and ours!

But never-never let the sound Of warfare and its woes, With shock volcanic rend the ground, Where friends are met as foes!

Oh never vaunt the laurel wreath
That crowns the victor-chief:
'Tis watered with the dews of death; its leaf!

red stem-

will to but, wha sneers of the believe they will a

resolves 'Duty is ours,-consequences Goa's. I have been induced to make the foregoing remarks, from having read in Chamber's Journal a short account of the 'Life of John of Vicencia'—I cut it out, and send it to you herewith. If you can make room in your columns for that part of it which I have mentioned, I think you will do some service to the cause of humanity. Peace, perfect peace, and no war at all, was the practice of Christians in all ages of the church.

Yours, my dear Sir, faithfully,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

From the Amherst Gazette. Love !

What is love? Philosophy cannot define it; no definition is sufficiently comprehensive to includ-its every development. Whatever it is, to the ey which love opens, every figment of matter and ever sentence of lore has a magnetic connection with the 'long golden chain' of love which is destined the bind in one wast brotherhood all kindreds, tongue and tribes—God to man, man to man, and man

Where is love? Where! where is it not? God love, and God is every where; in hell, earth, heaver in all worlds of all systems, are the displays of love

What are the manifestations of love? On or globe it is seen in all substances and shadows—i Nature herself, and in Science, her picture; for eve figures are but the algebraic signs of her products and the triangle and circle only rude outlines of crystal and a dew-drop. It is seen in the ten thou sand tints and forms of bud, leaf, branch, flower sand tints and forms of bud, leaf, branch, flower fruit, pleasing the eye and nourishing strength; i the undistinguishable mass of conscious life withi the dust, the air, the waters; in the mechanic construction of untold varieties of visible creature giving them pleasure in life and man in their death in the architecture of earth's foundations and the er during hills; in the inimitable symmetry of pro-portions and precision of partitions found in ever portions and precision of partitions found in ever rock, tree, stream, dell, and animal habitation; the terrific storm, fertilizing fields, replenishin fountains, restoring equilibrium in masses of atmo giving back to earth or receiving from it dangerous y accumulated electric fire; seen in the whirlwin the ocean, the earthquake, working by wisdom, as proclaiming to the dullest ear-Man, know thy pe and thy dependence! Preeminently in the hume countenance, 'divinely fair,' where passion has nerused or broken its exquisitely chiseled lines; tsmile, the blush, the tear, the glance, the mental radiation, are both the contrivance of original lo and the expression of love derived. Here we ha opened another book in the records of Love !- its o velopments in the rational and moral. In our or affections,—youthful, conjugal, filial, parental,—vel the stirrings of that same incomprehensible lo which

Glows in the stars, refreshes in the breeze, Warms in the sun, and blossoms in the trees Lives in all life, extends through afl extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

We hear it in all the soothing harmonies of domest life—in the infant's prattle, the innocent laugh boyhood, the whispered vow of Beauty, the sacr pledge of Strength, the stern mandate of the for sighted father, the mother's yearning expostulation the frank rebuke of friendship. And it is it another voice of the same love which proclaims

be a glorious clearing away by and by. Best love to sister Catherine.
Yours till death,

MARY CLARK. In a letter from her, dated March 26th, after asknowledging the reception of some fruit we sent her,

'Accept, dear sister, my warmest thanks. You have not done it for reward, and yet the Lord will repay you tenfold, and comfort you on your own bed of languishing. Acts of charity and mercy are not forgotten by Him who seeth all things. 'Cornelius, thy prayers and thire along are thy prayers and thine alms are come up in remembrance before God.' I was surprised at the given from Mrs. ; not so much that she should be intellectually as 'spiritually alone.' That she should feel alone in regard to religious society is not strange, but to be spiritually alone, in the sense she seems to express, is different from our common ideas of Christian experience. We have the promise of the presence of the Saviour to be ever with us, if we are faithful and obedient, which promise is doubtless verified to thousands of hum-

promise is doubtless verified to thousands of humble, contrite hearts, scattered around in remote and secluded corners of the earth.

Henry C. Wright has done a great work here.
God bless him for it. A mighty contest is now begun and will be carried on, as I believe, to the destruction of the kingdom of the beast. It will be the part of the faithful here, to take good care of the cause in its grapple with sectarianism—the most formidable foe it has to meet with here, or perhaps anywhere. But I am very feeble and exhausted, and can say but little more. If I should survive until your meeting, possibly I may be able to send you a line; if not, some abler pen of our Society will do it in my stead. Farewell, dear sisters, there are bright hopes before us! I trust we shall meet in that world of 'purity and peace,' and joy, where our cup of felicity will be full, and we shall be assimilated to the library of our regions. Saviors

ted to the likeness of our precious Saviour.

God bless you forever! Take good care of the cause

Yours till death, and beyond the Jordan, M. CLARK.

EAST-BROOK!

FRIEND QUINCY: You are aware

greater strete, No obstacl greate per

say. fail to progeneval mind .erish and he forgotten, they had never been .- E. Q.

of

n the

Precious Epistles.

MR. GARRISON :

Boston, May 23rd, 1841.

SIR-I berewith send you a copy of MARY CLARE'S letter, that you expressed a wish to have, and part of a subsequent one, the last she sent me : do with them as you think best. It was graceful in her to magnify the little tokens of sympathy and remembrance I sent her. He who enjoined us to visit the sick, knew how grateful a kind word or look is, to one who is brought

In your study of this excellent woman's character, you must have remarked what would exemplify the prayer of the Psalmist- Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' This blessed state brought her to her sight, and she saw her Saviour always with her. This gave her strength this lifted her soul up as upon eagle's wings. She an, and was not weary; she walked, and did not fuint. She entered into rest-her Sabbath was Christ. She exclaimed- O the sweet way that is cast up for the ransomed of the Lord!' with her dying breath. This renewed spirit declared it sweet to die. Her serenity, her cheerfulness, her unaffected humility, were fruits of this renewed spirit, as was her charity suffering long, kind-not envying, not-vaunting itself, not puffed up. Because she is exalted, we ought not to think she has abandoned the good cause which she recommends to our care. No doubt it is dearer to her now than while 'she saw but in part.' As a ministering spirit, she will be sent forth to minister for them who are faithful,

With great respect,

HENRIETTA SARGENT.

CONCORD, Feb. 21st, 1841.

MY DEAR SISTER:

Being totally unable to write you a letter in reply to your official one, I just take my pen to thank you for that with all my heart; for it did my very heart good to be kindly remembered. The letter was considered public property by H. C. Wright; and, indeed, it is far too good to be hidden in manuscript. Those beautiful sentiments in the latter part made me almost long to forsake this clayey butterfly. O could I see you—could you be near me,—for I am lonely, and two whole snowy miles away from my congenial friends. I have many such in town, or several very precious ones, and they call as often as they can. I have abundance of sympaas often as they can. I have abundance of sympathy from my dear friends every where, and, what is better than all, the Lord does strengthen and comfort me upon my bed of languishing. O the sweet way that is cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in! The Lord bless you for those precious words of comfort which He put in your heart to say to me! Dear sister, if you can, write me again. Thanks for the offer of the fruit, &c. &c. I shall commission the first one I can to call for it. My appetite is delicate, and it will be grateful. I am wearing away, but I shall sconer put on immortality.

I rejoice daily for what is doing around me. The ery elements almost seem to shake, but there will

BENEATH A PLACID BROW.

BY WIILIAM MOTHERWELL.

Beneath a placid brow,
And tear-unstained cheek,
To bear as I do now
A heart that well could break;
To simulate a smile
Amid the wrecks of grief,
To herd among the vile,
And therein seek relief,
For the bitterness of thought
Were joyance dear bought.

When will man learn to bear
His heart nailed on his breast,
With all its lines of care
In nakedness confessed?
Why, in this solemn mask
Of passion-wasted life,
Will no one dare the task,
To speak his sorrows rife?—
Will no one bravely tell,
His bosom is a hell?

I scorn this hated scene
Of masking and disguise,
Where men on men still gleam,
With falseness in their eyes;
Where all is counterfeit,
And truth hath never say;
Where hearts themselves do cheat,
Concealing hope's decay.
And writhing at the stake,
Themselves do liars make.

Go, search thy heart, poor fool!

And mark its passions well;

'T were time to go to school,—

'T were time the truth to tell,—

'T were time this world should cast

Its infant slough away,

And hearts burst forth at last

Into the light of day;—

'T were time all learned to be

Fit for Eternity!

d to better advantage; persons having information effect, are requested to communicate it at once committee.

ains will be taken to secure the attendance at the tings, of a sufficient number of good speakers to them interesting.

LUCRETIA MOTT,

E. M. DAVIS, MARY GREW, J. M. McKIM,

Committee of Arrangements.

WEYMOUTH ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

has been found impossible to make preparation of Fair quite so early as was at first proposed, and n of the time will be given hereafter. The friends cause are entreated to unite with fresh zeal, liberal nd industry, that the occasion may not fail to be who we promises to be—one of great importance to the isslavery Enterprise, and of uncommon interest to it beates. A few very beautiful articles from abroad been already received, and donations of material making more; so that a large attendance on the weel ewing meeting is more than ever desirable, as the of the Fair approaches.

MARY WESTON, SARAH H. COWING, Com

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT-

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

CORRECTED WERELT FOR THE PLANEAUCT				
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Poetry.

For the Herald of Freedom.

The Bondman's Home.

Tune-" The Maltese Boatman's Song."

Ho! brother, ho! for the night comes on,

Redly sinks the setting sun;

Hark! to the yell of the far blood-hound, In the hum of distance drowned;

Then on let us speed when the daylight is o'er, Where chains, and where scourges shall be no more;

And where our slavery shall be o'er. How sweet shall be the bondman's home,

Home, home, home, The Bondman's welcome home,

Sweet, O sweet the Bondman's welcome home, Welcome home, welcome home, welcome home.

Have we not toiled full long in vain,
Loaded with the cruel chain,—
From all that could make e'en bondage sweet,
Parted never more to meet?
Then haste, let us fly to our home afar,
Led on by the light of the Northern Star,
To where the joys of freedom are.

To where the joys of freedom are. How sweet the Bondman's welcome home, &c. Keen is the scent of the hound, far back,

But the streams shall break our track;
Deadly and sure is the rifle's shot;
But its sound shall daunt us not;

Then on, right on, through the brake and morass;

The thickets thread, and the deep rivers pass,
As many a sable brother has.

Then hail the Bondman's welcome home, &c. Hail, all hail, the Bondman's welcome home, &c.

Loud behind is the cry of pursuit,
But our braves are swift of foot:
Louder ahead is Niag'ra's roar,
And with joy we hail its shore;
Then plunge in the torrent and on 'ye braves,
Strike for the shore where there live no slaves!
Now win our freedom or our graves.

Hurrah! the Bondman finds his home— Home! home! home!

The Bondman finds his home; Shout, O shout, the Bondman finds his home. Finds his home, &c.

E. D. H.

vented the inspection of minute objects While this difficulty remained, the most beauve teous of Nature's works could only be examior- ed through the fatiguing eye-instrument. his vain the dragon fly flitted by, dazzling the eye im with its golden vestments, or the gorgeon panepa glittered in the sunbeam, the research Bid of 30,000,000 powers could yield but an enoad, mous shadow.

It is the success we have met with in our the attempts to exhibit objects in all the brilliance der of Nature's coloring that elates us most: a net though the attainment of our aim has cost ely months of labor and hard thinking, yet the as, single display of a papilo muchoan, who to wings measure nine feet on the screen, amp'y

repaid us.

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I cannot refrain from mentioning a metamorphose which I was happy enough to witness ind through the agency of our instrument. pe placed a larvæ of a May-fly under the action ol- of 3,000,000 powers, which gave a represen-While watching the movements of its breathon ing apparatus, I perceived the head to be leav ch ing the body, or rather drawing another body be with it from within the one I was examining In a few seconds four legs were thrown out (as one would throw out the frame of an umbre'ls) and floated on the surface of the water -the insect now measured twenty fact, and a more singular nondescript cannot be imagined than was presented in this balf aerial half Extending from squatic piece of existence. a few feet back of the head to the extremity ng of the body, as far as it had drawn out, apgn peared on either side what seemed an illy ng furled sail, which, by an effort of the insect, ii, was immediately flong to the breeze-and lo a stupendous pair of wings was added to the scene. The old envelop floated away, and before me fluttered a thing of air! The enm. Ir. tire time from its larvee state swinging to my of receiver till it floated away on wings, did not exceed three minutes. I never, in the wildest flight of imagination, conjured up a sight so amazing as this. is

There are other peculiarities about our in strument which I am not at liberty to mention at present. I will state, however, that in the arrangement and combination of leases and speculæ, we have, in many instances, worked directly opposite to the fundamental laws that

have been supposed to govern optics.

An old clergyman Visiting the Heathen. and rather an eccentric one withal, whose field of labor was a town in the interior of New England, one Sunday, at the close of the services, gave notice to his congregation that in the course of the week he experted to go on a mission to the heathen .--The members of his church were struck with alarm and sorrow at the sudden and unexpected announcement of the loss of their heloved pastor, and one of the deacons, in great AN IRISH ANECDOTE.

In the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and as I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eyes out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, among which was the following incident:

I was standing one morning at the window of

when my attention was attracted by t took place beneath. The Belfast ' mine inn,' a scene that took place beneath. coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a young woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

'Come down wid ye, Thady'— the speaker was the old woman—'come down to your ould! mother: sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I give ye. Come down Thady, darling.'

'It's honor method.

'It's honor, mother,' was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

'Thady, come down — come down, ye fool of the world - come along down wid ye! tone of the present appeal was more impatient

tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last, and the answer was mere promptly and sternly announced: 'It's honor, brother!' and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly than ever on the roof.

'Oh Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen that bids ye! Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady jewel; come down then!' and the poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look up that had a visible effect on the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before. the same resolution as before.
'It's honor, honor bright, Kathleen!' and

to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadily in front, whilst the entreaties burst from all three in chorus with the same an-

swer

'Come down, Thady, honey! Thady, ye f come down! Oh Thady come down to me! 'It's honor, mother! honor, brother! ho bright, my own Kathleen!' Thady, ye fool,

honor

Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public that I did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home on furlough, to visit his family, and having exceeded, as he thought, the term of his leave, he was going to join his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough

of his neglect. I asked expired.

'The first of March, your honor — bad luck to it of all the black days in the world — and here it is, come suddenly on me like a shot!'

'The first of March! why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare, then — the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is leap year, and February has twenty-nine days.'

The soldier was thunderstruck. 'Twenty-nine lays' it? — you're sartin of that same? Oh,

The soldier was thunderstruck. 'Twenty-nine days, is it? — you're sartin of that same? Oh, mother, mother! the deuce fly away wid your old almanac — a base cratur of a book, to be deceiven one, afthur living so long in the family of

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap with a loud hurrah! His second was to throw himself into the arms of Kathleen: and the third was to

wring my hand in acknowledgment.

'It's a happy man I am, your honor, for my word's saved, and all by your honor's manes.—
Long life to your honor, for the same! May ye live a long hundred — and lape years every one of them!'

ful experiment, are worthy of all commendation; inasmuch as its fortunate issue demonstrates the practicability and expediency of the proposed improvement of Grand River. He represents the stream as the most beautiful he ever saw; running its devious course through a country of surpassing fertility, and frequently fed by large tributaries. The banks are high, for nearly the thole length, and the rapids found at often-recurring points, will furnish an immense aggregate of water power. The extensive tracts of beech and maple land which are spread on both sides of this river, must ultimately support a dense population, and pour an incalculable amount of productions upon the canal yet to be constructed colineal with this noble river between Jackson and Grand Rapids. Coal and sand stone, in apparently inexhaustible supply, are found in the county of Eaton adjacent to the river, and cropping-out (as geologists term it) upon its banks. These resources, in such remarkable juxta-position to the means of transportation, declare the necessity of their development, and the profitable returns that will inevitably flow from the expenditures made for that purpose. The able report made during the last session of the Legislature by Mr. B. Kinght, of Enton county, should be in the hands of every inhabitant of the valley. It may be safely said, that no canal in the Union runs through a larger extent of country of fertile soil and varied resources immediately adjacent to its line, than the one proposed to be constructed upon the Grand River.

THE LEGISLATURE.—By reference to our synopsis of the proceedings, it will be seen that the 'collected wisdom of the State' brought their labors to a close on Tuesday last. We have endeavored to give a general view of their doings as they have progressed, and shall soon lay before our readers the more important of the laws.—Time will not admit of general review at this time; we therefore defer it.

By reference to our first page, the reader will observe the lucid report of the Board of Supervisors on the finances of the county. Also, the law passed at the present session of the Legislature in relation to the pay of jurors.

Rumors.—The United States Gazette of Saturday March 2d, gives the following extract of a letter dated, Washington, March 1, 1844.

'Rumor says that Mr. Walker, of Mississippi, is to be appointed Secretary of State! Mr. Saunders, will, undoubtedly be nominated Sec'y of the navy. Some think Mr. Spencer, will be nominated as Secretary of State, being the only man about the President of sufficient ability to conduct the pending negotiation with Sir R. Packenham.'

A national democratic convention for the nomination of a candidate for President and Vice President of the United States, meets at Baltimore on Monday, the 29th day of May next, being the fourth Monday of that month. This is the day originally proposed by the democracy of South Carolina, and honorably acceded to by their democratic brothren in every state in the Union.

[Albany Argus.

05 Michigan Flour was selling in New York at \$4 94, on Saturday, March 2d.

The subjoined lines, by the English poet MOTHER-WELL, recently deceased, express so truly the feelings which are outraged by the American Colonization Society, that they may claim a place in the columns of the Anti-Slavery Standard.

The Expatriated.

No bird is singing
In cloud or on tree,
No eye is beaming
Glad welcome to me:
The forest is tuneless,
Its brown leaves fast fall—
Changed and withered they fleet
Like hollow friends all.

No door is thrown open,
No banquet is spread;
No hand smooths the pillow
For the wanderer's head;
But the eye of distrust
Sternly measures his way,
And glad are the cold lips
That wish him—good day!

Good day !—I am grateful
For such gentle prayer,
Though scant be the cost
Of that morsel of air.
Will it clothe, will it feed me,
Or rest my worn frame !
Good day ! wholesome diet
A proud heart to tame.

Now the sun dusks his glories
Beneath the blue sea,
And no star in its splendor
Beams brightly on me;
The path I must travel
Grows dark as my fate,
And nature, like man, can
Wax savage in hate.

My country! my country!
Though step-dame thou be, .
Yet my heart in its anguish
Cleaves fondly to thee;
Still in fancy it lingers
By mountain and stream,
And thy name is the spirit
That rules my wild dream.

This heart loved thee truly,
And, oh! it bled free
When it led on to glory
Thy proud chivalry;
And, oh! it gained much from
Thy prodigal hand—
The freedom to break, in
The stranger's sad land!

nowever, is steadily increasing throughout the in a degree that should incite the friends of this erprise to thank God and take courage. It must to increase, with the spread of knowledge and huntil our country and the world is emancipated bondage of that great foe to the happiness and in-

en-intemperance.

The bill has passed both Houses for a x imposed is one mill on every dollar of le to taxation; one per cent. on all the e; one half per cent. on furniture costeper cent. on pleasure carriages; from ir on watches. The estimated amount used from these sources is one million t of Pennsylvania is therefore redeemed.

As a fruit country, we doubt whether arpassed. We have this week feasted ies, plums, prunes, figs, cherries, and wact, there were a few peaches ripe in May. other day, in Mr. H. Gee's orchard the of fruit trees: apple, pear, peach, plum, prune, and fig, together with various We have seen, in addition to these, in he lemon, pomegranate, almond, cherry, tle attention, the varieties of our fruits and greatly improved.—Quincy, Florida th.

entucket, R. I.—We do not recollect the e heard many others who have long rethe same remark—when there were so progress of criction in this town as there ison. This would seem so give a false te of the times, were it not to be impart re believe it may, by the fact that people secause they have nothing else to do.—

for Sick Rooms.—A few drops of oil of h, though not in general use, may be own, when dropped on a hot shovel, will cable balsamic perfume throughout the rooms, or other confined apartments.

course.—The Discourse on the Life and te Dr. Follen, by Samuel J. May, is Anti-Slavery Depositor. It is a proits excellent author, and portrays with and force the noble quilties of the laextracts which have been published are and cannot fail to awaken a strong of the reader to be in possession of the

##.—A new edition of this clear-toned issued, to be rung on the approaching et the focs of freedom 'look out for the

The grumbling churl, who is too lazy work himself, is generally the loudest he inactivity of others.

EGGS.—The subscriber has for sale several orm Eggs, of the various approved varieties, Selphur, Mamasoth White, Pea Nut. Two-crop, a large or small qu. atities, at a reduced price, They are of American production, great care them, and they are in sine state of preservation. herwise, from any part of the country, will be ally answered, by TIN WOODWORTH, 34 Nassau, cor. Fulton.

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Dreadfully staring
Through moddy impurity,
As when with the earing
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.
Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meckness,
Her sins to her Savior!

A. S. trust !" What is official responsibility any where but the responsibility of the individuals holding the office ?-Do you suppose that we give our time and our money for the sake of the dignity of our official station-or is it for our perquisites that you should thus intimate doubts of our integrity? I know you did not mean that these inferences should be drawn, but they will inevitably be drawn from what you say. Men are always ready enough to catch at any excuse for buttoning up their breeches pockets. Fire-brands and arrows are none the less fire-brands arrows because they are scattered The following sweet and plaintive lines possess a melancholy interest since the decease of the gifted author, and we cheerfully pass them along on their third or fourth circuit through the newspapers.

Bridge of Sighs.

BT TOM HOOD

One more unfortunate Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashloned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Young, and so fair!
Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not louthing.
Touch her not scornfully;

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her,
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all alips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses,

Escaped from the comb—

Her fair auburn tresses;

Whilst wonderment guesses

Where was her home?

Where was her home?
Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one

Yet, than all other?

Alas, for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,

Home had she none.
Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Peelings had changed;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lumps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,

She stood, with amazement,
Houseless, by night.
The blenk wind of blarch
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—

Any where, any where
Out of the world!
In she plunged boldlyNo matter how coldly
The rough river ranOver the brink of it,
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Then, if you can!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,

Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs rigidly
Stiffen too frigidly,
Decently, kindly
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

tice; his children are not educated, nor are his rights respected as they are he New England. These things exist New England. These things exist from year to year in a State where political parties are nicely balanced and where the vo-ting abolitionists hold in their hands the balance of political power. Another great evil resulting from Abolitionism having taken so exclusively a political phase is, the corrupting influence of the popular theolo-The most horrid doctrines respecting gy. man's rights are avowed and taught, and the recreant priest escapes exposure from the hands of abolitionists quite as easily as a political demagogue would. As far can judge, I should say, that the prominent politicians of the West were far in advance matter of of the religious teachers in the slavery: and that the decisions of the Court House were infinitely more humane and truly Christian, than those of ecclesiastical synods or conferences. I think our tern friends must soon see their exact posi-tion, and I was amused to witness the great sensation made by a handbill posted about Cincinnati, informing the public there would be a "Mass Meeting and splendid presentain front of the First Presbyterian tion Church, A Presentation of a pair of SILVER HANDCUFFS to Rev. Dr. Junkin, for his disinguished abilities in defence of slavery."

The eyes of the South and West are now directed to the State of Kentucky. A most interesting discussion is now going on there in relation to Slavery. Cassius M. Clay's paper has marked an epoch in the history of that State, and I trust will be instrumental in soon effecting emancipation. In the absence of all great political and religious excitements, the subject of slavery is now prought before the community, unattended by any particular party object. The naked by any particular party object. The naked simple question in all its moral and politial attributes is now prominently before he public. The party newspapers are full f the subject, and a great amount of talent

s employed in the investigation.

In western Virginia also, I found the pirit of Liberty had infused itself into the ublic mind, and slavery was the one subect of conversation. I saw five columns re-pecting slavery in one of the leading po-

pecting slavery in one of itical papers of Virginia. The peaceful Ohio river, as it slowly noves along its loomy bed, and separates he slave States from the free, is silently loquent for Liberty, and the traveler is arried through an anti-slavery discourse early a thousand miles in length. The pplication is addressed to his observing iculties, and as the address has but two diisions, the impression is very marked, and

ne inference is adapted to all minds. popular chorus asserts, that "Old The irginia never tire," the reason is very ob-ous, she never works. But yet Virginia, oks tired. Those once fertile valleys, that and those poorly clad enerable mansion, nd ignorant inhabitants, all look tired—eartily tired of the system which has nigh estroyed the garden of the New World, nd brought the "Old Dominion," under at present living upon the echoes of her ormer greatness. The census of 1840 made nany "astounding disclosures," but in no

28-1 ---- 1818 gen - (81 Juli 181 1819 Stoor 21 to goon -\$1.33 1817 gray 26 x my 4.21/2 B. Church 4/6 /2. 65 - \$ 9.65 - 18 ougus 16 th of Season inist for the forment to the fulles 1015 august 15 th My such hour Showl of All fulls 1444 29 " Just 600 my live minimit 8, 96 1814 June 2 cts to great 49.46 80 49"46 49"46 80 Sour At to gues in Ems Soft of the Cheen 56"61 29"21 -

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The Anthor of Jone Egre, &c. BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF ELLIS AND ACTON

BELL By Currer Bell (Miss Bronte) in the preface to a new London edition of Wuthering Heights and Agnes

Ir has been thought that all works published under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, were in reality, the production of one person. This mistake I endeavored to rectify by a few words of dis-claimer prefixed to the third edition of Jane Eyre. These too, it appears, failed to gain general credence and now, on the occasion of a reprint of Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey, I am advised distinctly t state how the case really stands.

Indeed, I feel myself that it is time the obscur ty attending those two names-Ellis and Acton Bell -was done away. The little mystery, which formerly yielded some harmless pleasure, has lost its interest; circumstances are changed. It becomes, then, my duty to explain briefly the origin and authorship of the books written by Currer, Ellis, and

About five years ago, my two sisters and myself after a somewhat prolonged period of separation, found ourselves re-united, and at home. Resident in a remote district, where education had made little progress, and where, consequently, there was no inducement to seek social intercourse beyond our own domestic circle, we were wholly dependent on ourselves and each other, on books and study, for the enjoyment and occupations of life. The highest stimulus, as well as the liveliest pleasure we had known from childhood upwards, lay in attempts at literary composition; formerly we used to show each other what we wrote, but of late years this habit of communication and consultation had been discontinued; hence it ensued, that we were mutually ignorant of the progress we might respectively have

"One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally alighted on a MS, volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse: I look-

ply, on which we acted, and at last made a way.
"The book was printed: it is scarcely known, and all of it that merits to be known are the poems of "Anne's character was milder and more subdue."

all of it that merits to be known are the poems of Ellis Bell. The fixed conviction I held, and hold, of the worth of these poems, has not, indeed, received the confirmation of much favorable criticism; but I sister, but was well endowed with quiet virtues of her own. Long-suffering, self-denying, reflective, and own. Long-suffering, reserve and taciturnity

one volume. These MSS, were persevereingly ob-truded upon various publishers, for the space of a year and a half; usually, their fate was an ignomious and abrupt dismissal.

"At last, Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey were accepted on terms somewhat impoverishing to the two authors; Currer Bell's book found acceptance nowhere, nor any acknowledgment of merit, so that something like the chill of despair began to invade his heart. As a forlorn hope, he tried one publishing house more—Messrs. Smith and Elder. Ere long-in a much shorter space than that on which experience had taught him to calculate-there came a letter, which he opened in the dreary expecta-tion of finding two hard, hopeless lines intimating that 'Messrs. Smith and Elder were not disposed to publish the MS.' and, instead, he took out of the envelope a letter of two pages. He read it trembling. It declined, indeed, to publish that tale, for business reasons, but it discussed its merits and demerits so courteously, so considerately, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that this very refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done. It was added, that a work in three volumes would meet with careful attention.

"I was then just completing Jane Eyre, at which I had been working while the one volume tale was plodding its weary round in London: in three weeks sent it off; friendly and skillful hands took it in. This was in the commencement of September, 1847: it came out before the close of October following. while Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey, my sisters works, which had already been in the press for months, still lingered under a different manage-

They appeared at last. Critics failed to do them di justice. The immature but very real powers revealed in Wuthering Heights were scarcely recognized; the its import and nature were misunderstood; the indentity of its author was misrepresented; it was said that this was an earlier and ruder attempt of the same pen which had produced Jane Eyre. Unjust and grievous error! We laughed at it at first, but I deeply lament it now. Hence, I fear, arose a preindice against the book. That writer who could

astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers, gathering before the 'writing on the wall,' and unable to read the characters or make known the interpretation.— We have to say to you, of the contrary, she was ever ready to rejoice where there was gladness, and soothsayers, gathering and to sympathize with all the sorrowful; to partitude again:

"The abundance of what I have to say to you, of that of fire, fill your breast." We have a right to rejoice when a true seer comes the midst of which she lived. Yet, when her daily at last, some man in whom is an excellent spirit, to whom have been given light, wisdom, and understanding; who can accurately read the 'mene, mene, covered all things with her dark and quiet mantle, tekel upharsing of an original mind (however, mene, she would turn with lengths and mid and with covered and my can be a few man and with covered and my want of time, have delayed my answers to parently wished to divert the gloomy intensity of feeling under which she was suffering. fidence, 'This is the interpretation thereof.'
"Yet, even the writer to whom I allude shares the

* See Palladium for September, 1850.

"My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep grounded in my memory: but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she linadmired author. The first portion of this later cor-

"Ill success failed to crush us; the mere efforts to succeed had given a wonderful zest to existence; it must be pursued. We each set to work an and especially has feeling and covered her mind, and especially has feeling and covered her mind.

The immature but very real powers reveal- scenery of the Rhine. Here, from earliest infancy. darkly on the cheat.

"Yet I must not be understood to make these ly from the immortals of the ancient world, though things subject for reproach or complaint; I dare not a few of the more exalted moderns were admitted to do so; respect for my sister's memory forbids me.—
By her any such querulous manifestation would have been regarded as an unworthy and offensive weakthe like distinction. With these phantoms of the my daughter."

To this letter the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing.

At this time the writings of Richter had become best I have not, for want of time, answered one-sixth

when the attement of MA. I. confinently relighbout an AS W. As will see from the proposal of the second proposal of the propos

Either at morn or eventide,
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said; She said "I am aweary, aweary, I would that I were dead."

home where her mother was still sleeping, and ters. Do not torment yourself, for your pain is doubled in me. odest glory; and the thought of the inconsslable ow which she was about to bring upon that dear should tell all to your mother and sizter, and find who had all night long unobservedly been wits of Maria's agony, and had secretly followed her
the fearful apprehensions, sprung with painful sotude to her side, and saved her from her despair.

t yet was she fated to visit the dark kingdoms
ere the weary seek for quietness. They walked
ae in silence from the river's brink, and, when
mer moments of reflection came, Maria resolved
all night long unobservedly been witto sometion and return her passion.

"He loves me!" she whispered frantically to
herself; he promises to seek me, nay, he even declares that he suffers on my account."

And again the hope, the burning fierce desire to
a see him agong and raged within her; though as le she lived.

"The abundance of what I have to say to you, of that of fire, fill your breast." tekel upharsin' of an original mind (however uniper however inefficiently cultured and partially expand-however inefficiently cultured inefficient the general delight of Germany. Maria, when but part, and between me and my best friends there is a child of ten years old, had read some of them with often a delay of months. Your first four letters that her letters were inspected at the post office.

mistake about the authorship, and does me the injustice to suppose that there was equivoque in my former rejection of this honor (as an honor, I regard it). May I assure him that I would scorn in this and in every other case, to deal in equiroque; I believe land eled of everything in man that she had given here. As she grew up to womanhood, he can be a standard that the tender and sontinental portion of his honor wap it in dishonest doubt.

"The Tenant-of Widfall Hall by Acton Bell, had likewise an untavorable reception." At this I cannot wonder. The choice of subject was and entire of men, a noble saint, a new redeemer, who alone mistake. Nothing less congruous with the writer's nature could be conceived. The motives which discontinent and the course of her life, been called on to contemplate, near at hand and for a long time, the terrible effects of talents missed and face on the course of the rife, been called on to contemplate, near at hand and for a long time, the terrible effects of talents missed and face of the rible elector of the shore of the shore of the process of the course of the rible elector of the shore of the shor

yow never to see me comes to nothing, (now comes sermonizing, which you have forbidden,) for in the Her self-tortured spirit was persuaded that in we vow only to do what is good, and leave the bad; death only was peace. According, in the twilight and this vow we bring with us into the world in the of a May morning, she stole out of the house, and form of conscience, and no newer oath can contrasucceed had given a wonderful zest to existence; it must be pursued. We each set to work on a prose tale: Ellis Bell produced Wuthering Heights, Acton Bell Agnes Grey, and Currer Bell also a narrative in one volume. These MSS, were persevereingly obstanced and septiments of the more efforts to succeed and kept her in the shade, and covered her mind, and especially her feelings, with a sort of nunlike veil, which was rarely lifted. Neither Emily or Anne were learned: they had no thought of filling the control Providence; and no newer oath can contradict it. Another thing: to swear to avoid a certain risen sun was sending forth his earliest messengers of light, and in the east they were strewing his path with splendors. The misty earth sent up her exhaust one volume. These MSS, were persevereingly obstanted as a constitutional reserve and taciturnity went with a fearful purpose to the river. The undict it. Another thing: to swear to avoid a certain risen sun was sending forth his earliest messengers of light, and in the east they were strewing his path with splendors. The misty earth sent up her exhaust of mild incense, in mute worship of the placed and kept her in the shade, and covered her risen sun was sending forth his earliest messengers of light, and in the east they were strewing his path with splendors. The misty earth sent up her exhaust of mild incense, in mute worship of the placed and kept her in the shade, and covered her risen sun was sending forth his earliest messengers of light, and in the east they were strewing his path with a fearful purpose to the river. The undict it. Another thing: to swear to avoid a certain placed and kept her in the shade, and covered her mind, and especially her feelings, with a sort of nunlike veil, which was rarely lifted. Neither Emily of light, and in the east they were strewing his path with a fearful purpose to the river. The undict it. rilliant power that was coming to maker her glosee my Caroline and my children, and then me, and lous. The forms of the old mountains were clothed I shall also see all your friends. You are the only ith mystic majesty, and, all around, the trees and invisible correspondent to whom I write so unre-owers were still and solemn in their beauty. But troubled eye saw little, and that dimly, of all not so much esteem for you, and so much confidence that you would do much more for me than I deserve or can ever repay? Would you only not err when the hushed in final rest. Yet she looked round on from business or necessity I am silent to your let-

widowed mother, suddenly came over her, and in their confidential love no occasion for opposition the her waver in her purpose. And now her sis-who had all night long unobservedly been wit-letter was far otherwise than Richter had expected.

ily never more to peril her mother's peace by any see him, arose and raged within her; though, as ilar deed of rashness, or in any way to leave her one has said, "the veil of holy innocence lay upon her," and in less enraptured moments she was thortly afterwards, the long expected letter articological with a fear that, in her communications of from Richter. He said: with the beloved, she had passed the delicate bounds Your four letters from a good but over excited of womanly reserve; and this again distracted her. rt have been received. I guessed the name, and From the tone of her many letters, Richter observ-lid a triend of mine, in the first hour. Your nodeparted father is worthy of so good a daughter. soul, and, seeing that he could not calm it, he pruas the earth did not reward him, may he now, dently left off writing. Then the poor bewildered n he looks down upon his daughter, be rewarded girl began to see her error, and with heart broken eeing her full of a pure ardor for goodness and repentance wrote to him, promising to be again on-ne. He would speak to her thus: "May a good only a child, a loving child, who would look up to eceive my dear Maria as a daughter, and be respiritual father. He will calm her excitedering feelings along the steadfast paths of goodness with a kindness and indulgence that cannot After this Richter wrote to her again:

but I deeply lament it now. Hence, I fear, arose a prejudice against the book. That writer who could attempt to palm off an interior and immature production under cover of one successful effort, must indeed be unduly eager after the secondary and sordid result of authorship, and pitably indifferent to its true and honorable meed. If reviewers and the public truly believed this, no wonder that they look-addardly on the cheat.

I deeply lament it now. Hence, I fear, arose a mother, fostered in the daughters an impassioned love of solitude, and excited in one of them an enthusiasm of disposition which in the end became walk. She may kindle a holy fire in her heart, but with the outward limbs must she only walk. She may kindle a holy fire in her heart, but with the outward limbs must she only walk. She may kindle a holy fire in her heart, but with the outward limbs must she only walk. She may kindle a holy fire in her heart, but must not act till the flre has become a pure light to guide her." I also, who speak to you in the name of your own father, desire such for my dear Maria, and will be that father to her. Your dream to come to me, you have, on awakening, laid aside. Leave your mother? Never! I shall more probably go to troubled? I am happy with my children and my your mother? Never! I shall more probably go to troubled? I am happy with my children and my you than you come here. I and my wife both love Caroline, and as truly beloved by them as they are a few of the more exalted moderns were admitted to so; respect for my sister's memory forbids me.—
her any such querulous manifestation would have mind she held a lofty converse; reading continually the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the lessons of wisdom and of beauty which they office he attempted suicide, in which which they office he attempted suicide, in which which they office he attempted suicide, in which he held a lofty converse; reading continually the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the lessons of wisdom and of beauty forwarded, at the same time, a note she had written forwarded, at the same time, a note she had written the night before the attempted suicide, in which he had not a few of the more exalted moderns were admitted to the like distinction. With these phantoms of the mind she held a lofty converse; reading continually the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the lessons of wisdom and of beauty forwarded, at the same time, a note she had written the night before the attempted suicide, in which he held a lofty converse; reading continually the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the lessons of wisdom and of beauty the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the records of their noble thoughts, and drawing, along with the records of their noble thoughts, and the like distinction.

To this letter Maria answered gratefully, and the neather the l knowledge one exception to the general rule of criticism. One writer, endowed with the keen vision and fine sympathies of genius, has discerned the real nuture of Wulhering Heights, and has, with equal duties; nor did she entirely avoid the society around alarmed and shocked at the recklessness to which accuracy, noticed its beauties and touched on its her, or withdraw herself in disdain from all commu. the choice between life and death seemed so indiffer. Send me, instead of letters that I have not time to Too often do reviewers remind us of the mob of nication with common minds. On the contrary, she ent. It seemed that the affair was growing omi- answer, rather journals of your life, your family,

mistake about the authorship, and does me the injus- a wondering and innocent admiration, and with truly animated me. I saw in them only a rare ex- bor needed for its elaboration, would possibly pre- native affluence might clothe with grandeur what

very deply into her mind; it did her harm. She proded over it till she believed it to be a duty to report of till she believed it to be a duty to report of the short of the s rek prostration at his feet, solicit some word of pe and comfort. Yet, pondering this great adature, she speedily recoiled from it, deeming that a meeting she desired was an impossible one on rth, and must be left for another world, where ere would exist none but spiritual relations. As a could not now have hope to merge her life in hison with his, she would defer the aspiration for liflment to a period when worldy ties should be ssolved. Aimless, expectationless, and refusing be comforted, she at length resolved, in her ep wretchedness, to take a clandestine flight to ose invisible kingdoms of hope and dread which a across the bridgeless stream of death. For this rk journey she prepared herself with singular deperation. The domestic affairs of her friend and ster were all carefully arranged; whatever she

eyes upon. In the morning you may see lads g hundreds of cows from the bounds of the cit herded within two or three miles and the en back at night. The regulations of the valley egard to stock are, that it shall be fenced, while ardens and fields are left with a slight protec in the way of a fence.

righam Young is the Alpha and Omega of the t; his word is law. He is emphatically the aking breathing organ of this whole people, and he is an ordinary-minded man, without the ard horse "sense of Joe Smith or many of those to surround him; his quiet, good-natured disposi-n—in short, his amiableness of character has made will keep him the leader of the Latter Day

This valley is capable of sustaining a population 50,000; it is from 30 to 50 miles wide, and from to 180 miles long; nearly the whole valley is fit cultivation if irrigation be resorted to. Hemmed n all sides by mountains, upon whose tops lie petual snow, one would suppose that the climate nuch colder than it really is in both summer and

he writer of the letter incidentally mentions t the Mormans have formed a treaty " offensive defensive" with the Utah Indians; and further many of these Indians have been baptized in Mormon faith.

-TENNYSON contributes the following stanzas to of the new Annuals for 1851. ome not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
o trample round my falling head, And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save. There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry!

But go thou by. Child, if it were thine error or thy crime I care no longer, being all unblest; Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time, And I desire to rest. ass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie.

Go by-go by By a paragraph in the London Philosophical rnal, translated from a German work by Schwenter, published in 1636, it will appear that the crude a of the electric telegraph was entertained previous n to that date, for Schwenter hiraself quotes from a

evious author:
How two people might communicate with each or at a distance by means of a Magnetic Needle: It udius were at Paris and Johannes at Rome, and one hed to carry some information to the other, each at be provided with a Magnetic Needle so strongly ched with the magnet, that it was headle to make thed with the magnet, that it may be able to move other, from Rome to Paris. Now suppose that Jo nes and Claudius have each a compass divided int alphabet according to the number of the letters, and ays communicated with each other at six o'clock in evening; then, (after the needle had turned 3 1 es from the sign which Claudius had given to Jones,) if Claudius wished to say to Johannes, 'com e, he might make his needle stand still, or move it come to c, then to o, then to M, and so forth. If, the needle of Johannes' compass moved at the time to the same letters, he could easily write the words of Claudius and understand his mean-This is a pretty invention: but I do not believe a magnet of such power could be found in the

-CURIOUS DISPUTE IN TURKEY -A RELIQUE OF SAVIOUR'S LAST SUPPER -A Greek convent at ica, in Turkey, has, from time immemorial, pos ed a fragment of the vessel which, it is said, Jesus ist used at the last supper. In October last it was sed, together with the shrine in which it was placed. pacha gave orders that a strict search should be the after it, and he especially directed that all bag-ge passing through the custom house should be close-examined. At the beginning of the month, the cus-ns officers found the relic and the shrine in a box d up with the seals of the Russian consulate, and tined for Salonica. They seized them, and sent im to the pacha. The Russian consul, a man of ho-able character, protested he knew not that the ngs were in the box. He complained that his seals en broken, and said it was a violation of treaties insisted that the relic and the shrine should be re red to the box. But the pacha, who was embarrass by the demand, sent them to the Divan at Constan le, leaving it to decide on what should be done e authenticity of the relic is said never to have been ubted, and thousands of pilgrims were accustomed to it it every year.—Gailgnan's Messenger.

modent. He says:—"This is now so well underd (the settlement,) that the unfortunate person who
given us so much trouble in times past, though
ent was quiet in the main, and was only excited to
ent was quiet in the main, and was only excited to
artial disturbance just before adjourning, by the
cious instigation of a vain and ill-disposed woman,

comment. He says:—"This is now so well underBoston, Feb. 10, 1851.

Boston, Feb. 10, 1851.

Boston, Feb. 10, 1851.

Boston, Feb. 10, 1851.

Boston, Feb. 10, 1851.

Nor much of mark has happened in this city and the
the Congress of the United States.

7. Resolved, That the late atrocious charge of Mr.
Justice McLean, in the case of Norris vs. Crocker, and
the was not as worthy of reverence and honor as any of
the heroes who have preferred death to Slavery:

Would only have the courage to come out and declare his real opinion, he might be found a consistent
he was not as worthy of reverence and honor as any of
the heroes who have preferred death to Slavery:

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the heroes who have preferred death to Slavery:

Nor much of mark has happened in this city and the
the Congress of the United States. pondent. He says :-- "This is now so well under-

nt during that day. The second day of the meet- limitation of the same :

ging to the Church and clergy was spoken of as a presentative of a soldier of liberty into a dirty slave—the Corporation (or Upper House of the College) being presentative of a soldier of liberty into a dirty slave—rejected by the Overseers.—p. x. ngth to the support of this cause. It will be seen e that for doing what Mr. Quincy and his associate long claimed as the right of woman to do, he has n fit to debase himself by calling me "malicious, ain," and "ill-disposed"; "making myself odion ridiculous." These epithets savor not a little o 'malicious" in the spirit of Mr. Q. Some time I closed my speech, Mrs. F. asked and was gran he right to read her resolution, which was receive the Secretary. Other resolutions being up for con ation, this was passed for the time, and its author ained quiet. That all might be harmonious in the rnoon, I went to the chairman at the close of the ning meeting, expressed my satisfation at the hary that existed, and also the quiet and lady-like earance of Mrs. F. I expressed the opinion to him it would be better to take up her resolution and ose of it, than to pass it by entirely, which I thought ht have a tendency to raise excitement in her mind. ning more was said about the matter between myand Mrs. F. or any other persons, till in the aftern meeting she requested me to do her the favor to the consideration of her resolution, which I did proper time, not doubting but that the whole matyould be harmoniously disposed of. But the mans of the meeting saw fit to give the matter the go-Finding this to be their policy, Mrs. F. attempted peak to the resolution then under discussion. She stopped by Buffum, who wished to speak a minute nance. Buffam spoke from a quarter to half an r, Mrs. F. standing all the while to keep the floor. e Buffum was speaking, Quincy went to Phillips, n in the audience; Phillips went to the platform the instant Buffum closed commenced speaking, . F. addressing the chairman at the same time. As ht makes right, Mr. Phillips was declared to have loor. I protested, and claimed that it was Mrs. right to speak at that time. But she took her seat, Mr. P. made half a speech; called up a man from nouth. After him Phillips claimed the floor, to sh his speech. I asked him to give way to me for a e time. This he declined at first, but at length ented; and I told the audience that I protested inst the trick resorted to to prevent Mrs. F. from aking as being of a character like the jugglery and angement resorted to by the basest politicians and ical organizations: My protest was seconded by in Orvis, who Mr. Quincy represents as "a disor-ly man in the gallery," and by Mrs. A. Bronson Alwho spoke, and sent up her most decided conder ion of the transaction, to be read from the platform the Convention closed, and then Mrs. F. was seized whose orders I am unable to say) by a rough rowand dragged violently, to be forced from the house ich was prevented by the interference of myself and

essions of goodness as his. Now, Mr. Editor, I claim to be an Abolitionist who never faltered, even in the hottest of the contes this cause of Human Rights, I have suffered the s of all things; I have stood by Mr. Garrison an associates till I have fully secured the hate of th arch and clergy; and been deemed by the world a chief of Anti-Slavery sinners. I am still ready t or and suffer, side by side, with all who truly labo the redemption of the slave until his freedom is se ed. Why, then, am I stigmatized by such scandal epithets as Quincy has seen fit to pour out upon the d of a humble woman.

eral other women and men. At this stage of events as seized violently by Jas. N. Buffum, from whos wer I was rescued by persons making no such high

But instead of the repulsive character which he has en to my remarks, they were complimented by very my persons, as doing honor to myself and the cause. these charges from the leaders grow out of the that I will rebuke their sins and oppressions, as I those of the claveholder and his apologist. I am not ne in seeing and condemning these wrongs; only, le others talk of then in private, I tell the offender inst right, to their face, all I have to say of them, the purpose of securing justice. I hope our friends learn to treat all persons who go to their meetings. who wish to utter a thought there, with the spirit

ious instigation of a vain and ill-disposed woman, have to fall back upon the reserved right which ever was not contented with an ample opportunity to man has to abuse the weather. It has vindicated the herself odious and ridiculous on the platform; old reputation of a New Eugland winter, There is d by a disorderly man in the gallery." He then class of philosophers who hold that our winters ar As this meeting was then on the point of ad- mitigating and shortening, and who explain the pheno ment when this disturbance was created, it was menon by a variety of hypotheses. But before the hythought necessary to remove the unhappy lunatic potheses are examined, perhaps it would be well to esuestion, which would have been done, at an earlier tablish the fact. If the winters did indeed use to be more bitter in the old time than now, I certainly am lad Mr. Quincy stated facts as they occurred, in- not one of those who will ask, "wherefore were the ad of following the example of the vulgar city press, former days better than these?" I don't believe, for ch resorts to falsehood and misrepresentation when one, that they were any better out of doors; and they wish to slander the Abolitionists, I should have certainly were not as good within them. I admit all casion to attempt this defence of myself and Mrs. that can be said in reprobation of the modern heresis The facts then are these. On the first day of the of furnaces and air-tight stoves, and in favor of the ing Mrs. F. made a few remarks at a time when good old orthodox doctrine of wood fires. I quite agree thought the rights of another invaded. I was not with the late Lord Byron, both in his opinion and his

The last day of the meetings I went upon the form in the morning, but said nothing to Mrs. F.

The last day of the meetings I went upon the condition of the morning added a few remarks on the cheering was not the only, if he were the least, Magician tractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press appearance in my old room at school, that this country has known. There are others capation the morning there, or about her taking any part in whom at the morning there, or about her taking any part in whom at the morning there are others capation. There are others capation the country has known. There are others capation the capation of the meet room, not the mere tools of constant and this. Martin van But tractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press after the world day of the meet room, not the mere tools of constant and this. Martin van But tractors, or bobs to the cheering was not the only, if he were the least, Magician tractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press after the world day of the meet room, not the mere tools of constant and this. Martin van But tractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press after the world day of the meetings I went upon the cheering was not the only, if he were the least, Magician tractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press after the world day of the meetings I went upon the cheering was not the only, if he were the least, Magician tractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press after the world day of the meetings I went upon the cheering was not the only, if he were the least, Magician tractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press after the world day of the meetings I went upon the cheering was not the only, if he were the least, Magician tractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press after the world day of the world day of the were the least, Magician tractors, or bobs to the kites of any party or any press after the world day of t ut coming there, or about her taking any part in where, after the most straitest sect of our relidiscussions of the day. After I had been on the gion, I was brought up at Andover. As I remember vils from its steam. Whether the newest attempt of Mr. Phillips took up the first three resolutions, down, wrote a resolution on the freedom of speech, passed it to me to reagaged toward other subjects, and there are solution on the freedom of speech, regaged toward other subjects, and there the matter of the passed it to me to reagaged toward other subjects, and there are solution and spoke to the stand and spoke to the stand and spoke to the audience for regions for the day. After 1 had been on the freedom of the day. After 2 speech from Rev. Mr. Locke, of the rejection of Mr. Phillips took up the first three resolutions, down, wrote a resolution of the Expenses of the newest attempt of the two abodes appoint the expenses of the resolution of the Society met according to adjournment, the President in the chair. On motion of Samuel May, Jr., a resolution touching the expenses of the meeting was adopted, and the expenses of the meeting was adopted, and the fragments report, it was like a fragment of the Polar regions iced.

Mr. Phillips took up the first three resolutions, our sorcerers that of hewing in pieces their old political models. After a speech from motion of Samuel May, Jr., a resolution touching the expenses of the meeting was adopted, and the expenses of the meeting was adopted, and the committee on Finance was authorized to call and spoke elequently in their support.

On motion of Samuel May, Jr., a resolution touching the expenses of the meeting was adopted, and the expenses of the meeting was adopted, and the committee on Finance was authorized to call and spoke elequently in their support.

On motion of Samuel May, Jr., a resolution touching the expenses of the meeting was adopted, and the fragments report, it, it was like a fragment of the expenses of the meeting was adopted, and the expenses of the meeting was adopted, and the fragment of the consideration of the Focient Charles C. Burleigh spoke in support of the Raisolation of the Focient Charles C. Burleigh spoke in support of the Raisolation of the fragment of the expenses of the meeting was authorized to call and the expenses of the meet dropped. After a speech from Rev. Mr. Locke, of lad a knack at getting on the unpopular side. Perhaps, however, should I persevere and finally accomplish this destiny, I may find myself for once in the majority.

John C. Cluer, of Boston, offered the following resolution, of Mr. Parker, however, should I persevere and finally accomplish this destiny, I may find myself for once in the majority.

John C. Cluer, of Boston, offered the following resolution, of Mr. Parker, however, should I persevere and finally accomplish this destiny, I may find myself for once in the majority.

John C. Cluer, of Boston, offered the following resolution, and spoke briefly in its support, giving non-mainder of the morning session with a repetition of Mr. Parker, however, should I persevere and finally accomplish this destiny, I may find myself for once in the majority.

John C. Cluer, of Boston, offered the following resolution, and spoke briefly in its support, giving no-mainder of the morning session with a repetition of Mr. Parker, however, should I persevere and finally accomplish this destiny, I may find myself for once in the majority.

John C. Cluer, of Boston, offered the following resolution of Mr. Parker, and a knack at getting on the unpopular side. Perhaps, however, should I persevere and finally accomplish this is aside from my duties as a Correspondent.

John C. Cluer, of Boston, offered the following resolution of Mr. Parker, and a knack at getting on the unpopular side. Perhaps, however, should I persevere and finally accomplish this is aside from my duties as a Correspondent.

John C. Cluer, of Boston, offered the following resolution of Mr. Parker, and the position of once by Mr. Buffam, to introduce the subject of And, certainly, if the Devil have his due, I shall find sor of History. This body consists of the Governor,

ize with the slave, from the fact that her condition sometimes called of men General, is in danger of being The former are "temporaries," the latter are "permabeen much like Slavery, and how sublime is her removed from office on the ground that he has not peron when she runs away from those forms of society formed his "constitutional duty with the alacrity", was his attempt to justify Austria at the expense of a moment when all her friends were combined against ch have enslaved her; showing the enormity of the which has distinguished the Marshals of New York and Hungary, in the North American Review. The coup him, shows its author a traitor to the cause he professes ne of obstructing the way of the slave, while he Pennsylvania. By the way, can your Marshal Tall- de grace was given him by the hand of a lady, whose to love, such as even a slaveholder would spurn. ts freedom by fleeing to the North, or of sending madge be a son or grandson of Colonel Tallmadge of exposure of his mistakes created a very general doubt back to bondage. I spoke of the guilt of Dr. the Revolution? To what base uses honorable blood as to his fitness to teach young America History .- at 7 o'clock. rpe, Professor Stewart, Daniel Webster, and of the may come at last! It need not have "crept through tizan movement. But I think it was an honest one. It a

the manager of the Batton assetings do really, as a probability of the properties of

in one instance, when a gentleman was making a long speech; I suggested to him the propriety of ging it to a close. Mrs. F said nothing during that

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The last day of the meetings I went upon the last day of the meeting I metropolis of the way, is it not a curious concatenation by which a curious con tive Slave Law. The infatuation of the people in rascal. A generation or two is enough to turn the relia, I believe, the first instance of a nomination made by

a Committee on Business: Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of the United States a useful body; they have com-belled United States a useful body; they have com-pelled that body to an almost unintermitting discus-tion of Slavors, and have made them earn their alury, Edmund Quincy, Charles F. Hovey, Thomas laskell, Frances H. Drake, Charles C. Burleigh. The following were nominated and chosen a Com-nittee of Finance: James N. Buffum, Lewis Ford, oshua T. Everett, Nathaniel B. Spooner, Elbridge

The Treasurer, Samuel Philbrick, presented and ead his Annual Report, which had been duly audit-

mittee to report a list of officers of the Society for the ensuing year be now nominated by the Chair. he saw so many old and familiar faces, he appre

neeting to order at the hour appointed.

Wendell Phillips, from the Committee on Business,

ported the following Resolutions:

broad South together, could never compensate the against the direct attacks of the Whigs and Democratis and of the South and gain the ear of the conservative portion of the community, it professes allegiance to the Pederal Constitution; while on the other hand, to secure the sympathy of the masses, and especially of the same and the misery heaped upon through past generations. Mr. G. urged his hearers, one and all, to espouse this sacred cause of freedom those earnest spirits upon which it must rely for aid and growth, its prominent leaders and friends allow themselves to be looked on as the refuge and protectors of the fugitive slave. In our view this is seeking to do justice by the commission of perjury, and the only merit such a party can claim is that its instincts are better than its principles; and we exhort them to show at least so much moral life, so much deference to the highest moral standard, as to attempt to explain how they can swear to do what they have no intention of doing —how they can take an oath to the Federal Constitution; an oath, the virtual breaking of which after its being deliberately taken in such circumstances as the present, is only less infamous than the keeping of it would be.

Did Colony Anti-Slavery Society will hold a meeting and occasional fragment, the Society adjustment, the Society and entower turnishes but an occasional fragment, the Society adjustment, the Society Meet Bridgewater, commenting Sturdard to Friday, 10 o'clock, A. M.

Morning Session.—The Society and the Charles of the Rev. Mr. Formar H. John Charles of the Rev.

once by Mr. Buffam, to introduce the subject of most worshipful and reverend company.

Ince. Mr. B. commenced his subscription about the subscription about the seed that the accusation brought against test to State of the Governor, Council, Senate, Speaker of the Governor, Council,

Adjourned, to meet at Central Hall, Milk street,

Evening Session .- Met according to adjournment t Central Hall; Effingham L. Capron, one of the ice Presidents, in the Chair.

Edmund Gainey addressed the meeting. He referred to the intelligence, brought by the magnetic
telegraph to day from Washington, that the members of Congress are signing a pledge—not the temperance pledge, Mr. President, said Mr. Q., though
NINETEENTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Ninteenth Annual Meeting of the Massachusette Stavery Society was held in Boston, and to resist any efforts to disturb them, or even to
setts Anti-Slavery Society was held in Boston, and the same gloCharles C. Burleigh concluded his speech on the Consitutional guarantees to Stavery.

James N. Buffum moved that speakers be limited to
telegraph to day from Washington, that the memistellegraph The Ninteenth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was held in Boston, at the Tremont Temple, commencing on Wednesday, Indianay 22d, at 11 o'clock, A. M.; at which hour the President, Francis Jackson, of Boston, called the President, Francis Jackson, of Boston, called the meeting to order.

On motion of Wendell Phillips, Voted, That three Assistant Secretaries, and the usual Committees of Business and of Finance, be nominated by the Chair, Samuel May, Jr., Eliza J. Kenny, of Salem, and Levi D. Smith, of Stoneham, were nominated and chosen Assistant Secretaries.

The following persons were nominated and chosen a Committee on Business: Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wardell Phillips, Parker Pills. sion of Slavery, and have made them earn their al-lowance. Mr. Q. went on to show that the Anti-Slauery cause is largely indebted to its enemies for

that, in the Providence of God, opposition to the cause has been a powerful agent in extending a knowedge and consequent interest in the subject. William Lloyd Garrison came forward and was The Report was accepted, and will be found in received with loud applause. He expressed regret that he had been, of necessity, absent from the meet On motion of Edmund Quincy, Voted, That a Com- ings during the day. He said that, from the appear he saw so many old and familiar faces, he appre The following persons were nominated and chosen said Committee: Edmund Quincy, of Dedham; Effingham L. Capron, of Worcester; Bourne Spooner, of Plymouth; Joshua T. Everett, of Princeton; William Whiting, of Concord; Charles F. Hovey, of Boston; William Ashby, of Newburyport; Still-man Smith, of Norton; Benj. Snow, Jr., of Fitch-off Boston; William Ashby, of Newburyport; Still-man Smith, of Norton; Benj. Snow, Jr., of Fitch-off Boston; William Ashby, of Newburyport; Still-man Smith, of Norton; Benj. Snow, Jr., of Fitch-off Boston; William Ashby, of Newburyport; Still-said Mr. G., I shall ask to be allowed to forget, for the time being, those old friends, and speak, it may be, to the single mind in the audience where were not many present who needed converting. Still, said Mr. G., I shall ask to be allowed to forget, for the time being, those old friends, and speak, it may be, to the single mind in the audience where not many present who needed converting. Still, said Mr. G., I shall ask to be allowed to forget, for the time being, those old friends, and speak, it may be, to the single mind in the audience where not many present who needed converting. Still, said Mr. G., I shall ask to be allowed to forget, for the time being, those old friends, and speak, it may be, to the single mind in the audience where not many present who needed there were not many present and their cause. Among these, he referred to the Edmund Quincy presented the Annual Report of the Board of Managers, and read extracts from it.

Adjourned to 2 3-4 o'clock. Afternoon Session. — The President called the States of the Union—a property estimated by Henry Clay, more than ten years ago, at twelve hundre millions of dollars. Now, I admit, said Mr. Garriso

its growth and its present triumphant position, and

millions of dollars. Now, I admit, said Mr. Garrison, that while prominent individuals and professelly Anti-Slavery party oppose the Feglitive state of Mr. Garrison, that if we are making war on this amount of real professelly Anti-Slavery party oppose the Feglitive state of Mr. Garrison, that if we are making war on this amount of real professelly Anti-Slavery party oppose the Feglitive states of Mr. Garrison, that if we are making war on this amount of real professelly Anti-Slavery party oppose the Feglitive states of Mr. Garrison, that if we are making war on this amount of real professelly Anti-Slavery party oppose the Feglitive states of Mr. Garrison, that if we are making war on this amount of real professelly Anti-Slavery Convertibles.

MRSS ARII-Slavery Conventions.

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Id be easily moulded by their five Southern brethren, been suggested about William H. Seward, that it left him in a worse position than before. For a man, in uggiest to hold slaves there; that in his whole luding has never been betrayed into one emon his constant, and, of late, increased, servility to the Slave Power has never deceived either the North the Slave Power has never deceived either the North or the South.

8. Resolved, That the course of the Mayor and Aldermen of this city in avowing that, at the late meeting for the reception of George Thompson in Faneuil Hall, Marshal Tukey acted by their orders, and with their approbation, exhibits such an ignorance of law and of their duties, such crouching to public opinion, such entire want both of physical and moral courage, as to be alike proof and confession of their disqualification for the offices they hold; and their recent refusal to this Society of Faneuil Hall, on the ground that George Thompson was to appear on its platform, is a gross injustice to us as tax-paying inhabitants, and a shameful confession that they rule this city as the servants of the mob.

9. Resolved, That we will labor to effect such a that key, and suffer the cause to labor under the data key, and suffer the cause to labor under the data key, and suffer the cause to labor under the data key, and suffer the cause to labor under the cause that key, and suffer the cause to labor under the cause to labor under the cause to labor under the data key, and suffer the cause to labor under the cause that key, and suffer the cause to labor under the cause that key, and suffer the cause to labor under the cause that key, and suffer the cause to labor under the course of the most dangerous fees of the cause. Mr. P. expressed his tear that the enthusiasm against the Fugitive Law, which mr. Goodell described as prevailing in the State of New York, would not last. We have just which mr. Goodell described as prevailing in the State of New York, would not last. We have just which mr. Goodell described as prevailing in the State of New York, would not last. We have just which mr. Goodell described as prevailing in the State of New York, would not last. We have just which mr. Goodell described as prevailing in the State of New York, would not last. We have prevailing in the

Constitution contains no compromises with, or guaran-resolutions:

'eloek, P. M.

JEFFERSON CHURCH, Springfield. WILLIAM B. STONE, Gardner. HENRY I. BOWDITCH, Boston. GEORGE HOYT, Athol. JOHN C. GORE, Roxbury JOSIAH HENSHAW, West Brookfield. CAROLINE WESTON, Weymouth. BENJAMIN SNOW, Jr., Fitchburg. GEORGE MILES, Westminster. JAMES N. BUFFUM, Lynn. CYRUS PIERCE, Newton. JOHN T. HILTON, Cambridgeport. THOMAS T. STONE, Salem. BOURNE SPOONER, Plymouth. WILLIAM ASHBY, Newburyport. JOHN BAILEY, LYNN CHARLES F. HOVEY, Boston-

JOSEPH J. LOCKE, Barre.

Corresponding Secretary. EDMUND QUINCY, Dedham Recording Secretary, ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Boston.

SAMUEL PHILBRICK, Brookling Auditor, EDMUND JACKSON, Boston

Counsellors.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

speech treason, is false, and that the bringing of such a charge against one of the firmest friends of liberty, at Tremont Temple, the President in the chair.

Tremont Temple, the President in the chair.

Charles C. Burleigh spoke in reply to Mr. Davis's are millions of our countrymen still wearing the galling morning argument, until the hour assigned for the chairs of a Slavery which England has long since to love, such as even a slaveholder would spurn.

The Society again met in the deepest sname and reenings of the revenues gratique—shame, that in this vaunted land of freedom there are millions of our countrymen still wearing the galling chains of a Slavery which England has long since a slaveholder would spurn.

The Society again met in the deepest sname and reenings of the revenues gratique—shame, that in this vaunted land of freedom there are millions of our countrymen still wearing the galling chains of a Slavery which England has long since a slaveholder would spurn.

The Society again met in the deepest sname and reenings of the revenues gratique—shame, that in this vaunted land of freedom there are millions of our countrymen still wearing the galling chains of a Slavery which England has long since a solution of the country wearing the galling chains of a Slavery which England has long since a solution of the country wearing the galling chains of a Slavery which England has long since a solution of the country wearing the galling chains of a Slavery which England has long since a solution of the country wearing the galling chains of a Slavery which England has long since a solution of the country wearing the galling chains of a slavery which England has long since a solution of the country wearing the galling chains of a slavery which England has long since a solution of the country wearing the galling chains of the country wearing the galling chains of the country wearing the solution of the co Afternoon Session .- The Society again met in the deepest shame and feelings of the liveliest gratitude Wendell Phillips spoke with ele uence and effect on heaped upon him when among us fifteen years ago, as the advocate of universal emancipation, he generously throws the past into oblivion, and is once more with Anti-Slavery Cause.

Mr. Garrison followed with some brief remarks on the work before us, and the Society adjourned to 6 8.4 the same unwavering friend to the liberty and pros be Society being read by the Society being read by Evening Session.—Again assen led at the Tremont perity of our country, the same fearless and eloquent Temple, Edmund Quincy, a Vice President, in the Edmund Quincy addressed the meeting. He rechair.

Charles C. Burleigh concluded his speech on the Converse, as he was in the perilous times of 1834-5.

Charles C. Burleigh concluded his speech on the Converse, as he was in the perilous times of 1834-5.

[The absence of George Thompson from the Annual Meeting was a severe and constant disappointment to all present. All had looked to and relied upon his presence, as that which was chiefly to distinguish and we character to the meeting. A very severe attack illness, which compelled him to seek the care of a sysician, detained him at Hingham, during the entire ecting. To him, not less than to us, we doubt not, to inevitable disappointment was a very painful one. FRANCIS JACKSON, President. ROBERT F. WALLEUT, Recording Secretary.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., ELIZA JERUSHA KENNEY, Assistant Secretaries. LEVI D. SMITH,

MARRIAGES.

AMAR-MAFFIT .- At New Orleans, Jan. 29th, Gen. Mirabeau B. Lamar (Ex-President Republic of Texas) to Miss Henrietta M. Maffit, both of Texas. Underhill, Esq., to Miss Sarah H., daughter of Col. H. W. Palfrey.

DEATHS. upuson.—At his residence, at Minniesland, North River, J. J. Audubon, the eminent naturalist, aged ALLOWELL .- At Phila., on the 7th inst., Theresa K., wife of Joshua L. Hallowell, in 32d year of her age. ICHARDSON.—At Baltimore, Feb. 10th, George R.

Richardson, Attorney General of the State of Md.

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STATE HOMICIDE.

While I am writing here, I can't help looking out of the window, off towards Dover, where the State is probably strangling poor miserable Andrew Howard. It tooks terribly incongruous, to see the pleasant sky and autumn clouds, that hang over the old county of Strafford—where men have been carpentering out a gallows frame on which to string up one of their neighbors. It wonder if the carpenter of Nazareth (whom they affect to follow) ever hewed timber or framed it for such a purpose. I wonder if he ever put broad axe and chisel to sticks of timber, to put up a gallows! Never, that I read of.

They have probably by this time broken the neck of this poor wretched creature and vindicated the insulted dignity of the State. Perhaps they are obliged to. I don't know as a community taught as ours has been can safely let such an offender live. They profess a system of forgiveness—but will it do for them to dare practice it? Would n't Andrew Howard kill some of the rest of us, if we did n't strangle him? I am not much afraid he would hart me, if I tried to do him what good I could. And if I don't do that to every body—somebody else will like as not murder me, if they put Howard out of the way so he can't do it. Hanging Howard will forever prevent his killing any body, but what effect will it have on other people? Will hanging him to death, have a tendency to soften the public heart and disincline it to deeds of violence and murder? Let every body answer this for himself.

I do trust the Governor has been and reprieved the wretched Howard. Even to consign him tothe tender mercies of the State Prison. Imprisonment for life is dreadful enough, but the State can remedy that. It can set the prisoner free. But extinguished life it cannot restore. The great General Court itself has n't the potency to do this. Once put out, that lamp cannot be lighted. thou flaming "If I quench thee, minister," — said 'a thesitating strangler—
once to his lamp light, "I can again thy light restore, should I repent me. But once put out thine, (to the life that lay asleep before him,) Thou cunningest pattern of excelling nature, I know not where is the Promethean heat that can thy light relume." So might say our State Othello. Poor Howard-even in him, life is "fearful and wonderful," and all the suns in the Universe haven't the fire to relight its flame, should it be once quenched. I hope it will not have been perpetrated. I hope the brave Granite State will not have been profaned in its rugged borders, by a cold blooded homicide. Let the newspapers tell us-or let it come by rumor that the deed is n't done. It is horrible to have kept the poor victim there, expecting it so long. They say he is hardly compos mentis. This playing upon his mortal fears is enough to make him an idiot. I will not believe that they have hung him. It is too much to ask him a free pardon, though that might avail him but little now, after his terrible imprisonment and harrowing anticipations. He must be but little better than

part of the cure—it is, indeed as far as I have seen, a rare occurence—but a critical action, not single, not confined to one period, or one series of phenomena, is at work, often undetected the patient himself, during a consider-able (and that the latter) portion of the cure in most patients where the malaly has been grave, and where the re-covery becomes permanent. During his time the patient should be under he eye of his water-doctor. "To conclude my own cas o conclude my own case: I staid

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some nine or ten weeks at Malvern, and pusiness, from which I could not eszape, obliging me then to be in the neighborhood of town, I continued the system seven weeks longer under Dr. Weiss, at Petersham; during this later period the agreeable phenomena which had characterized the former, the cheerfulness the bien aise, the convhich had former, ciousness of returning health vanished; nd were succeeded by great irritation f the nerves, extreme fretfulness, and ne usual characteristics of the constitutional disturbance to which I have eferred. I had every reason, however, to be satisfied with the care and kill of Doctor Weiss, who fully deserves the reputation he has acquired nd the attachment entertained for him his patients; nor did my judgment er despond or doubt of the ultimate nefits of the process. I emerged at st from these operations in no very wortly condition. I was blanched and maciated—washed out like a thrifty for ousewife's gown—but neither the objection of the loss of weight had in be least impaired my strength; on the upontrary, all the muscles had grown as gard as iron, and I was become capable of great exercise without fatiguemy cure the st from these operations in no very great exercise without fatiguemy cure it as not effected, but I was compelled to pointo Germany. On my return homeards I was seized with a severe old which rapidly passed into its fatiguemy. Fortunately I was within meach of Doctor Schmidt's magnificant gh lever. Fortunately I was within ach of Doctor Schmidt's magnificent dropathic establishment at Boppart; ither I caused myself to be conveyed; I had occasion to experience d now e wonderful effect of the Water-Cure acute cases; -slow in chronic disse, its beneficial operation in acute immediate. In twenty-four hours all er had subsided, and on the third esumed my journey, relieved from ery symptom that had before progsticated a tedious and perhaps alarmillness. And now came gradually, yet per-

And now came gradually, yet pertibly, the good effects of the system
ad undergone; flesh and weight rened; the sense of health became
scious and steady; I had every
son to bless the hour when I first
ght the springs of Malvern. And
e, I must observe, that it often hapis that the patient makes but slight and the patient makes but slight barent improvement, when under the From the Boston Recorder.

Salome Muller A White Slave

Salome Multer was born of free with parents in Germany, in July 1813 and sailed with her parents, two brothers, and sister, with a large number of other emgrants, for New Orleans in 1817, where sharrived in March 1819, when between found five years of age.

Her mother and one of her brothers die on the passage. Her tather, with hersel and surviving brother and sister, were frau dently sold under the 'Redemption law,' fo a term of service, to pay their passage which

had before been once paid.

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Immediately after the sale, the family were carried about a hundred miles into the country, to the parish of Attikapas, where the father soon died of the fever of the coun try, the brother was drowned, Salome reduced and sold into perpetual slavery and her sister to this day, has never been heard of by her German relations. Salome, I aving been :educed to slavery, was of course subjected to its incidents, moral and physi cal degradation. When accidentally iden tified by her friends after twenty-five years servitude, exposed to the sun's rays in the sultry climate of Louisiana, laboring in the cotton and sugar field, with head and neck unsheltered, as is the custom of female slaves, she had no knowledge of her real name, age, or family, but asserted that she was a slave, and supposed that she always had been. Her first child was born in 1829 or 1830, when she was 16 or 17 years of age, and was sent by her first master, one of the oldest residents, and it seems a wealthy and highly respectable citizen of New Orleans, to his sister in Cincinnati, to be nurtured and brought up.

Her master then gave her to one of his colored overseers for a wife, who retained her till she was sold to her last master for his wife, with whom she was lound at 30

years of age in 1843.

Her friends have since successfully prosecuted a suit for her freedom, and now an action for damages is pending against those who are alledged to have reduced and held a dead man, and incapable of ever feeling again an emotion of happiness. Perhaps the grave would be a refuge to him. But then, the people, they would feel better, if they can think they have n't hung him.

RHODE ISLAND ABOLITION-ISTS.

It was refreshing and consolatory to my spirit to meet them, at their recent anniversary-the brave and dear old hearts I used to meet there in our happier anti-slavery days. I say happier, because before the miserable wound that has been inflicted on the unity of our ranks. Woe be to the traitor hands that have inflicted that wound, that has lacerated and broken so many feeling hearts, and poisoned so many ardent friendships. Let them look around them and enjoy the wreck they have so wantonly and madly wrought. They have not sundered from me the devoted friends of humanity in little Rhode Island. It was joy to my hart spirit to mingle with them again, after so long a separation .-Some of the old faces were absent. Some absent never again to be present with us on earth. I must name one of them-the brave-hearted-the devoted-the magnanimous-the clear sighted woman, Lucinda Wilmarth. She was not with us. That heart-beaming countenance, that once used to illumine the gallant field of Rhode Island labor, was missing from among them. She sucrificed herself there to the cause of humanity .-But she has left a successor every way worthy to succeed her-who is I fear following her in her undue labor and too great self-disregard. Who even surpasses her in ceaseless industry, unfaltering fidelity and singular ability in the antislavery service. I may not name her, till she too shall rest from her labors, which I pray may not happen while I am here to record it. And I must beg her pardon for letting my warmth of admiration here lead me to allude to her at all in this public manner. Heaven bless her and bless the abolitionists of Rhode Island.

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[From a report in the Glasgow Times of Thackeray's Lectures on the numerous writers of the last Century.]

The name of Pope was the greatest on this list, the highest among English wits and humourists. He was the greatest literary artist that England has seen, refining his thoughts to a perfect polish, and also thoughts and cadences borrowed from other poets. He was a skilful imitator from his infancy, in his youth, he imitated the passion of love; addressing a sham mistress in pert, conceited strains; and when Lady Mary rebuffed his impertinence, he hated her. But the letters of Pope, except that unlucky first part of the correspondence, were very de-lightful, full of the best company, though a little lightful, full of the best company, though a little stately and artificial. It was ennobling to observe the frank and generous friendships of the great men of that age. If the lecturer might give any counsel to a young man, it would be to frequent the company of his betters. Learn to admire rightly; for it is a great pleasure of life, to admire what the great men admire, great things; the narrow spirits admire basely, and worship mean things. The friends of young Pope were the best men of his time. He did young Pope were the best men of his time. He did not hold a court around him, like Addison; but reverenced his equals, men great and famous like himself. The chief wits, however, of his time were "men's men," living in clubs, sitting together, for seven or eight hours every day, with their punch bowls and tobacco pipes. Their coarse and boisterbowls and tobacco pipes. ous life, at such a pace, would not agree with the sensitive and sickly frame of Pope; and he retired to the Twickenham villa, duteously bringing his old parents to live and die there, entertaining his friends there, whom he carried from town in his little chariot. His taste for art, his polished manners, and his attraction towards everything splendid and beautiful, belonging to the refinements of a highly culti-vated mind. All his friends who visited him spoke kindly of that good, simple-hearted old mother, whom Pope tended so affectionately. If his early letters to women were affected and insincere, he ever spoke of this one with a childlike tenderness and almost a sacred simplicity. In our estimate of Pope's character, let us always take into account this constant tender ness and fidelity of affection, which pervaded and sanctified his life. He seems also to have deserved and received the attachment of the other members of his family. His half-sister said of him, "I think no man was ever so little fond of money;" and again, no man was ever so ittle fond of money; and again, "I think my brother, when he was young, read more books than any other man in the world," and again, "I do not think my brother knew what fear was." The accounts of Pope's friends bore out this character for courage. When he had exasperated so many furious bullies by the Dunciad, and was entreated by his friends to seek protection against their violence, the gallant little cripple never would take any guard in his daily walks. His death, too, was a guard in his daily walks. His death, too, was a beautiful end, true euthanasia. A perfect benevolence, affection, and serenity, hallowed the departure of that high soul. Even in the very weakness of his last delirium, there was something almost sacred. He is described, in his last days, looking up "with a rapt gaze, as if something had suddenly passed be-fore him." He said, "What is that?" pointing to the air, and then looked down, and said with a soft smile, "It was a vision." He scarcely ever laughed, but his companions describe his countenance as often

At our State Anti-Slavery Convention, the body Progressive Friends was largely represented. T President, both Vice Presidents, the Secretaries, as large numbers on the various committees were "Pr gressive Friends." Nor did one of them shrink from the most radical resolutions or addresses on the Churc on Disunion of the States, or on a Northern Republic Whether any strictly religious organization can stand is doubtful. If any can, it will be one that, like the plants itself on the platform of Universal Humanity.

An important movement in the Convention was the state of the platform of the convention was the state of the platform of the convention was the state of the platform of the convention was the state of the platform of the convention was the state of the platform of the convention was the state of the platform of the convention was the state of the platform of the convention was the state of the platform of the convention was the convention was the convention was the convention was the convention where the convention was the convention was the convention was the convention where the convention was the conven

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formation of a State Central Committee, with instrutions to act in auxiliaryship with the Western at American Anti-Slavery Societies. The Committee is strong one, and will, no doubt, act with great efficien in developing the resources of the State. It may ha all the effect of a State Anti-Slavery Organization And there are young persons there, of great promiwho should be brought forward and put into the laturing field. It seems to me the State has within its every resource to maintain a strong and vigorous coflict with the spirit of Slavery, the power of darknet

Our mission was retarded somewhat by the contindin of the politicians who had besieged the State, the frogs and locusts of Egypt. The Cass caravan, cluding, besides the General himself, Douglass of I nois, and Weller of Texas, was a loathsome owning sence, croaking everywhere their own praises, w pretending to electioneer for the Presidential candid of the Democratic party. Then General Scott had runners too, endeavouring to create consequence character upon their candidate—a work as desper as that of the Democrats, and both like the labour

"Creating a soul under the ribs of Death."

And Giddings was there, and John P. Hale, and Ham and Julian; and last of all, behold Alanson Saint Came also among them; and to edge ourselves in an all these, seemed at first impossible; but we did, but for the sickness of Charles C. Griffin, one of number, should have had one of the pleasantest well as most profitable, campaigns of all the year.

Mrs. Josephine Griffin, wife of Charles, is mall herself one of our most efficient co-workers. Far afflictions, of the most distressing character, I weighed down her spirit, as well as her bodily ergies, for the last two or thrue years. But, in the m of them all, she maintains her beautiful screnity, walks in the midst of the flery furnace calm and c posed, like the Hebrew children in the poetry of ancients. How admirably are we sustained in joy sorrow, health or sickness, life or death, by that a gion which consists not in faiths nor forms, but life of active benevolence and good will to men.

But I am trespassing too far. A thousand pleas recollections connected with my Michigan mission, the friends I made there, crowd upon me, but they be not less dear to me for withholding all mention them, and so I will forbear.

Your faithful, but hum ble, fellow-soldier, PARKER PILLSBURY

POETRY.

From the Hartford Republican.

LAW AND GOSPEL

A MODERN BALLAD, SHOWING HOW THE AMERICAN UNION WAS SAVED.

Millard Law loved Mary Gospel,
Not, I ween, with love sincere,
But his heart was set on 'union';
Furthermore, doth not appear.

So he in a fashion woo'd her,
And the Priest pronounced them one;
But the nuptial tie was broken
Ere the setting of the sun.

Millard Law was stern and haughty, Mary Gospel mild and meek; He a blow for blow would render, She would turn the other cheek.

Yoked in union so unequal, Soon they had a falling out; Listen while the tale I tell you How the parting came about

Sitting by their glowing fire-side,
Late upon their wedding-day,
While, without, the wind was driving
Snow and sleet in wild affray;—

Suddenly their ears were startled
By a low and lengthened mean;
Millard said, 'The wind is wailing,'
Mary said, 'It is the grean

Of some chilled and suffering wanderer,
Lost amid the drifting snow,
Needing aid and friendly succor.'
He replied, 'It may be so.'

Mary to the door was hasting, Saying, 'I will let him in.'
'Stay, be prudent,' cried out Millard,
'Ask the color of his skin.'

But the noisy storm was louder
Than his gruff and surly tone;
Back the bolt was drawn, and open
Wide the outer door was thrown.

Thinly clad, and shaking, shivering,
Half with cold and half with fright,
Stood a woman on the door-step,
Begging shelter for the night.

Dress and voice and dark complexion

Told she came from Southern land:—

'Welcome, fugitive from bondage!'

Mary said, with outstretched hand.

*Enter, sister, you are welcome,
Here are shelter, warmth and food;
Think no more of toils and sorrows,
We will try to do you good.

'Never!' growled a voice behind her;
'While our glorious Union stands
Firmly based on human chattels,
Shall we aid to break their bands.

Let the jade go back or perish,
No ado about her make,
Tell me not of deeds of mercy
When the Union is at stake.'

Stepping out amid the tempest,
Mary said, 'I'll perish too,'
And around her trembling sister
Lovingly her arms she threw.

'Perish, Mary Gospel, perish!'
Millard shouts, and bolts the door;
'Perish, Mary Gospel, perish!'
He repeats it o'er and o'er.

Let our union brief be broken,
Better Union to secure;
Perish! Mary Gospel, Perish!
Glorious Union, still endure!

So he leaves them to the darkness, Driving wind and pelting sleet, While the night grows cold and colder, And their pulses feebly beat.

Heavenward Mary's eyes are lifted, And a halo crowns her brow; Blessed angels! are ye coming To redeem your loved ones now?

Angel voices softly answer—
Listen ye to what they say:
Faint not, fear not! God is with you!
Morning cometh, and the day!

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We need not inform the public that any work from Mr. Spooner's pen would be one of great research and learning—his logical acuteness as a writer is too well known. This, his last, and perhaps his greatest effort, on the Trial by Jury, is destined to create a commotion in the world. Jurymen will learn their rights and duties from it, and also learn to what an alarming extent their wights have been encroached upon. We become

and encouragement to mischief that ignorance and were in immediate danger. malice combined could afford. Consequently the owninto them. And that proceedings might be perfectly candidate for the U S. Marshalship, in case Mr. Devens mises is the Fugitive Slave Law. regular, a Lynch Committee, consisting of Messrs. Homer Foote (our readers may be assured that this is lieve unquestionable that this is not the case. So far an actual name; we could have invented nothing like it), Charles Stearns, and a third who, his name being Smith, may be regarded as strictly anonymous, waited one of the Committee of Safety that predominates over on Mr. Thompson with the modest request on the part of those for whom they acted, that he would leave the town unmolested and spare it the disturbance which make for my unintentional misstatement. would inevitably follow an attempt on his part to speak! I have no time to give you such particulars of his conversation with these unfortunates as I remember from his account, not having arrived myself until after the interview was over. But you can easily imagine how such "a Serpent" as Mr. Thompson could coil round and crush bone by bone any poor creatures that would put themselves into his power in this absurd way. Though they admitted that they had been treated with entire courtesy, they were glad

those organs. They succeeded, however, in hindering us from having a meeting that evening. The streets round our hotel, the Hampden House, were filled by riotous boys and drunken men, howling and groaning to the immortal glory of their native land and the inextinguishable confusion of the British Empire. I do not think they had much mischief in them, however. I took a walk through the streets, and had the honor of passing for Mr. Thompson (probably because a report had preceded him, that he was an uncommonly well-looking man), and was escorted by any number of rioters and regaled with any amount of groans and curses for John Bull, and was sometimes slightly hustled, yet no one of them dared lay hand upon me. The next morning (Tuesday) it was quite uncertain whether we could have any place of meeting. At last, however, the Abolitionists, of Springfield succeeded in obtaining a small Hall, to which we repaired, and which was soon crowded to suffocation. Mr. Phillips introduced Mr. Thompson, who spoke with astonishing power and effect. No disturbnce was attempted; scarcely the ghost of a hiss dared nanifest itself. Judge Morris, of Springfield, made some ery animated and just remarks on the state of things n the town and the influences which had caused it. Mr. uincy and Mr. Phillips concluded the session. In the fternoon, we had the Free Church, a spacious building, which was filled fuller than full. Mr. Quincy said verything that came into his head, apparently, in conempt of the Union and the Constitution, as manifest ailures and humbugs. Mr. Phillips followed, and was nything but soothing and conciliatory in his remarks. one of which, attributed by mistake to your Senior corresponding Editor, is now flying the rounds of the apers. Speaking of Dr. Dewey's assertion that he would send back his own mother into Slavery to save he Union, he said that "if ever a mother deserved to be sent back into Slavery, it would be that of Dr. Dewey for having been capable of conceiving such a nonster!" So unsatisfactory, indeed, were his renarks that one of the lieges could not restrain the natural, though somewhat unreasonable, wish " to hear that gentleman sit down!" When Mr. Thompson appeared, which was not till after the meeting had been begun for sometime, he was received with loud applause, and soon addressed the great assembly to some purpose. As a specimen of crushing sarcasm, biting atire and overwhelming invective, I doubt whether is equal was ever heard in this country. The manner in which he dealt with the Sclectmen of Springfield, the Lynch Committee, and especially the Republican, the Webstero-Ashmuno-Whig paper, which had been busy in creating the disturbance, filling itself with lies about him, and then writing him, in the interval of the meeting, on impertment letter of inquiry about something he had said in his morning's speech, was transcendantly masterly. He carried his audience along with him in a a surprising manner, and the meeting

I wish to take this opportunity to retract the stateshould be dismissed. I have it from authority I befrom it that Mr Tukey absolutely refused to have his doctrine which is corrupting her to the very core .name recommended, when he was asked to do so by Boston and decide whose head shall fall and who shall be saved alive. This reparation I am most happy to Kensington, N. H., Feb. 25.

LETTER FROM REV. SUMNER LINCOLN.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

FRIEND GAY :- It would seem from the speeches made at " Union Meetings," and from sermons preached and printed by Doctors of Divinity, that efforts are being made by them to bring into practical favor a doctrine which has great claims to antiquity-a doctrine which was ascribed by his enemies to the apostle Paul and his associated christian preachers, viz: " Let us do evil that enough to get away from him, although it was with a good may come." But the apostle repudiates this docflea of the most elephantine dimensions in their respectirine as a foul slander, and solemnly declares, that tive ears, proportioned to the natural magnitude of those who embrace this doctrine expose themselves to a just damnation. It would seem, from their speeches and sermons, that these men who profess great reverence for Paul have forgotten or overlooked the fact that Paul thus disclaimed all friendship for such a doctrine, a doctrine which lies at the foundation of all compromises with moral evil. Who was the author of this doctrine, who first preached it? If we may believe the most ancient history, the sacred record, the the countenance of the audience was changed to a look author of it was a person called the Serpent and the Father of Lies. He was the first who preached it in Paradise to our first parents. What arguments did he use to induce them to embrace and live out this doctrine? Arguments the same in their character as those used by these D. D's. The good to be gained, "God doth

> some so great, so elevated, that their was not any God munity from community; that it was not merely for or divine Constitution that we had not already risen the few millions of slaves in this land of boasted freeabove. Hence, they scout the idea of a law higher than dom; but that it was to carry out the great idea that the Constitution of the United States and its pursuant man was never created to hold property in his fellow laws. "Men always swear by the greater; and an oath man, or to oppress him; that every man has a right to for confirmation is the end of all strife." Hence it is a the fruits of his labor; that if this great idea was carwork of superoragation to inquire after any higher ried out to its fullest extent, not only Slavery in the to the unpardonable sin of perjury to do so. Great is of the Old World would be no more, and then the king-Diana of the Ephesians!! Dr. Taylor in his Union dom of Heaven would be at hand. Objections were speech, at New Haven, Connecticut, expresses great raised to his speaking in this country, not because he astonishment that the question should be even raised was a foreigner, but because he preached for the delitution of the United States was in conflict with the law doors to those that are bound. of God. He says, "When I learned in the newspapers Mr. Thompson was followed by Sojourner Truth, was in conflict with the law of my Maker—when I first was once a stave in this staveholders. She said they had laer, was called for, and, after a protracted discussion, learned it, I said to myself, is it possible that from the been talking about the poor slave, and she was going it was adopted. high places,-from our political halls-our halls of legislation-a man in a high and honorable situation can know what would become of him; she feared he would venture to propose such a doctrine as this? Let this doctrine be inculcated-let it be believed at the North, and what may we expect? We may expect rebellion black people had suffered so much in this world, significant and intestine war." Very terrible! Hence to prevent this dreadful catastrophy we must not agitate this question. This doctrine of a higher law than the Constitution of the United States must be kept out of sight. What is the character of that Constitution or of that aw which shrinks from the light of God's Constitution and pursuant laws? If we believe in God-if we acknowledge ourselves subjects of his government-if we ar not atheists, does it not become us to inquire whether the civil government under which we live, and whose laws we help to make and enforce, is in accordance with the law of God? Who is it that does not meet this question? Who but he who is conscious of advocating a human law that makes a compromise with sin, and wishes to have it understood that it is constitutional, and wishes to have it obeyed for the purpose of securing certain kinds and forms of temporal good and to avoid certain evils? He has a compromise with sin, which he is laboring to maintain, and the doctrine that underlies all his arguments is, let us do evil that good may come. This is the doctrine that runs through Dr. Taylors speech, if I understand it; and still it is with great reluctance that I am compelled to believe it of him and other distinguished men, whom I have long greatly reverenced. What else can we make of his illustrations in defending the Fugitive Slave Law? He admits Slavery to be a sin, and then says, after this supposition, that this nation, if threatened with an invasion from a mighty foreign foe, might form an alliance with Spain and secure her aid by agreeing to return her slaves if they should escape to us. This is made a condition with which we must comply to secure her aid. In other words, Spain agrees to help us in a cause we believe to be right, provided, we will help her sustain her system of Slavery which we believe to be wrong. Shall we, ought we to do it? Yes, Dr. T. says, because in so doing we may hope to gain a great good and avoid a great evil. What is this but pleading for the doing of evil that good may come. But O, it is great temporal good that is sought in this compromise! But does that make any difference in point of principle? Is it a sin for me to commit murder to avoid a small evil or to gain a small amount of good, and is it no crime to do the same deed to avert a great evil or to gain a great amount of good? Does the prospect of eminent success in wrong convert wrong into right? Dr. Taylor exclaims, "What! may I not buy a piece of meat of a butcher because he is profane?" No, I answer, if the butcher makes it a condition of sale that you should copy into your speech his profane oaths. If he should prescribe any simple condition on which he proposed to sell your meat, and you should comply with it, then the case in point of principle is parallel with the case of surrendering the fugitive slave. The great plea for this law on the part of those who admit Slavery to be wrong, is the temporal good that will come from obedience-the Union will be preserved, and the evils of a dissolution avoided. Well, the Lord Jesus Christ once had the temptation presented and pressed upon him to make a compromise with moral evil, and not only an unbroken kingdom should be his, but all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. What a great possession, what a glorious union ! Only one small condition to be complied with, said his Satanic Majesty, "Just fall

down and worship me, and all shall be thine." Now, had our Saviour only yielded instead of saying "Get thee behind me Satau," what an argument would our great men have drawn from his example in favor of their favorite doctrine-Let us do evil that good may come. This doctrine when first promulgated by the Father of Lies in the garden of Eden and when embraced spirit was never enslaved; even when he was in the the interests of the people; they control the President by its occupants, opened the flood-gates of iniquity on stocks, for aught I know, his spirit might have been our world; it spreads pollution everywhere it prevails; beyond the foaming waters of the Niagara, or gazing worth of offices in his power, and he can buy up as many it is the source of all the cheateries of trade, of all the at the North Star from some distant cliff. The infinite as will carry out any measure which he choses; conse wicked laws and measures of civil government. It is wise and glorious God never made man to be a slave, the father of all the compromises with moral evil made both soul and body; and until God makes man the by our National Government from the beginning .- same as a horse or ox, there can be no property in hu- dictated the President which should be put in the When the war between this country and Mexico com- man species. Slavery is wrong under all circumstances. menced, the political party that had the ascendancy in You talk of a Christian slaveholder; you might just as the Union lasts; every one who wants to get an office Congress declared that the war was unnecessary and well talk of a Christian Devil; he may be a Christian unjust Then instead of following their convictions of in some things, but only in a few; the pious slave-Was ascertained that the only available candidate for of doing right; do right and let the consequences take Slave Power until a new Government shall be formed

Let justice be done though the heavens fall."

Truly yours, SUMNER LINCOLN.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION

Held at Union Village, Washington County, A. the 20th and 21st of February, 1851. THE meeting was organized by the appointment of

F. R. Lewis, Chairman, and J. Wilde, Secretary, Prayer by Rev. Mr. Shattock.

A committee was appointed to bring forward names of officers for the convention, consisting of H. Bieglow, J. Griffin, and L. Gibbs, to report at the commercement of the next meeting. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Foster, who pointed out the iniquity of the Fugitive Slave Bill, in a clear and forcible manner, showing why we should not submit to the powers that be. He was followed by Mrs. Foster, Mr. Putnam, of Massachusets, and others.

of regret.

A committee was appointed to report a series of resolutions at a future meeting. The meeting then adjourned at one o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION

At the time adjourned, the church was filled with a shall be opened; and ye shall be as Gods, knowing good the country. The committee brought forward the and evil." When Eve remarked such a course would names of the officers for the convention, which were be a violation of the Law of God, and she should become Rev. J. Miller, President; and D. Leggett and W. R. exposed to a penalty of evil, he assured her not only Shepherd, Vice Presidents; and J. Wilde Secretary. that all would be safe, but great good to her would be The meeting was very ably addressed by George the result. So as she and her husband both had a de- Thompson, giving an account of his reception at sire to enlarge their knowledge and improve their con- Springfield, Mass.; the character of the mob who dition, they come to the conclusion that it was best to trampled under foot the freedom of speech, by trying east the Higher Law aside, obey the lower and thus to deprive them of any place in which to hold their make a compromise with sin. Some of their descend- meetings, Homer Foote being at their head; and of the ants, at the present day seem strongly inclined to fol- final triumph of the Abolitionists. He stated the oblow their example, having a great ambition to rise fast ject of his mission to this country; that it was not to wage war against our institutions, or any institution Some seem to talk, as if by the aid of compro based on a righteous foundation; that it was not to ises with moral evil, that we as a nation had be- separate State from State, church from church, or comlaw; yea, it is subjecting an officer of the government United States, but all the despotisms and monarchies in the national hall of legislation, whether the Consti-

> to talk about the poor slaveholder. She wanted go down to perdition, unless he could be reformed and felt very much concerned for him; she said tim thought the Almighty would give them an extra touc in the next.

Mrs. Foster next addressed the convention, showing what the Anti-Slavery platform was; and that it was broad enough for all to stand upon, both Whig and Democrat, church members of all denominations, or non-church members. The convention adjourned until half past six.

Pursuant to adjournment, the house was filled with a very intelligent audience, both ladies and gentlemen more being in attendance from the village, although it rained and was very muddy. The meeting was called to order by the President, and, after singing from the choir of the church, Mr. Thompson again addressed the meeting. He said the meeting was not for any individual or set of individuals, but that it was for all who wished to express their views in regard to Slavery; he expressed a desire that every one would take part and relieve their minds; that free discussion was the only way to arrive at truth, and that he wished to be corrected if he should fall into an error. He stated all that was required to become a member of an Anti-Slavery Society was to do something to make public opinion Anti-Slavery; he said Slavery was wrong under all circumstances where it could be placed; let this principle or idea be carried out in sincerity and truth; let it regulate all our efforts; let it go from heart to heart, from mind to mind, and it will at last overturn every institution and government based upon error; it was on this principle that the great Anti-Slavery movement was carried on in England; he said when Clarkson and his coadjutors first kindled the fires of Anti-Slavery truth, they burned but dimly, but they kept the small flame alive; year after year the flame increased, until they saw the star of freedom arising in the moral horizon. They raised the standard of immediate emancipation. There is no compromise between truth and error; if Slavery is wrong, it demands for immediate abolition. It was this doctrine flatter. that overthrew Slavery in the West Indies; we should not be ashamed to preach this doctrine here. Although twelve, and then in the hands of seventy, it is still onward; the signs of the times are favorable; they indiof error; the history of the country is full of the potency of truth, and we should take courage; but we cannot look to the politician for the commencement of truth, but we must look for it among the honess neart and it will not do to trust it in high places either in Church or State. He said he had been accused of coming here as a British Spy, with British gold in his pocket; but it was all false. He acknowledged that he had been amply paid for pleading for the oppressed, not by dollars and cents, but it had enlarged his views of the principles of truth; unfolded to his mind the true religion that was taught eighteen hundred years

Here he pointed out the object of Christ's mission on United States. earth; that it was to bless mankind, to turn their worship into a purer channel. Some say that Paul sent Onesimus back to his master: Paul sent Onesimus back to his master not as a servant, but as a brother

all reasoning; the tyrant may enslave the body, but other property the South is richer than the Northhe cannot enslave the spirit. Frederick Douglass was right, they made a compromise and voted to raise men holder may teach his slaves the Christian religion, but is large enough it will be used up by political demaand money to carry it on. When the war was over, it he cannot be a Christian. He said there was no danger gogues. We shall go on giving more and more to the

(as if they could divest themselves of their legal re- time will come. Many fugitive slaves have left Boston | the Presidential Chair was the guiding, master-spirit | care of themselves. He loved America; no man loved sponsibility!), and thus gave the Mob all the motive since the Shadrach excitement, all, it is hoped that of that unnecessary and unjust war-a man, too, who her better; and it was the love that he had for her xpressed this opinion of the war. When he sunk from that induced him to come here to tell her of her faults his high seat into the grave, he was canonized a saint if he had been an enemy of America, if he wished to ers of that and all other public rooms refused to let us ment in my last letter that city Marshal Tukey is a of great eminence. The last of all infamous compro- hasten her downfall, the Auti-Slavery cause would have been the last cause that he would have embraced May multitudes arise in the spirit of an uncompro- The last part of his address was seasoned by some very mising Jesus and save our nation from this pernicious appropriate anecdotes, causing much merriment. He closed after having delivered a very interesting address. The Chair favored the meeting with another Anti-Slavery song, and the meeting adjourned until ten o'clock next morning.

The Convention met pursuant to adjournment Prayer by Rev. Mr. Miller. Mrs Foster addressed the convention upon the importance of forming an Anti-Slavery Society, and moved that a committee be appointed to draft a constitution She was followed by Mr. Putnam, of Lynn, Mass., setting forth the importance of such a Society. Mr. Foster next arose and said that there were good material here for such a Society; that it ought not to be a County, but a District Society. He was followed by Mr. Gibbs, who said that such a Society was desirable; that he would do what he could for the formation and promotion of such a So ciety. He said there was but two plans before the peo ple for the abolition of Slavery; one was that of the Abolitionists, which was for immediate emancipation and Henry Clay's, which was, when the number of inhabitants were four times the present number, fre It was announced that Thompson had arrived, to labor would be so cheap that it would not cost as much attend the convention, which was received with joy; as slave labor; therefore, Slavery would be abolished. but when it was announced that W. L. Garrison was He pointed out the absurdity of Clay's plan of emanciprevented from being present, on account of his health, pation. Rev. Mr. Miller expressed a wish that a Society should be formed, and sincerely hoped that mea sures would immediately be taken to accomplish the object. Mr. Culver made some remarks in favor of the motion; he said the reason that Washington County was so far in advance of other Counties was in conse quence of her being first to make a move in the Anti-Slavery cause. Mr. Thompson made a short speech in know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes very intelligent audience, many of them being from favor of the motion; pointed out the manner in which similar Societies have succeeded in England; Mr. Carlis said a few words in favor of the motion. The motion was passed by an almost unanimous rising of the assembly, and a committee was appointed.

The church was again filled at the time appointed, although it rained, and the streets being very muddy. An address was delivered by Mr. Culver, commenting upon the course of Mr. Thompson, regretting that he should have been mobbed in this country. Mr. Thompson next addressed the convention : he thought it very strange that the churches in this country should try to shut out the discussion of the subject of Slavery no man believes that Slavery is a divine institution, still the clergy are opposed to its agitation. The clergy once ruled the mercantile world, but the tables have turned; the mercantile men rule the clergy. Mr. Foster arose and said that his creed was, Love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, might and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself; and any church that would not allow its members to do this, was not a Christian church. When a church should be based on this the true Christian foundation, he would do all in his power to promote it, but all the churches were directly or indirectly supporting Slavery. He was misunderstood by many of the audience, who thought their churches could not be in the wrong; therefore, he brought down a heavy curse upon him, by those who love their creed better than truth.

The Constitution for a District Anti-Slavery Society the novel doctrine, that the Constitution of my country who was once a slave in this State; she made an ear- for the Counties of Saratoga, Washington and Rensse-

Business commenced by reading of the following resolutions, prepared by the committee, which were adopted without a dissentlng voice :

1st. Resolved, That as American Slavery is a system of iniquities the vilest the sun ever shown upon, we deem it the imperative duty of every inbabitant of this and, to use their earnest and untiring efforts for its overthrow, by every means which their judgment and conscience would approve, were they themselves its chattelized victims.

2nd. Resolved, That while the claimants of the slave reside at the South, the actual slaveholders are at our wn doors; for it is incontestibly true that the chains must fall from the limbs of the bondman were they not riveted by a false and recreant public sentiment at the

3d. Resolved. That, in the recent disgraceful proceeding at Springfield, we recognize a stab, aimed not at the person of George Thompson, but at the sacred cause of Liberty, Justice, Humanity, Truth and Right -a stab aimed not by the pitiable misguided youth and grown up boys, who were made the cat's paw of the occasion, but by the respectability (?) the leaders in Church and State, who have the meanness to do that by influence, by proxy, which they have not the manliness to do in person.

4th. Resolved, That "since the wrath of men may be made to praise God," so we trust this exhibition of the character of those influences which wound public opinion at the North, will tend to open the eyes of the people to the demoralizing character of that institution which produces such results; and thus the midnight yells, and murder-threatening violence of a mob will prove to be louder Anti-Slavery preaching than the

voice of freedom's wisest champion. 5th. Resolved, That we repudiate with utter loathing and abhorrence that spurious miscalled patriotism, which welcomes the rights of an Irving in the low servility of those foreigners, who stoop to pander to our very vices, and rejects the kind and faithful rebukes of the friend whose truthful heart loves us too well to

6. Resolved, that with emotions of no ordinary character, we welcome to the Empire State, and to a parthe Anti-Slavery cause here was once in the hands of ticipation in our labor, the world-wide philanthropist, and distinguished advocate of Universal Emancipation, George Thompson; and instead of allowing him to be cate a great change in favor of truth, and the downfall branded as an incendiary, or a foreign emissary, w would take him to our homes and our hearts, as a brother beloved, bidding him God-speed in his noble efforts for the elevation of man wherever found, without re spect to geographical lines, sectional peculiarities ed common people; it is there where it has its origin, party distinctions, sectarian limits, or complexione differences; and we would say to our fellow-citizen where his lot may be cast, if you leave vacant the seat you might occupy under his sublime teachings, you lose a treasure which you cannot estimate or regain.

7th. Resolved, That Henry Clay, by his late infamous and abominable course in respect to the persecu tion and expatriation of the free colored people of this country has proved himself unworthy to be the member of any sect, or the leader of any political party in the

Mrs. Foster addressed the Convention, saying it was of no use to look to the Government for aid; it had always been used to carry out the designs of the Slave Power. The South was richer than the North, and would carry her points. She had fifteen hundred mil He said no man could be a slave; it was contrary to lions of dollars in human souls; with this property and therefore the slaveholders monopolize the interests never a slave; they could enslave his body, but his the Government and people; they have the control of all and the President has more than six million dollar quently he rules the Government, and the Governmen the people of the North. The Slave Power has always Chair; the South has ruled and will rule as long a must bow down before the Southern Idol. use to form another political party, for as soon as i

ATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Miscellany.

From Dickens' 'Household Words.' THE

Private History of the Palace of Glass.

On New Year's Day, in the year 1837, a traveller was proceeding, in a native boat, on a difficult ex-ploration up the river Berbice, in Demerara, when, on arriving at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin, his attention was attracted to the southern margin of the lake by an extraor-dinary object. He caused his crew to paddle quickly towards it The nearer he approached, the higher his curiosity was raised. Though an accomplished botanist, and especially familiar with the Flora of South America, he had never seen anything like it before. It was a Titanic water-plant, in size and shape unlike any other known plant. "I felt as a botanist," says Sir Robert Schomburgk, "and felt myself rewarded! All calamities were forgotten.
A gigantic leaf, from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim, of a light-green above, and a vivid crimson below, rested upon Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of an immense number of petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink" [and, in some intances, measuring fifteeen inches across]. "The smooth water was covered with blossoms, and, as I rowed from one to the other, I always observed something new to admire."

Such flowers Polyphemus must have gathered for Galatea's nosegay; but Sir Robert Schonburgk, not content with mere flowers, dug up whole plants; and sent first them, and afterwards seeds, to England, where the magnificent lilly was named the Victoria Regia." After some unsuccessful attempts. the task of forcing it to blossom in an artificial cli-mate, was confided to Mr. Paxton, the celebrated horticulturist of the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated

Mr. Paxton-a man of high scientific attainments is not a mere academic savant. His Alma Mater nature. When the Victoria Regia was to be is nature. When the Victoria Regia was to be flowered, Mr. Paxton determined to imitate Nature so closely as to make that innocent offspring of the Great Mother fancy itself back again in the broad waters and under the burning heats of British Guiana. He deceived the roots by imbedding them tank, to which he communicated, by means of a lit-America, under a glass case.

who began a chapter on stewed apples with an essay on the Creation, we have thought it wise to start in the week in different parts of England and Irewith the parentage and gestation, before proceeding land together with the management of the estates to the birth and development of the Great Giant in Hyde Park; for by a curious apposition, the first parent of the most extensive building in Europe was the largest known floral stucture in the world. Although, co-relatively, they differ as widely as the Derby, seated—as Chairman of the Works and though, co-relatively, they differ as widely as the popular disparity of St Paul's and a China orange; yet the one proceeded from the other, as consequent-

y as oaks grow from acorns.

Mr. Paxton had alreadly effected many improvements in horticultural buildings; the workmanship of which has always been unnecessarily massive. With the conviction that glass houses are not Egyptian tombs built for darkness and eternity, he set about making them lighter than of old, both as regards actinism and architecture. He discarded as much as practicable all ponderous and opake ma-terials. He pared away all clumsy sash-bars, whose broad shadows robbed plants of the sun's light and

ishingly rapid; for on the ninth of November a flower was produced, a yard in circumference! In little more than a month after, the first seeds ripened, some of them were tilled, and on the sixteenth of same train. February succeeding, young plants made their ap-Success, however, brought a fresh embarrasment. The extraordinary lily obeyed Na-ture's law of development with such unexpected rapidity, that it outgrew the dimensions of its home in little more than a month. It therefore set Mr. Paxton a problem to solve; the formula of which was something like this: Given, an exotic growing in a greeen-house, at the rate of six hundred and fortyseven squre inches of circumference per diem : required, in three months, a new house of dimensions proper for its maturity?

Mr. Paxton went to work; and, combining all his improvements in constructing green-houses, with his special inventions for maturing the Victoria Regia, he very soon produced the "Q. E. D.," in the shape "Neither will I disturb you, for I must light a ciof a novel and elegant conservatory, sixty feet long by forty broad. This building became the immediate precursor of the gigantic structure in Hyde

Park-why necessitates a short explanation.

Among the many desiderata required for every kind of habitation — whether it be designed for plants or princes, for a pine-house or a palace, for the Victoria Regia, or for the enormous glass case under which to collect the products of All Nations -the most imperative conditions, after stability, are like attention. No word of commendation was ut perfect facilities for drainage and for ventilation; another, though searcely subordinate proviso, is smoke rose in regular wreaths; but presently, they economy. The man who can construct houses which grew fainter and more intermittent, and by-and-by shall repel external humidity, and allow of a constant and gentle change of atmosphere at any controllable temperature, and at the lowest cost consistent with durability, is, of course, the prince of builders. Now, in order to be economical, he must necessarily so manage, that each of his materials perform as many different functions as it is possible for it to perform effectually. It he builds the opposite seat, exclaiming—"Wonderful!—worwalls which answer for warmth and strenth only, if the magnificence of Chatsworth?—a thouhe add gutters for drainage, and if he call in Dr. sand times better than anything that has been Reid for ventilation, he may, probably, build a good habitation, but it will certainly be a costly, perhaps a clumsy one; and will turn out a very long job. Mr. Paxton, when he set about the new Victoria sion? Regia house-guided by previous study and experience, and forced into new expedients by the peculiarities of the extraordinary tenant he was building for—had become a better economist. The result is as shown in his latest effort—the great Building that his walls and foundations are not simply walls and foundations, but ventilators and drains as well. His roofs are not simply roofs; but, besides being the most extensive of known sky-lights, are light and heat adjusters. His sash-bars do not only hold the glass together, but are self-supporting, and his rafters form perfect drains for both sides of the glass -for draining off internal, as well as external moisture, whilst the tops of the girders are conduits also. His floors are dust-traps, and aid in ventilation. Lastly, his whole building is, while in course of construction, its own scaffolding. Thus he saves time as well as money. The Victoria Regia house, which combines most

of the advantages above detailed, was finished in several weeks' less time, and cost considerably less

money, than the slenderest old-fashioned conservathat has ever been built.

While Mr. Paxton was busy with this novel and Buckingham Palace, to explain the details. model garden-house, a hot war was raging in London Robert Peel greatly admired the design for its unity about a site for the new building for exhibiting spe-cimens of the Art and Industry of all nations in were accepted, it would occasion the first great opcimens of the Art and Industry of all nations in were accepted, it would occasion the first great opless. Mr. Paxton is a reader of the "Times," and perused with sympathizing interest its fiercely-urged new tariff. Alas! this was the latest connected retimber-fellers. The picture daily drawn of the tearing-up of fashionable roads by the carting of more bricks and mortar (for, mark, a temporary edifice) than the eternal Pyramids of Ghizeh consist of; the cutting down from one side of Rotten Row of its Committee; which, in the regular routine of busimost cherished ornaments, the trees; the uncertainty of miles of brickwork being put together in time for sufficient consolidation to bear the weight of the devised a plan of its own. Nothing daunted, how-tremendous iron dome designed to rest upon it; the ever, Mr. Paxton determined to appeal to a tribuimpossibility of the entire mass of mortar and plaster nal which (to borrow the tag of most modern comduly drying: All this, though occasionally over-ledies) is "never sought in vain;" namely, to the drawn and exaggerated, presented a black perspective, which the means and appliances of the Victoria cuts and pages of the "London Illustrated News."

joined together. A multiplication of hands and of materials could be readily commanded, and no structure could be raised so quickly and so cheaply The promenaders and neighbors of Hyde Park would be relieved of the incessant "click—click" of brick-layers' trowels, the maddening noise of the black-smiths' rivetting-hammers, and have perfect immunity from the hourly transit of bricks and scaffold-The proposed edifice could be constructed at Birmingham, at Dudley, and at Thames Bank, "brought home" to Hyde Park ready-made, and put up like a bedstead. As to the trees: for a couple of hundred pounds Mr. Paxton would transplant them, and bring them back again at the end of the Industrial fair without injuring a single twig. And here we may remark, in passing, that, according to Ho-race Walpole, Mr. Paxton is half a century before his time in his huge transplanting operations. In August, 1748, the Twickenham Prophet wrote to his Cousin Conway, as a piece of extravagant fun-"I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that, a hundred and fifty years hence, it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip roots.

However, Mr. Paxton could do without moving the venerable wood "on the shortest notice" (as if it had been converted into household furniture before

But alas! feasible as the plan appeared, it was not to be thought of. The fiat of the Building Committee has gone forth. This competition of architectural skill invited by the authorities had not produced one available design. The first exhibition of the In-dustry of the Architects of all Nations had been pronounced a failure; and the fact of the Building Committee having invited tenders for the construc-tion of a design of its own, shut out fresh competi-

One day, however-it was Friday, the fourteenth of June-Mr. Paxton happened to be in the House of Commons conversing on this subject with Mr. Ellis, a member of it, who accompanied him to the Board of Trade to see what could be done. Then, nothing could be done; for Mr. Paxton (who is one of the busiest men in England-whose very leisure would kill a man of fashion with its hard work) was in a hillock of burned loam and peat; he deluded off immediately to keep a special appointment at the great lubberly leaves by letting them float in a tubular bridge over the Menai. After his journey, the next morning, the conversation with his friend the wheel, the gentle ripple of their own tranquil river; and he coaxed the flower into bloom by manufacturing a Berbician climate in a tiny South America, under a glass case.

the M. P., was clenched by another and more than usually powerful burst of thunder in that day's issue from Blackfriars. His mind was made up; "and," said the Duke of Devonshire, at a recent With that glass case our history properly com-mences. In imitation of a philosophic French Cook, Paxton resolve to undertake what he did not fully accomplish." To have engagements for every day in the week in different parts of England and Ireat Chatsworth, did not much matter; there was still Ways Committee of the Midland Railway to try an offending pointsman. This was the first leisure moment he had been able to secure since he resolved to plan the great building. At the end of the table stood the culprit; and, upon it, before the Chairman, was invitingly spread a virgin sheet of blotting-paper. As each witness delivered his evidence, Mr. Paxton appeared to be taking notes with uncommon assiduity; and when the case closed, one of his col-leagues turned specially to him, saying, "As you seem to have noted down the whole of

the evidence, we will take the decision from you."
"The truth is," whispered the Chairman.

he found one of the greatest and most influential en- under the roof; hence, the intervening bars, which gineers of the day—a member, moreover, of the Roy-al Commission—who was going to London by the twenty-four feet long.

"This is extraordinarily lucky!" he exclaimed; for I want you to look over a few plans and a specification of mine."

Accordingly the plans were unrolled. "There they are," said the impromptu architect; "look them over, and see if they will do for the great Building for eighteen hundred and fifty-one!" "For what?" asked the engineer, looking at his

friend with the serio comic suprise of incredulity. "I am serious."

"But you are too late: the whole thing is settled and decided.' "Well just see what you think of them. I am very

gar;" and in spite of every regulation in that case made and provided, the engineer began to smoke.

There was a dead taciturnity; the Royal Com-missioner went over the plans slowly and carefully; their originator narrowly watching their effect on It was an anxious moment for the one for upon the opinion of the other no little depended. At first there was not much to augur from. drawings were scanned with no more than businesstered; no sign of pleasure or surprise appeared. The smoke rose in regular wreaths; but presently, they the cigar went out; yet the suction was continued as rigorously as ever. The projector's hopes rose; his friend's attention was evidently drawn into a vortex, for he went on during twenty minutes puffing away at the effete weed, quite unconscious that it was extinguished! At length, gathering the unrolled papers up in a bundle, he threw them into brought before us! What a pity they were not pre-"Will you lay them before the Royal Commis-

The value of this promise and of the favorable

expression of opinion which would doubtless accompuny it performance, will be best understood when we divulge to the reader (without, we trust, any breach of confidence) that the gentleman who made it was Mr. Robert Stephenson.

The next day fills a melancholy page in English story. It was Saturday, the twenty-ninth of over the Prince and Sir Robert Peel retired to one of the bay windows, and were some time engaged in earnest conversation. Mr. Stephenson's time was precious, for he had an appointment elsewhere. the Secretaries of the Commission.

Both Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel gave great attention to the drawings, and the Prince signified beside Rotten Row by a gang of Titans.

The roofs—of which there are five, one to each Palace on horseback for an airing, was thrown on Constitution Hill, and three days afterwards had ceased to exist.

The Paxton scheme was referred to the Building ness, could not entertain it, having rejected all the designs it had invited for competition, and having Regia conservatory would, thought its architect, Never was an appeal more promptly or satisfactori-those of the building as it now stands. They differ considerably lighten, or altogether obviate. Everyly answered! The practicability, the simplicity, slightly from Mr. Paxton's original specifications.

on the projector of the entire Exhibition, Prince Albert, on another memorable morning—that of the Christening day of Prince Patrick. What passed mittee in their advertisement had invited the candidates for raising their edifice, to suggest any improvements in it that may occur to them. This opened a crevice, into which Merris. Fox and Henderson were able to thrust their tender for Mr. Paxton's plan. Seeing at once it was, of all other plans, the plan—the supreme desideratum—they ingenious rafters are cut out of sold tendered for it as an "improvement" on the Com- wood, in a machine (invented by the in mittee's design. Here a new and formidable difficulty arose. It

was now Saturday, and only a few days more were allowed for receiving tenders. Yet before an approximate estimate of expense could be formed, the great glass manufacturers and iron masters of the north had to be consulted. This happened to be dies mirabilis the third, for it was the identical Saturday on it had been converted into household furniture before which the Sunday postal question had reached its its time). If the Park authorities preferred, he would clap the tress, all standing, under his great But in a country of electric telegraphs? and of indomitable energy, time and difficulties are annihilated, and it is not the least of the marvels wrought in connexion with the great edifice, that by the aid of railway parcels and the electric telegraph, not only did all the gentlemen summoned out of Warwick-shire and Staffordshire appear on Monday morning at Messrs. Fox and Henderson's Office, in Spring Gardens, London, to contribute their several estimates to the tender for the whole; but, within a pose week, the contractors had prepared every detailed working drawing, and had calculated the cost of every pound of iron, of every inch of wood, and of every

pane of glass.

There is no one circumstance in the history of the manufacturing enterprise of the English nation which places in so strong a light as this its boundess resources in materials, to say nothing of the arithmetical skill in computing at what cost, and in how short e time, those materials could be converted to a special purpose. What was done in those few days? Two parties in London relying on the ccuracy and good faith of certain iron-masters, glass workers in the provinces, and of one master carpenter in London, bound themselves for a certain sum of money, and in the course of some four months, to cover eighteen acres of ground, with a building upwards of a third of a mile long (1851 feet—the exact date of the year), and some four hundred and fifty feet broad. In order to do this, the glass-maker promised to supply in the required time, nine hundred thousand square feet of glass, (weighing more than four hundred tons) in separate panes, and these the largest that ever were made of sheet glass; each being forty-nine inches long. The iron-master pass-ed his word in like manner to cast in due time three thousand three hundred iron columns, varying from fourteen and a half feet to twenty in length; thirty-four miles of guttering tube to join every individual column together under the ground; two thousand two hundred and twenty four girders (but some of these are of wrought iron); besides eleven hundred and twenty-eight bearers for supporting galleries. The carpenter undertook to get ready within the specified period two hundred and five miles of sash-bar; flooring for an area of thirtythree millions of cubic feet; besides enormous quantities of wooden walling, louvre work, and partition."

It is not till we reflect on the vast sums of money and leaking overlaps, by using large panes, and inserting them in wooden grooves, rendered water-tight by a sparing use of putty. Lastly, finding that into the ordinary sloping roof the sunbeams enter, at an indirect and upprofitable angle, Mr. Paxton invented a horizontal glazing composed of Paxton invented a horizontal glazing composed of angular ridges, the glass presenting itself to the sun's ray's so as to admit them to the plants in a straight line at almost any time of day; but especially early and late.

In a green-house constructed with some of these improvements, and acclimated as we have already explained, a Victoria Regia was planted on the tenth of August, 1849. So well had everything been prepared for its reception, that it flourished as vigor-bared for its reception, the distance between each of the transverse gutters as would have made for the flourished for the plants in the sanguine hope that agricultance sections, dividend or multiple of twenty-four. The internal columns are placed twenty-four feet apart, while the distance between each of the transverse gutters.

When he made for the plants is a columns are placed twenty-four feet apart twenty-four feet long.

There was little time for consideration, or for set-

ting right a single mistake, were it ever so disas-On the prescribed day the tender was presented, with whatever imperfections it might have had, duly and irredeemably sealed. But aftercheckings have divulged no material error. The result was, that Messrs. Fox and Henderson's offer for erecting the Paxton edifice proved to be the lowest practicable tender that was submitted to the Building Committee.

The public have long known what followed: Mr. Paxton's Glazed Palace was eventually chosen unanimously; not only by the Building Committee, but by the Royal Commission. Some modifications were, however, adopted. It was decided that the most revered of the trees were to be admitted into the Industrial building; and the central transept-the apex of whose curvilinear roof is one hundred and welve feet from the ground-was contrived by Mr. Paxton for their inclosure. In August the space in Hyde Park was boarded in; and the first castings for the iron colums were delivered on the fourteenth of September. Yet, when these pages meet the reader's eye, the cheapest, most gigantic and substantial structure ever dreamt of, will be nearly ready for decoration.

If for nothing else, this tremendous pile of transparency is astounding—for its cheapness. It is actually less costly than an agricultural barn or an Irish cabin! A division of its superfices in cubic feet by the sums to be paid for it, brings out the astonishing quotient, of little more than one half-penny (nine-sixteenths of a penny) per cubic foot; sup-posing it to be taken down and returned to the con-tractors when the Exhibition is over. Or, if it remain a fixture, the rate of cost will be rather less than a penny and one-twelfth of a penny per cubic The ordinary expense of a barn is more than twice as much, or two pence half-penny per foot. Here are the figures: The entire edifice contains thirty-three millions of cubic feet. taken down, the sum to be paid is seventy-nine thousand eight hundred pounds: if bought, to become a winter garden, one hundred and fifty thou-

sand pounds.

The smallness of cost is due to the principle we have previously explained, of each component of the building being endowed with more than one purpose. The six rows of columns are, as had been already said, not only props but drains. They are hollow, and into them the glass roof will deliver its collections of water. In the base of each column is inhistory. It was Saturday, the twenty-ninth of seried a nonzonear non-pro-June. The Royal Commission met. headed by Prince into the sewers. These strong tubes serve also as Albert. After the regular business of the board was foundation; they are links that connect the whole serted a horizontal iron pipe to conduct the drainage of the three thousand three hundred uprights together. At the top, each column is fastened to its opposite associate by a girder, run up by means of a He pole and pully in a few minutes; and, once fastened, no other scaffolding is requisite for the roof which it supports. Thus, by means of the iron pipes below, was in short, obliged to depart without an opportunity of placing Mr. Paxton's plans before his colleagues and the Prince. He delegated that office, however, to an able hand, Mr. Scott Russell, one of structure is held from end to end so compact and fast that it becomes an enormous hollow, as immovable as if it were, instead, a solid cube dropped down

aisle or corridor, the highest in the middle-play many parts. They are windows, light and heat adjusters, rain conductors outside, and condensed moisture ducts within. They are interminable rows of roofing, so placed as to form in the aggregate a perused with sympathizing interest its fiercely-urged objections against the invasion of Hyde Park by armines of excavators, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and triples of excavators, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and triples of excavators, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and the results of the teach of th wooden sash bar, with notches on either side for holding the sloping laths in which are fitted the edges of the glass. The bottom or "farrow" barotherwise a rafter-is hollowed in the middle, to form a gutter, into which every drop of rain glides down from the glass, and passes through the trans-verse gutters into the hollow columns. These longitudinal gutters are formed at the tops of the gir-ders; for the roof is self-supporting. This is not all: in converting a conservatory for plants into a resort for breathing beings, and a depot for arti-

* The quantities and dimensions here quoted are those of the building as it now stands. They differ but

new thunderbolt from the newspaper Tonans, and beauty of the scheme convinced every member cles emphatically "to be kept dry:" internal as strengthened this notion in the projector's mind. Of the many-headed court of appeal of its efficacy.

All that was wanted, was a great many lily-houses Meanwhile the projector of the building waited breath of myriads of visitors, condensed against the glass, would otherwise return in continual Scotch mists. That difficulty partly dictated the A-like form of the ceiling. Mr. Paxton ascertained that Christening day of Prince Patrick. What passed form of the ceiling. Mr. Paxton ascertained that need not be divulged; but for the oncouragement vapors ascending to glass inclined to a slope of one vouchsafed, added to the expression of public opinion daily gathering strength, induced Mr. Paxton to rate drops and descend again, but slide down over daily gathering strength, induced Mr. Paxton to rate drops and descend again, but since down over decide on procuring a tender to be sent in to the Building Committee for his design. He therefore grooves each rafter under the inside of the glazing. went straight to the Messrs. Fox and Henderson, and these gentlemen immediately engaged to prepare a tender. It happened that the Building Compares the conveyed into the column into the verse gutters; thence through the column into the jurisdiction of their honors the Commissioners of Sewers. We subjoin a section of the s rafter, to show the "Paxton gutter," and to clench our explanation: A is the external gutter, B B the frames of the glass, c c the internal ducts. These

> the rest), with incredible rapidity. In order that there may be a fall for the water to run off, each rafter is slightly curved; and, to correct warping, a rod of iron, with nuts and screws at each end, forms the string of the bow, so as to regulate its deflexion. For this ingenious expedient Mr. Paxton has taken out a patent. We must now give proof that the floor is a venti-

wood, in a machine (invented by the inventor of all

lator and a dust trap. It is laid four feet above the sward of the park. A series of subterranean lungs are thus provided, and air is admitted to them, by means of lousres, fixed in the outer walling of the building. These being made to open and shut like Venitian blinds, will admit much or little air, which gently passes through the seams of the open flooring, and circulates over the building. Finally, through the openings of the floor, the daily accumulations of dust will be swept into the space below by a ma-chine, which Mr. Pargen has invented for that pur-

Enough has now been said to indicate rather than to describe how each part of the bullding "plays many parts," and how, consequently, incalculabe saving has been effected in time and money. It is hardly necessary to repeat, that the interior of the edifice is the most expansive covered space in the world. That some idea may be formed of the excess of its capacity, we may mention, that the largest covered are in England is believed to be that of the Ravenhead Glass Works, at St. Helen's, in Lancashire, where the space roofed in is three hundred and thirty-nine feet, by one hundred and five feet, or not one quarter so large as that section of Hyde Park which Mr. Paxton has glazed over.

That a Palatial Exhibition building, providing a

total exhibition surface of twenty-two acres, and af-fording space for nine miles of tables, shall have been put up in four months, for less than a penny farthing a cubic foot, would in itself make 1851 fafarthing a cubic foot, would in reserrance mous in the history of enterprise, if nothing else mous in the history of enterprise, if nothing else were to happen to stamp it as pre-eminently "The Industrial Year." From it will at least be dated a new era in building. In a communication from Mr. Paxton himself, which we are permitted to quote, he

says:
"When I consider the cheapness of glass and east-iron, and the great facility with which they can be used, I have no doubt that many structures, similar to that at Darley.* will be attached to dwellinghouses, where they may serve as sitting-rooms, conservatories, waiting-rooms, or omnibus-rooms, if I may be allowed the expression. I am now, in fact, engaged in making the design for a gentleman's house to be covered wholly with glass; and when we consider that wherever lead is now used, glass may with equal propriety be substituted, I have every hope that it will be used for buildings of various conditions and character. Structures of this kind are also susceptible of the highest kind of ornamentation in stained glass and general painting. I am not without hope, however, that glass will become almost universal in its use, and that the system will be extended for manufacturing purposes, well as general cemeteries, and also for horticultural ing that into the ordinary sloping roof the sunbeams dustrial Building to be erected in Hyde Park."

rectness of their computations. Nevertheless it was buildings, so that even market-gardeners will advantage one great merit in Mr. Paxton's original details of tageously apply it, in the growing of foreign fruit for measurement, that they were contrived to facilitate the London markets. I even go so far as to indulge

BEN JONSON'S MOTHER.

In Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross, about the year 1580, dwelt Mr. Thomas Fowler, a master bricklayer. He had married, in 1575, Mrs. Marga-ret Johnson, a widow, and had become the protector of her little boy, Benjamin, then about a year and a half old.

Benjamin is now in his sixth year. He duly attends the parish school in St. Martin's Church; for his father was "a grave minister of the Gospel," and his mother is anxious that her only child, poor although he must be, shall lack no advantages of edu-cation. We see the sturdy boy daily pacing to school, through the rough and miry way of that half-rural district. In his play-hours he is soon in the fields, picking blackberries in Hedge Lane, or flying his kite by the Windmill in St. Giles's. His father-in-law is a plain, industrious, trusty man—not rich enough to undertake any of the large works which the luxurious wants of the town present; and oftimes interfered with, in the due course of his labour, by royal proclamations against the increase of houses, which are rigidly enforced when a humble man desires to build a cottage. But young Ben has found friends. To the parish school sometimes comes Masand he observes the bold boy, always ter Camden; at the head of his class, and not unfrequently having his "clear and fair skin" disfigured by combats with his dirty companions, who litter about the alleys of St Martin's Lane. The boy has won good Master Camden's heart; and so, in due time, he proposes to remove him to Westminster School.

remove him to Westminster School.

Let us look at the Shadow of his Mother, as she debates this question with her husband, at their frugal supper. "The boy must earn his living," says the bricklayer. "He is strong enough to be of help to me. He can mix the mortar; he will soon be able to carry the hod. Learning! stuff! he has had learning enow, for all the good it will do him." "Thomas Fowler," responds the mother, "If I wear my fiagers to the bone, my boy shall never carry the hod. Muster Camden, a good man, and a learned, will pay for his schooling. Shall we not give him his poor meals and his pallet-bed? Master Camden says he will make his way. I owe it to the memory of him who is gone, that Benjamin shall be a scholar, of him who is gone, that Benjamin shall be a scholar, and perhaps a minister." "Yes; and be persecuted for his opinions, as his father was. These are ticklish times, Margaret—the lowest are the safest. Ben is passionate, and obstinate, and will quarrel for a straw. Make him a scholar, and he becomes Papist or Puritan—the quiet way is not for the like of him. or Puritan—the quiet way is not for the like of him. He shall be apprenticed to me, wife, and earn his daily bread safely and honestly." Night after night is the debate renewed. But the mother triumphs. Ben does go to Westminster School. He has hard fare at home; he has to endure many a taunt as he sits apart in the Abbey cloisters, intent upon his task. But Camden is his instructor and his friend. The bright provide how tights his way to distinction.

But Camden is his instructor and his inches.
bricklayer's boy fights his way to distinction.
Look again at the Shadow of that proud Mother,
as after three or four anxious years, she hears of
his advancement. He has an exhibition. He is
to remove to Cambridge. Her Benjamin must be a to remove to Cambridge. Her Benjamin must be a bishop. Thomas Fowler is incredulous—and he is not generous: "When Benjamin leaves this root, he must shift for himself, wife." The mother drops one tear when her boy departs—the leathern purse which holds her paintul sayings is in Benjamin's pocket.

pocket.

Rev. Chandler Roobins, J. Huntington Wolco l-misp, and schol-

Harriet, daughter of Samuel Frothingham.

Sherwood—Wilson,—At Keene, N. H., on the inst, by the Right Rev. Carleton Chase, Bisl New Hampshire, John Sherwood, of New Yo Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Hon. Mary Elizabeth, eldest dau Wilson, of New Hampshire.

VAIL-INMAN.—At Rahway, N. J., on the 12th according to the order of the Society of Friends liam Vail, of the former place, and Lucy It daughter of the late Henry Inman, of this city.

Deaths.

PATTISON.—At his residence, 761 Broadway, on nesday morning, 12th inst., Granville Sharpe I son, Professor of Anatomy in the University of York, in the 60th year of his age.

Butterworth.-On Monday, the 17th inst., l Banyer, wife of John F. Butterworth, and dau

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of William Jay.
MILLER.—In Auburn, N. Y., Hon. Elijah Miller,
80—father-in-law of Ex-Governor Seward. Snow.—In Fitchburgh, Mass., Oct. 31st, Mrs. Baldwin, wife of Benjamin Snow, Jr., and dau of Mr. David Boutelle, aged 32 years.

Notices.

THE SIXTEENTH PENNSYLVANIA

THE-Fair will be held in December. The Mans appointed by the Female Anti-Slavery Society vite all those who are interested in the great cau which their labours are devoted, to aid them in work.

The times call loudly upon us for faithful and effieffort. Let us be zealous and unuring an vours to arouse those over whom we may have influ

enough to give us their aid. Anna M. Hopper,

Emma Parker, Janette Jackson, Rebecca Plumly, Rebecca Plumly,
Maria M. Davis,
Maria M. Davis,
Emily W. Taylor,
Mary Grew,
Sarah A. M'Kim,
Sarah T. Child,
Anna M. Child,
Huldah Justice,
Sarah Pugh,
Harriet D. Purvis,
Elizabeth Carman,
Mary Shaw. Mary Shaw,
Sarah M. Douglass,
Esther Reckless.
1851.

Margaret A. Griscom, Margaret Jones, Priscilla Lukens, Hannah L Stickney, Mary T. Stickney, Clementine G. Ruby, Margaretta Forten, Elizabeth Gay, Elizabeth Davis, A. Matilda Remond, Gertrude K. Burleigh, Sarah Tyndale, Elizabeth Clendenin, Abby Kimber, Martha Kimber, Evelina Suplee,

Philadelphia, September, 1851.

MEETINGS IN HERKIMER COUNT

PILLSBURY

BY LEWIS FORD AND PARKER PILLSBUR MASSACHUSETTS.

PARKER PILLSBURY, an agent of the American Slavery Society, will attend meetings in Her Slavery Society, v County as follows: in Herk

Brocket's Bridge, Tues. and Wed., Decem. 2d and Salisbury Centre, Thurs. and Fri., "4"
Norway, Sat. and San., "6"
Cold Brock, Tues. and Wed., "9"
Fairfield, Thurs. and Fri., "11"

In places where two days are spent, the first meetil invariably be in the evening of the first day.

NATIONAL ANTI-S

It is a summer night of 1590, when Benjamin Jonson walks into the poor house of Hartsborn Lane. He is travel-stained and weary. His jerkin is half hidden beneath a dirty cloak. That jerkin, which looked so smart in a mother's eye when last they parted, is strangely shrunk—or, rather, has not the spare boy grown into a burly youth, although the boy's jerkin must still do service? The brick-layer demands his business—the wife falls upon his neck. And well may the bricklayer know him not. His face is "pimpled;" hard work and irregular living have left their marks upon him. The exhibition has been insufficient for his maintenance. His spirit has been sorely wounded. The scholar of sixteen thinks he should prefer the daily bread which is to be won by the labour of his hands, to the hunger for which pride has no present solace. Benjamin Johnson becomes a bricklayer,

And now, for two years, has the mother—her hopes wholly gone, her love only the same—to bear up under the burden of conflicting duties. The young man duly works at the most menial tasks of his business. He has won his way to handle a trowel; but the is not conformable in all things. "Wife," says Thomas Fowler, "that son of yours will never prosper. Cannet he work—and cannot he eat his meals—without a Greek book in his vest? This very noon must he seat himself at dinner hour, in the shade of the wall in Chancery Lane, on which he had been labouring; and then comes a reverend Bencher and

without a Greek book in his vest? This very noon must he seat himself at dinner hour, in the shade of the wall in Chancery Lane, on which he had been labouring; and then comes a reverend Bencher and begins discourse with him; and Ben shows him his book—and they talk as if they were equal. Margaret, he is too grand for me; he is above his trade." "Shame on ye, husband! Does he not work, honestly and deftly! and will you gradge him his books?" "He haunts the playhouses; he sits in the pit—and cracks nuts—and hisses or claps hands, in a way quite unbeseeming a bricklayer's apprentice. Marquite unbeseeming a bricklayer's apprentice. Mar-garet, I fear he will come to no good." One night there is a fearful quarrel. It is late when Benjamin Mar-night there is a tearror quarrer. It is late when benjamin returns home. In silence and darkness, the son and mother meet. She is resolved. "Benjamin, my son, my dear son, we will endure this life no longer. There is a sword—it was your grandfather's. A gentleman wore it; a gentleman shall still wow is Go to the Low Countries. Volunteers are called for. In silence and darkness, the son and the is resolved. "Benjamin, my son, e will endure this life no longer. Volunteers are called for. Ostend. Take with you

Go to the Low Countries. Volunteers are called for.
There is an expedition to Ostend. Take with you
these few crowns, and God prosper you."
Another year, and Benjamin's campaign is ended.
At the hearth in Hartshorn Lane sits Margaret Fowler—in solitude. There will be no more strife about
her son. Doeth has extled the entire about At the hearth in Hartshorn Lane sits Margaret Fow-ler—in solitude. There will be no more strife about her son. Death has settled the controversy. Mar-garet is very poor. Her trade is unprosperous; for the widow is defrauded by her servants. "Mother, there is my grandfather's sword—it has done ser-vice; and now, I will work for you." "How, my son?" "I will be a bricklayer again." We see the Shadow of the Mother as she strives to make her son content. He has no longer "the lime and mortar" hands with which it was his after-fate to be reproach-ed; but he bestows the master's eye upon his mother's nands with which it was his atter-fate to be reproached; but he bestows the master's eye upon his mother's workmen. Yet he has hours of leisure. There is a chamber in the old house now filled with learned books. He reads, and he writes, as his own pleasure dictates. "Mother," he one day says, "I wish to marry." "Do so, my son; bring year wife home; we will dwell together." So a few years roll on. He and his wife weep

"Mary, the daughter of their youth."

But there is an event approaching which sets aside sorrow. "Daughter," says the ancient lady, "we must to the Rose Playhouse to-night. There is a new play to be acted, and that play is Benjamin's." "Yes, mother, he has had divers moneys already. Not much, I wot, seeing the labour he has given to this 'Comedy of Humours'—five shillings, and ten shillings, and once, a pound." "No matter, daughter, he will be famous; I always knew he would be famous." A calamity clouds that fame. The play-writer has quarrels on every side. In the autumn of 1598, Philip Henslowe, the manager of "the Lord Admiral's men," writes thus to his son-in-law, Alleyn: "Since you were with me, I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly—that is Gabriel; for he is slain in Hogsden Fields, by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." Twenty years after, the great dramatist, the laureat, thus relates the story to Drummond: "Being appealed to the "Mary, the daughter of their youth." of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." Twenty years after, the great dramatist, the laureat, thus relates the story to Drummond: "Being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary, which had him hurt in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his; for the which he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows." There is the proud Shadow of a Roman Matron hovering about his cell, in these hours when the gallows beyond darkly in the those hours when the gallows loomed darkly

future.

The scholar and the poet has won his fame.—
Bricklayer no longer, Ben is the companion of the illustrious. Shakespeare hath "wit-combate" with him; Camden and Selden try his metal, in learned controversies; Raleigh and Beaumont, and Donne, and Fletcher, exchange with him "words of subtle and words o controversies; Raleigh and Beaumons, and Fletcher, exchange with him "words of subtle flame" at "The Mermaid." But a new trouble arises—James is come to the throne. Hear Jonson's account of a remarkable transaction: "He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King. for writing something against the Scots, in a play, 'Eastward Ho," and voluntarily imprisoned himself, with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was that they should then have had their ears cut, and noses." They are at length released. We see the shadow of a banquet, which the poet gave to his friends in commemoration of his deliverance. There is a joyous company of immortals at that feast. There, too, is that loving and faithful Mother. The wine-cups are flowing; there are song gave to his friends in company of immortans and ance. There is a joyous company of immortans and that feast. There, too, is that loving and faithful Mother. The wine-cups are flowing; there are song and jest, eloquence, and the passionate earnest-ness with which such friends speak when the heart is opened. But there is one, whose Shadow we now see, more passionate and more earnest than any of that company. She rises, with a full goblet in her hand: "Son, I drink to thee. Benjamin, my beloved son, thrice I drink to thee. See ye this paper; one grain of the subtle drug which it holds is death. Even as we now pledge each other in rich canary, would I have pledged thee in lusty strong poison, had thy sentence taken execution. Thy shame would have been my shame, and neither of us should have

"She "She was no Household Words. churl," says Benjamin .-

I-SLAVERY STANDAR

ho are with en who , under everal f their edy at behalf, put up them a

tured, but, on account of a severe storm, On Sunday, at 8 o'clock, for th thin attendance. time, Miss Holley lectured to the Grassdalians. close of the lecture, a collection again was commendable liberality manifested the satisfa the hearers; hereupon, the General, in a few r complimented the speaker in high terms; he co by politely inviting Miss Holley to visit Grassdale and lecture. The aged pioneer followed in a few siastic remarks, wishing God speed to the object mission of Miss Holley, and the meeting dispers much for Grassdale in the cause of the slave More anon. Yours.

Miscellaneons Mems.

V-THREE papers in Virginia have hois Fillmore flag.

APPROPRIATE MOTTO.—Trusir & Co. of cuse, N. Y. have issued the first number of attion paper with the significant motto. Go it Je —MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—In all the States, England and some of the Middle, Western and ern States, there will be efforts to pass the Maine

quor Law

A SLAVER, under Genoese colours, was British steamer Rifleman, on the coast of six slaves on board, sent to Gibraltar as a d by her capturers, and arrived there sa by the Britis with six sla manned by the 25th uit. —REV. DR. DEWEY.—Washington paper that Rev. Dr. Dewey will ere long settle over tarian Church in that city. It is proposed to Dr. Dewey to repeat in Washington the lecture now delivering before the Lowell Institute.

Harris, —PREACHING IN THE STREET.—The Pres of New York have adopted an earnest resolution mending the practice of preaching in the str those who cannot be brought into the house erec

public worship. —FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—We learn fr Vincennes (Indiana) Gazette that Judge Den Illinois, in the case of a negro recently arrest brought before him as a fugitive slave on a wri-beas corpus, decided that the Fugitive Slave L unconstitutional, and therefore discharged the e-ed runaway. Much excitement has been occasi-

ed runaway. this decision

ed runaway. Much excitement has been occasion this decision.

—Marrying a Wife's Sister came up before the Pl phia Synod at its late meeting. One of the mi of the New Castle Presbytery had solemnized riage of this kind. His Presbytery dismissed tiget without disciplinary action. One member plained to the Synod, and the Synod with a disagainst a constructive approval of such marriage tained the course taken by the Presbytery.

—The "AGITATION" JUST BEGUN.—The time closes an article in relation to the late prempaign, with an admonition to the Union Safet mittee, that if they persist in their efforts to free discussion on the Slavery question, the "agit has just commenced.

We can furnish the priests of the new deity wors in New York, with another piece of informati their comfort. The people of the country have the last "Cotton" ticket formed in that city, the run without provoking reprisals in the "rural distifut is a game that two can play at, as "Cotton find to its cost, in the next contest. Nothing be Canal prevented the whole West from breaking I the election just passed; and even as it was, the with difficulty restrained on both sides. The uniof another "Cotton" banner in the city, will signal for a general revolt in the country.— W State Journal.

—Horrible Murder by Negroes.—A lady was brutally murdered recently by some initial distribution.

Horrisle Murder by Negroes.—A lady was brutally murdered recently by some inl wretches in the neighbourhood of Sandy Creek, parish of Baton Rouge, La. A negro named Rile a young negress, about fourteen or fifteen years of were taken up, tried, confessed the crime, and sen to be hung on Monday. The negroes, in their of sion, implicated two white men as the instigators bloody deed. The report is that one of the white accused was enamoured of the young lady, who reto marry him, whereupon he determined to wreal her his fiendish revenge, and, by threats and proprevailed upon his negroes to waylay her, as she passing from her home to a neighbour's, near the of where her mangled corpse was found submerge neath the weight of a heavy log, with the aproncondemned negrees about her neck, it having beet to strangle her. The white men accused have leparish, although they cannot be condemned on evidence.

cvidence.

— RECEPTION OF THE HUNGARIANS BY MAYOR OF NEW YORK.—On Wednesday afterna last week a deputation of the Hungarian Exile staying at the Irving Honse, accompanied by As Surgean Hamiltan, of the Mississippi, and Ald Franklin and Miller, visited Mayor Kingsland purpose of expressing their gratitude upon arrival land of freedom. The Mayors received them Governor's Room, City Hall, where Colonel Berze who speaks English with tolerable fluency, ma extempore address which was full of pathos, and forth at several points the spontaneous applause extempore address which was full of pathos, and forth at several points the spontaneous applause hearers

-Kidnapping and Reclamation.—Co papers learn from Governor Wood, that on y negroes who was kidnapped some mon Lawrence County, O., has returned, after (0.) papers learn from Governor Wood, that one Polly negroes who was kidnapped some month from Lawrence County, O., has returned, after u going his trial in Kentucky for his freedom. Wood, who took a deep interest in reclaiming thes mapped negroes, speaks highly of the Kentucki this trial. The kidnapper had escaped, or he have been severely dealt with—so a Kentucky says.

—Eastern School Ma'ams,—Governor has just imported a fresh supply of school-mistres Chicago, from Down East. The Chicago Democratic that school-ma'am business is one of the best for the West that constants. Chic for the West that ever happened. It drains the I its surplus female population, and the very best p of it too. It also furnishes our young men wivery best of wives. And no sooner are they mathan they send home for their sisters, cousins, & very best of wives. And no somet at the start of the star thus of building a school-house and filling it with

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inexcusable brutality where the softness of his nature had already written a lampoon upon an ancient assoought chiefly to have been evoked-where the want tenderness, indeed, left him a naked and irre- the new Minister. claimable savage-is equally impossible. If we decommand. There is, in truth, no end to such ma-

Swift was born in the year 1667. His father, who was Queen, Lords and Commons. There was trewas steward to the Society of the King's Inn, Dublin, mendous work todo, and Swift did it all. The Tories died before his birth and left his widow penniless. The child, named Jonathan, after his father, was brought up on charity. The obligation due to an one that Swift would never forget, or re-Because member without inexcusable indignation. he had not been left to starve by his relatives, or because his uncle would not do more than he could, Swift conceived an eternal dislike to all who bore his name, and a haughty contempt for all who partook of his nature. He struggled into active life, and presented himself to his fellow men in the temper of At the age of fourteen, he was admitted into Frinity College, Dublin, and four years afterwards, as a special grace—for his acquisitions apparently failed to earn the distinction—the degree of Bacheor of Arts was conferred upon him. In 1682, the year in which the war broke out in Ireland, Swift, n his twenty-first year, and without a sixpence in his pocket, left college. Fortunately for him, the For seven months he conducted a periodical paper in wife of Sir William Temple was related to his moriendless youth was provided with a home. He for the space of two years laboured hard at his own How far Swift succeeded in winning the good opinion ef Sir William may be learnt from the fact that when King William honoured Moor Park with his all on the side of the satirist, and how vast a portion presence, he was permitted to take part in the interviews, and that when Sir William was unable to visit the King, his protege was commissioned to wait up his victims at the shrine of universal mirth. He upon his Majesty, and to speak on the patron's authority and behalf. The lad's future promised better things than his beginning. He resolved to go into the church, since preferment stared him in the face In 1692 he proceeded to Oxford, where he obtained his Master's degree, and in 1694, quarreling with Sir William Temple, who coldly offered him a situaion worth £100 a year, he quitted his patron in disgust, and went at once to Ireland to take holy ders. He was ordained, and almost immediately afterwards received the living of Kilroot, in the dioese of Connor, the value of the living being about qual to that of the appointment offered by Sir Villiam Temple.

Swift, miserable in his exile, sighed for the advantages he has abandoned. Sir William Temple. without his clever and keen-witted companion, pined for his return. The prebend of Kilroot was speedily resigned in favour of a poor curate, for whom Swift had taken great pains to procure the presenta tion; and with £80 in his purse, the independent clergyman proceeded once more to Moor Park. Sir. William received him with open arms. They resided together until 1699, when the great statesman died, leaving to Switt, in testimony of his regard, the sum of £100 and his literary remains. The re-mains were duly published and dedicated to the King. They might have been inscribed to his Majesty's cook, for any advantage that accrued to the Swift was a Whig, but his politics suffered severely by the neglect of his Majesty, who derived no particular advantage from Sir William Temple's

Weary with long and vain attendance upon Court, Swift finally accepted at the hands of Lord Berkely, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan. n the year 1700 he took possession of the living at aracor, and his mode of entering upon his duty was thoroughly characteristic of the man. He walked down to Laracor, entered the curate's house, and announced himself as "his master." In his usual style, he affected brutality, and having sufficiently tims, gradually soothed and console them by evidences of undoubted friendliness and good will. "This," says Sir Walter Scott, "was the good will. "This," says Sir Walter Scott, "was the ruling trait of Swift's character to others; his praise assumed the appearance and language of complaint his benefits were often prefaced by a prologue of a threatening nature." "The ruling trait" of Swift's threatening nature." 'The ruling trait" of Swift's character was morbid eccentricity. Much less eccentricity has saved many a murderer in our days om the gallows. We approach a period of Switte istory when we must accept this conclusion, or reolt from the cold-blooded doings of a mouster.

During Swift's second residence with Sir William l'emple, he had become acquainted with an inmate of Moor Park, very different to the accomplished man to whose intellectual pleasures he so largely ministered. A young and lovely girl—half ward, half dependent in the establishment—engaged the lovely girl-half ward, attention and commanded the untiring services of the newly made minister. Esther Johnson had need of education, and Swift became her tutor. entered upon his task with avidity, condescended to the humblest instruction, and inspired his pupil with unbounded gratitude and regard. Swift unbounded gratitude and regard. Swift was not more insensible to the simplicity of the lady than to the kind offices of her master; but Swift would not have been Swift had he, like other men. returned everyday love with ordinary affection. Swift had felt tender impressions in his own fashion before. Once in Leicestershire he was accused by a friend of having formed an imprudent attachment, on which occasion he returned for answer, that " his cold temper and unconfined humour" would prevent all serious consequences, even if it were not true that the conduct which his friend had taken for gallantry had been merely the evidence " of an active and restless temper, incapable of enduring idleness, and catching at such opportunities of amusement a most readily occurred." Upon another occasion, and Upon another occasion, and within four years of the Leicestershire pastime, Swift made an absolute offer of his hand to one Miss Waryng, vowing in his declaratory epistle, that he would forego every prospect of interest for the sake of his "Varina," and that "the lady's love was far more fatal than her cruelty." After much and long consideration, Varina consented to the suit. That was enough for Swift. He met the capitulation by charging his Varina with want of affection, by stipulating for unheard-of sacrifices, and concluding, with an expression of his willingness to wed, "though she had neither fortune nor beauty," provided every article of his letter was ungrudgingly agreed to. We may well tremble for Esther Johnson, with her young

heart given into such wild keeping.
As soon as Swift was established at Laracor, it was arranged that Esther, who possessed a small property in Ireland, should take up her abode near to he preceptor. She came, and scandal was silenced by stipulation insisted on by Swift, that his lovely charge should have a matron for a constant companion, and never see him except in the presence of a third party. Esther was in her seventeenth year. The vicar of Laracor was on his road to forty. wonder that even in Laracor the former should receive the offer of marriage, and that the latter, way another the happiness he had resolved never to enjo the savour of virtue. The originality of his himself? Esther found a lover whom Swift repulsed

Obscurity and idleness were not for Swift. Love, that gradually consumed the unoccupied girl, was orded of the man that he was never known to laugh. not even this man's recreation. Impatient of banishment, he went to Lendon, and mixed with the wits of the age. Addison, Steele and Arbuthnot, became the world anonymously, was decisive. Its singular could begradge the food and wine consumed by a merit obtained for its author everlasting renown, guest, yet throughout his life refuse to derive the and effectually prevented his rising to the highest smallest pecuniary advantage from his published dignity in the very church which his book laboured works, and at his death bequeath the whole of his to exalt. None but an inspired madman would ortune to a charitable institution. From his youth have attempted to do honour to religion in a spirit

wift was a sufferer in body, yet his frame was which none but the infidel could heartily approve. vigorous, capable of great endurance, and maintained lits power and vitality from the time of Charles II. see no fault in raillery and wit that might serve until far on in the reign of the second George. No temporal interests with greater advantage than they man hated Ireland more than Swift, yet he was Ire- had advanced interests ecclesiastical; and the and's first and greatest patriot, bravely standing up friends of the Revolution welcomed so rare an adherent to their principles. With an affected ardour that subsequent events proved to be as premature as Im- it was hollow, Swift's pen was in harness for his patient of advancement, he preferred to the highest allies, and worked vigorously enough until 1709, honours the State could confer, the obscurity and when, having assisted Steele in the establishment of ignomy of the political associates with whom he had the Tattler, the Vicar of Laracor returning to Ireland ffectionately laboured until they fell disgraced, and to the duties of a rural pastor. Not to remain, None knew better than he the stinging force of a however. A change suddenly came over the spirit successful lampoon, yet such missiles were hurled of the nation. Sacheverell was about to pull down by hundreds at his head without in any way disturbby a single sermon all the popularity that Marlbofidelity by the steps he took, both in his conduct and writings, to expose the cant and hypocrisy which he detested as heartily as he admired and practised un-

ciate; and on the 4th he was presented to Harley.

The career of Swift from this moment, and so long cline to pursue the contradictory series further, it is as the Government of Harley lasted, was magnificent in pity to the reader, not for want of materials at and mighty. Had he not been crotchetty from his very boyhood, his head would have been turned now. Swift reigned. Swift was the Government. Swift had thrown out the Whigs, and had brought in a Government in their place quite as Whiggish, to do Tory work. To moderate the wishes of the people if not blind their eyes, was the preliminary and es-sential work of the Ministry. They could not perform it themselves. Swift undertook and accomplished it. He had intellect and courage enough for that, and more. Moreover, he had vehement passions to gratity, and they might all partake of the glory of his success; he was proud, and his pride reveled in authority; he was ambitious, and his ambition could attain no higher pitch than it found at the right band of the Prime Minister; he was re vengeful, and revenge could wish no sweeter gratification than the contortions of the great who had ne-glected genius and desert when they looked to them for advancement, and obtained nothing but cold neglect. Swift, single-handed, fought the Whigs. ther, and upon her application to that statesman the could attack, all who were odious to the Government, and distasteful to himself; not an individual was ook up his abode with Sir William in England, and spared whose sufferings could add to the tranquility and permanence of the Government. Resistance mprovement, and at the amusement of his patron. was in vain; it was attempted, but invariably with one effect-the first wound grazed, the second killed.

of the community these are, needs not be said. it was not in the Examiner alone that Swift offered could write verses for the rough heart of a nation to chuckle over and delight in. Personalities to day fly wide of the mark; then they went right home. habits, the foibles, the moral and physical im perfections of humanity, were all fair game, provided the shalt were dipped with gall as well as venom Short poems, longer pamphlets-whatever could help the Government and cover their foes with ridicule and scorn, Swift poured upon the town, with an industry and skill that set eulogy at defiance. And because they did defy praise, Jonathan Swift never asked and was never too grand to accept it.

But he claimed much more. His disordered ye exquisite intellect acknowledged no superiority. sked no thanks for his labour; he disdained pecuniary reward for his matchless and incalculable services; he did not care for fame; but he imperiously demanded to be treated by the greatest as an equal Mr. Harley offered him money, and he quarreled with the Minister for his boldness. "If we let these great Ministers," he said, " pretend too much, there will be no governing them." The same Minister de sired to make Swift his chaplain. One mistake was as great as the other. "My Lord Oxford, by a se cond hand, proposed my being his chaplain, which I, by a second hand, refused. I will be no man's chaplain alive." The assumption of the man was more than regal. At a later period of his life he drew up a list of his friends, ranking them respectively under the heads, "Ungrateful," "Grateful," "Indifferent," and "Doubtful." Pope appears amon Pope appears among the grateful; Queen Caroline among the ungrateful The audacity of those distinctions is very edifying. What autocrat is here, for whose mere countenance

the whole world is to bow down and be "grateful." It is due to Swift's imperiousness, however, to state that, once acknowledged as an equal, he was prepared to make every sacrifice that could be looked for in a friend. Concede his position, and for fortune or disgrace he was equally prepared. Harley and Bolingbroke, quick to discern the weakness, called their invulnerable ally by his Christian name, ed that time would mitigate and show the hopeles but stopped short of conferring upon him any benefit ness of Vanessa's passion, and in the meanwhile he haughty scribe, who contented himself with pulling down the barriers that had been impertinently set up to separate him from rank and worldly greatness But, if Swift shrank from the treatment of a client he performed no part so willingly as that of a patron He took literature under his wing, and compelled the Government to do it homage. He quarreled with Steele when he deserted the Whigs, and pursued his former friend with unflinching sarcasm and banter but, at his request, Steele was maintained by the Government in an office of which he was about to be - Congreve was a Whig, but Swift insisted that the bould find honour at the hands of the Tories, and Harley honoured him accordingly. Swift introduced Gay to Lord Bolingbroke, and secured that nobleman's weighty patronage for the poet. Rows was recommended for office, Pope for aid. The wellto-do, by Swift's personal interest, found respect, the indigent money, for the mitigation of their pains. At Court, at Swift's instigation, the Lord Treasurer made the first advances to men of letters, and, by the act, made tacit confession of the power which Swift so liberally exercised for the advantage of everybody but himself. But what worldly distinction, in truth, could add to the importance of a personage out the First Secretary of State, whom Swift wished and loathsome images in which Swift revelled. In to inform that he would not dine with him if he

A lampoon directed against the Queen's favourite A lampoon directed against the quantity and upon whose red hair Swift had been facetious, prevented the satirist's advancement in England. see of Hereford fell vacant in 1712. Bolingbroke would now have paid the debt due from his Government to Swift, but the Duchess of Somerset, upon her knees, implored the Queen to withhold her consent from the appointment, and Swift was pronounced by Her Majesty as "too violent in party" for promotion. The most important man in the kingdom found himself in a moment the most feeble. fountain of so much honour could not retain a drop of the precious waters for itself. Swift, it is said, laid the foundations of fortune for upwards of forty families who rose to distinction by a word from hi lips. What a satire upon power was the satirist's own fate! He could not advance himself in England one inch. Promotion in Ireland began and ended with his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick. of which he took possession, much to his disgust and

vexation, in the Summer of 1713. The Summer, however, was not over before Swift had come to a dead lock, and of course none but he could right them. The Ministry was at sixes and sevens. Its very existence depended upon the good understanding of the chiefs. Bolingbroke and Harley, and the wily ambition of the latter, jarring against the vehement desires of the former, had produced jealousy, suspicion, and now threatened immediate disorganization. A thousand voices called the Dean to the scene of action, and he came full of the importance of his mission. He plunged at once into the vexed so of political controversy, and whilst straining every effort to court his friends, let no opportunity slip of galling their foes. His pen was as damaging and industrious as ever. It set the town in a fever. It caused Richard Steele to be expelled from the House of Commons, and it sent the whole body of Scotch peers, headed by the Duke of Argyll, to the Queen, with the prayer that a proclamation might be issued for the discovery of their libeller Swift was more successful in his assaults than in hi mediation. The Ministers were irreconcilable Vexed at heart with disappointment, the Dean, after his manner, suddenly quitted London, and shut himthe country, and the composition is a curiosity in its way. He published a proposition for the exclusion of all dissenters from power of every kind, for dissame post brought him word that his own victory before one would have profited by the patriot's downfall. He was worshipped, and every hair of his Jonathan, as he loved his Queen, to stand by her head was precious and sacred to the people who Minister, and to aid him in his perilous adventure. adored him.

Nothing should be wanting to do justice to his loy
In 1726, Swift revisited England, for the first time

fortunate. "I meddle not with Lord Oxford's faults," is his noble language, "as he was a Minister of State, but his personal kindness to me was excessive. He distinguished and chose me above all men when he was great." Within a few days of Swift's self-denying decision Queen Anne was a corpse, Bolingbroke and Oxford both flying for their lives, and Swift himself hiding his unprotected head in Ireland. amidst a people who at once feared and hated him

During Swift's visit to London in 1710, he had regularly transmitted to Stella, by which name Esther Johnson is made known to posterity, an account of his daily doings with the new Government. The journal exhibits the view of the writer that his conduct invariably presents. It is full of tenderness and confidence, and not without coarseness that startles and shocks. It contains a detailed minute account, not only of all that passed between Swift and the Government, but of his changeful feelings as they arose from day to day, and of physical infirmities that are commonly whispered in the ear of the physician. If Swift loved Stella in the ordinary ecceptation of the term, he took small pains in his diary to elevate the sentiments with which she regarded him here. The journal is not in harmony throughout. Towards the close it lacks the tenderness and warmth, the minuteness and confidential utterance that are so visible at the beginning. We are enabled to account for the differ-ence. Swift had enlarged the circle of his female acquaintance whilst fighting for his friends in Lon-He had become a constant visitor, especially at the house of a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who had two daughters, the eldest of whom was about twenty years of age, and had the same Christian name as Stella. Esther Vanhomrigh had great taste for reading, and Swift, who seems to have delighted in such occupation, condescended, for the second time in his life, to become a young ladies instructor. The great man's tuition had always one effect upon his Before Miss Vanhomrigh had made much progress in her studies she was over head and ears in love, and, to the astonishment of her master, she one day declared the passionate and undying character of her attachment. Swift met the confession with a weapon far more potent when opposed to a political foe than when directed against the weak heart of a doting woman. He had recourse to rail lery, but finding his banter of no avail, endeavored to appease the unhappy girl by "an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of a virtuous esteem." He might with equal success have attempted to put out a conflagration with a bucket of cold water. There was no help for the miserable man. He returned to his deanery at the death of Queen Anne, with two love affairs upon his hands, but with the stern resolution of encour oging neither, and overcoming both.

Before quitting England he wrote to Esther Vanhomrigh, or Vanessa, as he styles her in his correspondence, intimating his intention to forget every thing in England, and to write to her as seldom as possible. So far the claims of Vanessa were disposed of. As soon as he reached his deanery, he secured lodgings for Stella and her companion, and reiterated his determination to pursue his intercourse with the young lady upon the prudent terms origi-nally established. So far his mind was set at rest in respect of Stella. But Swift had scarcely time to congratulate himself upon his plans before Vanessa presented herself in Dublin, and made known to the Dean her resolution to take up her abode permanently in Ireland. Her mother was dead, so were her two brothers; she and her sister were alone in the world, and they had a small property near Dub lin, to which it suited them to retire. Swift alarm ed by the proceeding, remonstrated, threatened, denounced-all in vain. Vanessa met his reproaches with complaints of cruelty and neglect, and warned him of the consequences of leaving her without the solace of his friendship and presence. Perplexed and distressed, the Dean had no other resource than to leave events to their own development. sought, by occasional communication with her, to prevent any catastrophe that might result from ac-But his thoughts for Vanessa's safety tual despair. were inimical to Stella's ropose. She pined and gradually sank under the alteration that had taken place in Swift's deportment towards her since his acquaintance with Vanessa. Swift, really anxious for the safety of his ward, requested a friend to ascertain the cause of her malady. It was not diffi-cult to ascertain it. His indifference and public candal, which spoke freely of their unaccountable onnection, were alone to blame for her suffurings. It was enough for Swift. He had passed the age which he had resolved to marry, but he was ready to wed Stella provided the marriage were kept a ecret and she was content to live apart. Poor Stella was more than content, but she over-estimated her strength. The marriage took place, and immediately afterwards the husband withdrew himself in a fit of madness, which threw him into gloom and What the motives may have been misery for days. for the inexplicable stipulations of this wayward man, it is impossible to ascertain. That they were the motives of a diseased, and at times utterly irresponsible, judgment, we think cannot be questioned. Of love, as a tender passion, Switt had no concepwho made it a point for a Duke to pay him the first visit, and who, on one occasion, publicly sent the Prime Minister into the House of Commons to call with the susceptibility that shrinks from discusting pervades his compositions has nothing in common with the susceptibility that shrinks from disgusting all his prose and poetical addresses to his mistresses, there is not one expression to prove the weakness of his heart. He writes as a guardian—he writes as a friend—he writes as a father, but not a sylable scapes him that can be attributed to the pangs and

delights of the lover. Married to Stella, Swift proved himself more eager than ever to give his intercourse with Van-essa the character of mere friendship. He went so far as to endeavor to engage her affectations for another man, but his attempts were rejected with in-dignation and scorn. In the August of the year 1717, Vanessa retired from Dublin to her house and property near Celbridge. Swift exhorted her to leave Ireland altogether, but she was not be persuaded. in 1720, it would appear that the Dean frequently visited the recluse in her retirement, and upon such occasions Vanessa would plant a laurel or two in honour of her guest, who passed his time with the lady reading and writing verses in a rural bower built in a sequestered part of her garden. Some of the verses composed by Vanessa have been preserved. They breathe the fond ardour of the suffering maid, and testify to the imperturable coldwas in England again. The wheels of Government ness of the man. Of the innocence of their intercourse there cannot be a doubt. In 1720, Vanessa lost her last remaining relative—her sister died in her arms. Thrown back upon herself by this bereavement, the intensity of Jealous and suspicious, and became insupportable. eager to put an end to a terror that possessed her, she resolved to address herself to Stella, and to ascertain from her own lips the exact nature of her relation with her so-called guardian. The mome tous question was asked in a letter, to which Stella calmly replied by informing her interrogator that she was the Dean's wife. Vanessa's letter was for-worded by stella to Swift himself, and it roused him Vanessa's letter was for to fury. He rode off at once to Cellbridge, entered the apartment in which Vanessa was seated, and glared upon her like a tiger. The trembling creature asked her visitor to sit down. He answered the invitation by flinging a packet on the table, and riding instantly away. The packet was opened; it contained nothing but Vanessa's letter to Stella The packet was opened; it Her doom was pronounced. The fond heart snapped.

in a few weeks the hopeless, desolate Vanessa his manner, suddenly quitted London, and shut him-self up in Berkshire. One attempt he made in his strict seclusion to uphold the Government and save months subsequently to the death of Vanessa his place of abode was unknown. But at the end of that period he returned to Dublin calmer for the conflict he had undergone. He devoted himself inqualifying Whigs and Low Churchmen for every possible office, and for compelling the presumptive heir now a nobler office than to sustain unworms mow a nobler office than to sustain unworms in unmerited power. We can but indicate the course of his labours. Ireland, the country not of course of his labours. Ireland, the country not of the his high high and adoption, treated as a when this medest pamphlet was put forth, and so conquered province, owed her rescue from absolute they were. The intrigues of Bolingbroke had triumphed over those of his colleague, and Oxford was disgraced. The latter about to retire into obscurity, addressed a letter to Swift, entreating him, if he were not tired of his former prosperous friend, "to throw away so much time on one who loved him as to attend him upon his melancholy journey." The same post brought him word that his own victory before one would have profited by the patriot's

ing his bodily tranquility. Sincerely religious, serurough and his friends had built up by their glorious
alty. The Duchess of Somerset would be reconciled,
pulously attentive to the duties of his holy office,
campaigns. Swift had waited in yain for promotion
vigorously defending the position and privileges of
his order, he positively played into the hands of inwhen the Lord Lieutenant unexpectedly began to

an Society' are Anti-Slavery papers, supported by of the altar.

affected piety. To say that Swift lacked tenderness, to survey the turning of the political wheel with his would be to forget many passages of his unaccountable industry that overflow with gentleness of spirit and mild humanity; but to deny that he exhibited sight—the improved and welcoming looks of the woman for whose dissolution he had been prepared In March, 1728, Stella being sufficiently recovered the Dean ventured once more to England, but soo to be resummoned to the hapless conch of his ex-hausted and most miserable wife. Afflicted in body and soul, Swift suddenly quitted Pope, with whom he was residing at Twickenham, and reaching his home was doomed to find his Stella upon the verge of the grave. Till the last moment he continued at her bedside, evincing the tenderest consideration, and performing what consolatory tasks he might in the sick chamber. Shortly before her death part of a conversation between the melancholy pair was overheard. "Well, my dear," said the Dean, "if you wish it, it shall be owned." Stella's reply was given in a few words. "It is too late." 28th of January," writes one of the biographers of Swift, "Mrs. Johnson closed her weary pilgrimage and passed to that land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage," the second victim of on and the same hopeless and consuming passion. Swift stood alone in the world, and for his pun-

shment was doomed to endure the crushing solitude for the space of seventeen years. The interval was gloomy indeed. From his youth the Dean had been subject to painful fits of giddiness and deafness .-From 1736, these fits became more frequent and severe. In 1740, he went raving mad, and frenzy ceased only to leave him a more pitiable idiot. During the space of three years the poor creature was unconscious of what passed around him, and spoke but twice. Upon the 19th of October, 1735, God mercifully removed the terrible spectacle from the sight of man, and released the sufferer from his nisery, degradation, and shame. The volumes which have given occasion to these

marks are a singular comment upon a singular history. It is the work of a Frenchman, who has ventured to deduce a theory from the data we have submitted to the reader's notice. we cannot agree; it may be reconcileable to the r mance which M. de Wailly has invented, but it is altogether opposed to veritable records that cannot be impugned. M. de Wailly would have it that Swift's marriage with Stella was a deliberate an rational sacrifice of love to principle, and that Swift compensated his sacrificed love by granting his principle no human indulgence; that his love for Vanessa, in fact, was sincere and ardent, and that his duty to Stella alone prevented a union with Va nessa. To prove his case M. de Wailly widely departs from history, and makes his hypothesis of no value whatever, except to the novel reader. As romance, written by a Frenchman, Stella and Va nessa is worthy of great commendation. It indicates a familiar knowledge of English manners and character, and never betrays, except here and there in the construction of the plot, the hand of a fo reigner. It is quite free from exaggeration, and inmuch as it exhibits no glaring anachronism o absurd caricature, is a literary curiosity. it as such, though bound to reject its highest claims Swift's amours has yet to be cleared The mystery of We explain his otherwise unaccountable behaviour by attributing his cruelty to prevailing insanity. The career of Swift was brilliant, but not less wild than dazzling. The sickly hue of a distempered brain gave a colour to his acts in all the The storm was brewing from his relations of life. childhood : it burst forth terribly in his age, and only a moment before all was wreck and devastation, the half-distracted man sat down and made s will, by which he left the whole of his worldly pos-sessions for the foundation of a lunatic asylum.

THE AMOURS OF DEAN SWIFT.

STELLA AND VANESSA.

GREATER men than Dean Swift may have lived. A more remarkable man never left his impress upon the age, immortalised by his genius. To say that English history supplies no narrative more ingular and original than the career of Jonathan Swift, is to assert little. We doubt whether the histories of the world can furnish for example and instruction, for wonder and pity, for admiration and scorn, for approval and condemnation, a specimen of humanity at once so illustrious and so small. Before the eyes of his contemporaries, Swift stood a living enigma. To posterity he must continue forever One hypothesis-and one alone a distressing puzzle. -gathered from a close and candid perusal of all at has been transmitted to us from this interesting subject, helps us to account for a whole life of anomaly, but not to clear up the mystery in which t is shrouded. From the beginning to the ending of his days Jonathan Swift was more or less MAD.

Intellectually and morally, physically and religi-

ously. Dean Swift was a mass of contradictions. His

career yields ample materials both for the biographer who would pronounce a panegyric over his tomb, and for the censor whose business it is to improve one generation at the expense of another. Look at swift with the light of intelligence shining on his brow, and you note qualities that might become an angel. Survey him under the dark cloud, and every feature is distorted into that of a fiend. It we tell the reader what he was, in the same breath we shall coive the offer of marriage, and that the latter, we communicate all that he was not. His virtues were ward and inconsistent from first to last, should do writings is of a piece with the singularity of his to the infinite joy of the devoted girl, whose fate was character. He copied no man who preceded him. already linked for good or evil to that of her teacher He has not been successfully imitated by any who and friend. have followed him. The compositions of Swift rereal the brilliancy of sharpened wit, yet it is re-His friendships were strong, and his antipathies vehement and unrelenting, yet he illustrated friend-ship by roundly abusing his familiars, and expressed his friends, and he quickly proved himself worthy of hatred by bantering his foes. He was economical their intimacy by the publication, in 1704, of his and saving to a fault, yet he made sacrifices to the Tale of a Tub. The success of the work, given to ndigent and poor sternly denied to himself. He for the rights of that kingdom when his chivalry might have cost him his head. He was eager for reward, yet he refused payment with disdain.

man government,' and such like.

"Fully relying on this information, we carefully avoided any intercourse with the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and, at the recommendation of Captain Stuart, entered into correspondence with Miss Martha V. Ball, of Boston, Secretary of the Massachusetts Abolition Society, requesting to be informed of any way in which we could aid the cause we had so much at heart. It was proposed that we should contribute to a Bazaar, which was to be held in Boston for the benefit of the Massachusetts Abolition Society. We did so for two successive years, and received in acknowledgment the Second Annual Report of that Society. After a time, however, we found that the Bazaar was discontinued; in consequence, as we understood, of the death of its chief manager; and no succeeding report of the Massachusetts Abolition Society was sent to Bristol. The American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter was taken in by the Society, and some other Auti-Slavery papers were recommended to us, but these were discontinued one after another. Occasionally letters from Rev. Nathaniel Colver, Mr. Lewis Tappan, and Rev. Joshua Leavitt, were forwarded for our perusal from other Anti-Slavery Societies. But grafually all these sources of information ceased, and we America on behalf of emancipation, or that any way existed for us to aid in promoting it.

"The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter illed to keep alive our interest, or to point out modes of action.

"We made repeated applications to the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, for instructions as to what we in Bristol could do to promote the cause; but the suggestions were so vague and unsatisfactory that, with the exception of occasionally contributing to the support of schools and other institutions for the emancipated negroes and free coloured people (which objects, though philanthropic, are not tifying success. Religious bodies of every denomina-Anti-Slavery), we could find no occupation beyond tion, and in every part of the Kingdom, took action that of collecting funds for the British and Foreign upon the subject. The resolution passed at the Annu-Anti-Slavery Society. This, indeed, we were told by the Secretary of that Society, was the most useful Anti-Slavery work in which we could engage; and the right to exercise an independent control over our funds was disputed." Report, pp. 6, 7.

We shall not stop to comment upon the deceptive datements of Capt. Charles Stewart, either as to the oriin of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. the causes of the secession in May, 1840. These maters, we presume, are well understood by all the readers of the Standard; nor by them alone.

The report next speaks of the visit of Messrs. Garrion and Douglass to Bristol, in 1846, and of its effect re-kindling dormant Anti-Slavery interest there, in

"Resolved, That such ministers of this city as may be about to attend annual conferences in London, durpolicited to deliberate with their brethren, on the expediency of adopting some line of conduct to prevent their pulpits being occupied by any clergymen from the United States, visiting England at the approaching Exhibition, who have not borne testimony to the unrighteous character of the Fugitive Slave Bill; and further, to take into consideration the desirablenesss of arging those religious Societies in America, with whom they sympathize in doctrine and discipline, not to depute any ministers to this country upon religious or philanthropic missions who have not publicly manifested their disapprobation of this Law, which Judge Jay declares to be " as palpable a violation of the Constitution, as it certainly is of the principles of justice, the rights of humanity, and the religion of Jesus Christ."

These resolutions, together with a collection of extracts from recent American sermons, denominated 'Clerical Teachings on Slavery," were sent to thirtytwo dissenting ministers in Bristol. This was the sowing of good seed in various sorts of soil; but some was good ground, and excellent fruit resulted, in various ways, such as resolutions of religious associations and other religious bodies, and the renewed testimonies of various influential religious journals.

During this season of action, William and Ellen Craft visited Bristol at the invitation of this Society, and held crowded meetings, much to the furtherance of the

The Society continued their labours, and seat copies of their preamble and resolution (quoted above) to fifty-three Anti-Slavery associations, with an offer to could not learn that much effort was being made in supply, also, to all, copies of the "Clerical Teachings on Slavery." Societies in "Birmingham, Elinburgh, Newcastle, Manchester, Chelmsford, Liverpool, and Kendal, promptly responded to the call; and some of was regularly circulated amongst our members; but it these reprinted the "Clerical Teachings," and passed resolutions of their own; others were supplied from Bristol." Within a very brief time, they also forwarded the resolutions of their Society, &c., to twentyfour Baptist, sixty-four Congregational, two Missionary associations; and sent Anti-Slavery documents to 123 " influential ministers among the Independent, Baptist, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Free Church, and other denominations.

These effects, also, were crowned with the most graal Assembly of the Congregational Union in London, May 16, 1851, is so important that, notwithstanding its length, we should not be excusable in omitting it :

Resolved, "That this Assembly, while most anxious to reciprocate sentiments of fraternal regard and unity towards the pastors and churches of the same faith and order as those in connection with this Union, in the United States of America-more especially towards the descendants of the venerated Pilgrim Fathers in the New England States-deem it their duty to renew their proceeds either from open enemies to the cause or from solemn and indignant protest against Slavery as it now exists among the American Churches; and, in particular, to express their great surprise and deep sorrow at the conduct of those ministers of various denominaions who have given either direct countenance or tacit the American legislature; inasmuch as they cannot but regard that wicked and accursed statute as being, in the language of the eminent patriot and philanthropist, Judge Jay, 'a palpable violation of the principles blessing, to dedicate ourselves with fresh zeal to the of justice, the rights of humanity, and the religion of great conflict for freedom; and we hereby renew our submit And this Assembly would earnestly pray that the Divine Head of the Church, in whom there is neither bond nor free, would open the eyes of all Chris- ligious institutions." p. 33. ian ministers and churches in the United States to the aggravated guilt of participating in the sin of manstealing, or holding their brethren in unjust and cruel ondage -a sin which, in the opinion of this Assembly, raises an insuperable barrier to church-fellowship with them, on the part of all who, in this particular, reverence the authority of God, and respect the inalienable rights of their fellow-men."

There is, we must observe, a very material defect in this resolution, viz., the admission that they who are guilty of the sin of man-stealing, and who are holding their brethren in unjust and cruel bondage, are CHRIS-TIAN ministers and churches! While the British Abo litionists do this, their shafts will fall comparatively pointless, and their otherwise faithful rebukes fail of accomplishing the end they desire and propose. The stand which this resolution takes, as to church fellowship, is the true one-the position of common sense, of honesty, and of genuine charity-not that mawkish charity which is afraid to telt a fellow-being of his offences against God and man, and dares not separate from his guilty partnership.

The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, ashamed or afraid to be longer silent, at length issued a Circular, dated April 21st, but which does not appear to have been printed until the first of May, two month and a half after the Bristol and Clifton Society had engaged in the work of arousing the religious feeling of the land. Will it be believed that, in the Annual Report of the said Society, the credit is taken to themselves for the Anti-Slavery utterances and efforts of the various religious bodies (all of which had been stimulated, and most of which had actually taken place, before the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society moved a finger), and that not a single reference is made to the indefatigable labours of the Bristol and Clifton Society! They were not ignorant of these labours, for the officers of the Bristol Society wrote (March 28th to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and asked for a complete list of the Anti-Slavery associations in connection with it, for the purpose of forwardng to them copies of its proceedings, &c. This list was not supplied, though the letter was acknowledged which ontained the request.

Through many succeeding pages of the Report before s, the malignant attitude of the British and Foreign anti-Slavery Society towards the American Anti-Slavery Society is still further exposed, as in the case of the Glasgow tract, answered by Mrs. Maria W Chapman, of Boston (then, as now, in Europe), and by Dr. Estlin, of Bristol-in the case of Rev. Josiah Hen n-and in the claims set up by and for the American nd Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. These claims were of the most extensive kind, and would lead any one not informed on the subject, to suppose that the Ameri an and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society was doing nearly or quite all the Anti-Slavery work done in America The Bristol Society took great pains to investigate these aims, and ascertain what they were worth, and the following is the conclusion at which they arrived:

"That, with the exception of the New York Vigiance Committee, which is almost synonymous with the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, no Vigilance Committees are in connection with this Society ut that those existing " in various large cities" are, to a great extent, composed of and sustained by the nembers of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

"That a large proportion of the members of the Society also encourage the Free Labour movement, and endeavour to abstain from slave produce; and the subject is frequently discussed in the Society's weekly organ.

That the religious opinions of Mr. Garrison, never having been introduced upon the Anti-Slavery platform, can in no respect compromise the independence of any who act with him. That his influence is such as extensive experience and unwavering fidelity naturally ommand; and that the fact of his being the founder of the Anti-Slavery Society, and having ever since kept foremost in the right course, leaves other true Abolitionists no alternative but to follow him; that to do otherwise would be to desert the cause : and that these constituted the inevitable 'homage' rendered by his fellow-workers.

about ten thousand adherents, and that the half-dozen ewspapers spoken of as 'sympathizing with the American Society' are Anti-Slavery papers, supported by of the altar.

members and friends of that Society and its auxiliaries. "That the forty or fifty papers described as 'advo ing the mouth of May, be respectfully but earnestly cating the views of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society' are the organs of various religious and political parties, which more or less contribute to the support of Slavery; thus clearly demonstrating that a Society whose 'views' coincided with, and were promulgated by, these parties could not be regarded as a formidable opponent of the 'peculiar institution.'

"That this Society (which, at its origin, bitterly opposed and tried to injure the Society from which it seceded) has not for many years been known to 'act' in an associated capacity; and that nearly all the parties who were instrumental in its formation had abandoned the cause, so that their names were no longer heard of but as connected with some commercial or professional pursuit. For example, that two were now Whig Custom-house officers; one was a spirit-merchant in San Francisco; another, the sub-editor of a religious newspaper; another, an exhibitor of ghosts, and a professing infidel, &c. Another, Mr H. B. Stanton (one of the agents who, in 1840, came to England, alienated sympathy from the American Anti-Slavery Society, and aspersed the character of its President), was now a pro-slavery member of the New York Legislature, and had voted to have Anti-Slavery petitions laid on the table; and that Mr. J. G. Birney, the other delegate, has for years retired from any active participation in the Anti-Slavery welfare.

"That the Emancipator paper, which had at first been used by the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society as its organ, has been for many years extinct; and that the Society has now neither agents nor periodicals, but that its sole management devolves on Mr. Lewis Tappan, who has, in addition, an extensive pri vate business to attend to." Report, pp. 29-31.

In September, 1851, Rev. Edward Mathews visited Bristol, and, at a public meeting, gave a description of the cruel treatment he had suffered in Kentucky, on account of his Abolition principles, A resolution was passed at this meeting "that the Church which receives slaveholders to her communion, and excludes men for other sins, is not the Church of Christ." Mr. George Thompson was present also, and gave some details of his recent visit to the United States. He showed that the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society had little else than a nominal existence, and that the attempt of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to represent the former as an efficient Anti-Slavery instrumentality was a fraud, diverting the attention of British Abolitionists from the original and still effective American Anti-Slavery Society, and thus inflicting serious injury on the cause.

At this time, also, Mrs. M. W. Chapman and Miss Daroline Weston visited Bristol. From these ladies, the Society derived much additional information of a nost satisfactory nature, and became "fully satisfied that the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society is sacredly guarded from the introduction of extraneous ubjects; and that the accusation of mingling these with its Anti-Slavery advocacy is unsubstantiated, and men who have deserted its ranks from inability to bear the true Anti-Slavery cross." p. 32.

After the departure of Mrs. Chapman and her sisters from Bristol, the Society unanimously passed a vote of the warmest sympathy and respect for those upport to the Fugitive Slave Law, recently passed by ladies, with thanks for the valuable service they had rendered there to the Anti-Slavery cause; and closed with saying, "that, instructed by their words, and animated by their example, we trust, with the Divine esus Christ'; a law to which no one who would obey offering of sympathy and co-operation with the Ameriing their country from the blighting influences which Slavery now casts over all its political, social and ra-

In November, the Society adopted a formal preamble and eight resolutions, in which they recapitulated and re-affirmed various "grave charges," which had been ublicly brought against the British and Foreign Anti-Slaveay Society during the preceding eight months, and concerning which that Society had maintained an obstinate and ominous silence In view of all these things, they added-

"Wherefore, perceiving that the influence exerted by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has tended to repress energetic action, and withdraw English sympathy and aid from the true Abolitionists of America; and that, by multiplying the obstacles with which these devoted friends of freedom have to contend, it has greviously retarded the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause throughout the world, the members of the BRISTOL AND CLIFTON LADIES ANTI-SLAVERY SO-CIETY feel that this body has forfeited the confidence formerly reposed in it, and that their duty to the slave requires them to dissolve their connexion with it

"That this Society be no longer considered as an auxiliary to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, but that it constitute an independent Anti-Slave ry organization, to be governed by such regulations as shall bereafter be determined upon.

" And it is hereby resolved :

"It is further resolved. That the members of this Society consider it incumbent upon them to direct the attention of all other affiliated associations to the grounds of their separation from the parent Society; and that a copy of the above resolutions, and of the printed documents on the subject already in circulation, be sent to the Secretary of each auxiliary." Report, p. 38.

It would appear that the same causes which had cre ated distrust in Bristol of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society had not been without their influence elsewhere. It is stated that, in 1849, there exsted fifty-eight Societies auxiliary to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. In their Report for 1851, only fourteen associations are named as contributing to their funds

The services of the London Morning Advertiser to the Anti-Slavery cause, and of its editor, Mr Grant, without whose powerful aid (say these ladies) our efforts to bring truth to light would have proved fruitless-services rendered on a great variety of occasions, and with signal ability, are acknowledged in an appropriate resolution, and unanimous vote of thanks.

Our notice is already so far extended, that we canot dwell at any length upon the remainder of the Report before us The further doings of the Society, and particularly their contributions to the Anti-Slavery Bazaar-several cases of public Anti-Slavery action on the part of religious bodies-the reception given to Dr. Dyer, of Philadelphia, a pro-Slavery delegate from the American Sunday School Union to the London anniversaries-and several other topics are alluded to. Special and honourable mention is made of the American Baptist Free Mission Society, and of its agent (then in England), Rev. Edward Mathews, who had done not a little to undeceive the British Abolitionists as to the false charges brought against the

American Anti-Slavery Society. We conclude, therefore, with saying, that we consider the best thanks of all American Abolitionists are due to the Bristol and Clifton Society for this able and thorough Report, and for their unwearied labours to expose falsehood, and vindicate truth and right. We see that has been for a long time drawn over the cause of Amewe do, that this age, certainly, has not seen a band of all know, not only the deep interest our whole country more sincere servants of the Living God, of more true feels in the acquisition of the island, but they know more sincere servants of the Living God, of more true believers in Christianity, or more fearless asserters of f the American Anti-Slavery Society, and particu ordinary claims upon the sympathy and help of all Christian and humane persons, to the world. With open each other. and avowed pro-Slavery we find it easy to contend It however desirable to us Cuba must be all that we desirable the foul spirit robes himself in the vestments mand of her is that she shall keep it and not part with of clerical and church sanctity that the real difficulty The cunning of the adversary is seen in the de deludes. He has deceived many whom supposed the very clost supposed the very clost. But the deludes are the supposed the very clost. multitude he deludes. He has deceived many whom we had supposed the very elect. But the eye single to

Congressional.

DEBATE ON THE ANNEXATION OF CUBA.

In the United States Senate on the 23d instant, at debate ensued on a resolution of Mr. Mason calling on the President for certain information relative to Cuba which, being the opening of the subject on which we shall no doubt hear much during the next two or three years, we copy. Those interested in the Memorial about to be sent from the Women of England to the Women of America, will be gratified to see that one good end to be gained by it is already accomplished in the notice it secures in the United States Senate. It object is to set people to talking and thinking, and Mr. Cass in doing the former assists that object. What he says is of very little consequence as that must have the weight of his personal and political character; but it is of importance that he should say something, and thus give the influence of his position to continued agitation

SENATE WASHINGTON, Dec. 23, 1852 Mr. Mason submitted the following:

Resolved, That the President of the United States com nicate to the Senate, if, in his opinion, it is not incompatible with public interests, copies of the official notes received from the ministers of France and England, inviting the Government of the United States to become a party with Great Brain and France to a tripartite Convention, in virtue of which the three powers should severally and collectively disclaim now and for the future, all intention to obtain possession of the island of Cuba, and should bind themselves to discount nance all attempts to that effect on the part of every power or individual whatever, and of the reply thereto on the par of this Government, referred to in his Annual Message to the two Houses of Congress on the 6th instant.

Mr Mason said : Mr. President: The subject in regard to which this resolution calls for information is brought to our notice in the Annual Message of the President, to both Houses, at the commencement of this session. The President brings to our notice the invitation which was received from the Ministers of England and France The language of the Message in regard to that I need not read, but I will read the sentence which follows: This invitation has been respectfully declined, for reasons which it would occupy too much space in this communication to state in detail, but which led me to think that the proposed measure would be of doubtful constitutionality, impolitic and unavailing." So much of the Message which has reference to the subject is purely narrative, giving to Congress the information as to the fact. The residue of the paragraph, however, expresses the judgment of the President upon the sub-ject matter, and I will read it. [He here quoted from the Message the paragraph where the President says the acquisition of Cuba is fraught with evil.]
Mr. President: If any further evidence were neces-

sary to satisfy this country that the eyes of the two great maritime and commercial powers of Europe have en directed with increasing interest to the relation borne by the Continent of North America to the Island of Cuba, it would be furnished by the fact disclosed in the message to which this resolution refers. The rela-tion which the Island of Cuba geographically hears to this country is such that almost ever since we became s nation it has been looked upon with the deepest interest by all our statesmen. The Island of Cuba lies in the gateway of the Gulf of Mexico, and all our statesmen Island of Cuba lies in the every political complexion from the foundation of th Government to this day were admonished thereby, that the vigilance of this country must never be relaxed in regard to the political condition of that Island. But there is something more which I apprehend has led these two great European powers to make a proposition which they knew when they made it would be declined. They knew that, sir, because the whole political action of this country would disclaim the acceptance of such an invitation, but they have made it with this knowledge, and we are informed by the President that it has been declined. Sir, the reasons for making it I apprehend are not too deep to be open to the search of who are conversant with past history. It has been the established policy of this country, made known in the most open, frank and undisguised manner to all the of Europe, that while the Island of Cuba re mained a province, a dependency of Spain, we would never interfere with it; but that if ever any ambitious or grasping potentate should attempt, either by rapine to take the Island of Cuba from the possession of Spain, it would become this country, cost what it might, to interfere and to prevent it. Every country in Europe knows that. What then has led to this invitation, jointly extended by the two great, powerful maritime nations of Europe, France and England, at this time?

Mr. President: I can trace it to but one cause, a belief on the part of those Governments that there is a tendency in the popular mind in the country to take Cuba, and the invitation was intended as an intimidation. I am here free to declare, representing as I do a section of the country I apprehend as deeply interested in the future relations of Cuba to this continent as any other, in my place as a Senator from the South, an upon my resonsibility as a statesman of America, that I am content that Cuba shall remain in the possession of Spain unless it can be acquired from her by voluncession on her part, or unless the people of Cuba by their own act shall sever the political connection with her European mother and voluntarily propose annexation. Sir, the honour, the dignity, th America for all time to come demands at the hands of the American people, not only that they should not sympathize with, nor encourage, but that they should lignantly frown upon and suppress any attempts by violence in any form to wrest from Spain any portion of her lawful possessions, whether it be stimulated by political ambition, or by a spirit of speculative marauding on the part of those engaged in it.

The policy of this country, as I have said, has been announced to all Europe. Spain, is a weak power, and it is fortunate for us, and for our peaceful relations with the Continent of Edward and the with the Continent of Edrope she is so. Cuba is her property, as fully, exclusively and entirely her property as Oregon or New Mexico is ours; and any at-tempt, whether made by individuals in violation of the laws of their country, or made by the Government in ts politic capacity, to dismember Cuba from Spain, would tarnish forever our national fame. Sir, I know of no safer guarantee for our own national rights and the rights of the States in their sovereign capacity, than a uniform and scrupulous regard for the rights of

But, Mr. President, the invitation thus given by those two powers acting jointly, proposing on their part a tripartite Convention of the three Governments to disclaim now and forever hereafter any purpose of acquiring Cuba by any means, imparts a more enlarged meaning thus-France and England believe that the ossesion of Cuba by the United States would be fraught with consequences injurious to them, and therefore they give us to understand by this form of communication that they are in league to prevent it. Now, sir, treating it thus, I have this to say, we have indicated our policy to let Cuba alone and sacredly to regard the rights of Spain; we know that in the fullness of time the fruit will ripen and fall from the present stem. When that time shall come its political connection with this Continent is inevitable. Interference by other nations may hasten the event, but the combined powers

f Europe cannot prevent it.

This, sir, is a full and I think an intelligible reply any question of European interference with the political condition of Cuba Sir, who can doubt that the acquisition of Cuba by the United States is a question of time only? purely a question of time! In the progress of empires, in the formation of nations they grow rom infancy to youth, and so to manhood. Gree powerful as our country is, it is yet in its youth, and this generation or in the next, but come it will, just as

certainly as that the world revolves on its axis.

Mr. President, I regretted—deeply regretted—to see, just before we were assembled here at the present session, that the President of the United States had thought it proper, upon a general call for the correspondence made by the House, to divulge all communiations which had passed between this Government and Spain on the subject of Cuba from its first commence-I do not mean to question the motives of the President in so doing, but I do question his judgment. Whatever it was intended to effect, one consequence must be the result, the postponement of the acquisition of that island to a more distant period than if the corespondence had not been divulged, and I apprehend that it is not very usual in the diplomatic intercourse properly belong, matters that have confidentially passed tween two Governments on any question in

others hold themselves to be interes The Administration which has published the correspondence is about to go out of office. I shall make no war upon it for what it has done, but I will say that as far as the acquisition of Cuba is involved, it has done little to expedite it by divulging that correspondence, falsehood, and vindicate truth and right. We see that yet the publication may have the less injurious effect earnest and intelligent minds have been resolutely at for the reason that our Government deals but little in work to disentangle and remove the web of specious secret diplomacy. The ends and objects we desire to but if they become so, I apprehend the world will find rican Anti-Slavery in Great Britain. Knowing, as them have the information for what it is worth. They also that it will inevitably become ours at some day. Let them have the information for what it is worth. It the truths and duties it teaches, than are the members may postpone the acquisition, it cannot prevent it. I tell you, sir, what will expedite the annexation more larly its prominent and leading members—we cannot but rejoice at every successful effort to disabuse the public mind in relation to it, and to present its extraall toward foreigners, as they are required to do toward pen each other. Let Spain repose in the consciousness that It however desirable to us Cuba must be all that we de-

> The geographical position of Cuba, with the increasing growth of this country, will determine all the rest. free themselves from the Government of Spain—and a worse I have said that in so much of the President's Message one is hardly to be found on the face of the earth—their effort

frightened out of this measure. We could not get c line of political knowledge. But rawhead and bloody will not be scare-crows for us. "Manifest destiny" is its part, and we shall ere long be found warm and efapporters of those two great articles of political faith pecudarly ours by position and institutions. The foundation of this claim rests upon peculiar considerations, which are not less just than they are forcible. The law of nations is not as igid, inflexible code, but it accommodates itself to the vary-ng condition of the world, and history is filled with proofs of this power of adaptation to existing circumstances. This nemisphere, besides its general relation to the older continent, has peculiar interests of its own, which demand its rightant protection. Settled first with a view to commerce, nd then held as a means of power and wealth, the various ortions of it were colonised by European powers, and were avolved in the wars of Europe, without the slightest inte-est in their origin or objects. However frivolous the cause involved in the wars of Europe, without the singulest interest in their origin or objects. However frivolous the cause of war, whether social or political, or dynastic or personal, it immediately crossed the Atlantic, and extended its ravages to other countries, which ought to have been beyond the sphere of its operations. When we had had time to recover from the exhaustion of our Revolutionary efforts, and from the weakness of a new political organization, this subject came up for consideration, and it was obvious that the crisis demanded some nowerful action, or that we might always be demanded some powerful action, or that we might always be placed in the midst of beligerent operations, whenever hos-tilities broke out in Europe. This was a state of things not to be suffered, and as soon, therefore, as the Spanish colo-nies threw off the yoke of the mother country, and assumed independent positions, it was equally our right and our in-terest to preserve them from re-subjugation and re-colonisa-tion. Such is the condition of this question; and appear-ances indicate that we may be called upon ere long to inances indicate that we may be called upon ere long to in-terpose efficaciously in support of the great principle of American exemption. I cannot believe that the French Go-vernment is endeavouring to obtain possession of any por-tion of the Mexican territories; but if such be the object, I trust the effort will be met and resisted by the whole power of our country, and I think the sooner our Government openly avows this determination, in this and all similar cases, the better will it be for our permanent interest and honour. In this connection, sir, I desire to submit a few brief remarks concerning Cuba, as that island presents one of the most difficult questions, perhaps the most difficult, in honour. In this connection, sir, I desire to submit a few brief remarks concerning Cuba, as that island presents one of the most difficult questions, perhaps the most difficult, in our foreign policy. Five years ago, in some observations I submitted to the Senate on the subject of the application of the Yucatese people for the aid of this Government against the overwhelming force of the Indians, I had occasion to explain my views in relation to Cuba, and I have since seen no cause to change them. I then said, "Self-defence is as necessary to communities as to individuals;" and a provident forecast requires us to watch any dangereus projects of domination, and to provide for them as we can. I repeat that a nation, under these circumstances, must judge for itself. Proximity of its situation, the nature of the intercourse resulting from its commanding position to do injury, and other sulting from its commanding position to do injury, and other considerations, are all elements to be taken into view. In my opinion, we owe it to ourselves to avow distinctly to the world that the attempt to procure the transfer of Cuba from world that the attempt to procure the transfer of concerning Spain to any other nation, whether peaceably or forcibly, would be resisted by the whole power of this country. To others it may be a question of territorial aggrandizement or of mercantile capidity; but to us it is a question of necessity. I had almost said, of political life or death. It would become on annouscast, of period and of our country. The wa that country, thereafter as heretofore, would reach M, but its commerce would never reach the ocean." long as Cuba and Yucatan are held by their present possessors, neither we nor the commercial world have anything to fear from English projects, whatever these may be." "I trust that the intrigues of the nation will never compel us to trust that the intrigues of the nation will never compel us to take forcible possession of Cuba." Such were my sentiments then, and such are my sentiments now. So long as Spain retains Cuba, or should the island become independent—truly and honourably so—we have no right to interfere with it. And, for myself, I should be willing—desirous, indeed— at any time to purchase it of Spain, and at a liberal, even at an extravagant price—but no transfer to another power, either by peace or war, and the resistance of such an attempt by all the means which God has given us. And I have never uttered a sentiment, here or elsewhere, inconsisattempt by all the means which God has given us. And I have never uttered a sentiment, here or elsewhere, inconsistent with these views, though I have often been charged with what is called hibbastering projects, and that, too, by respectable journals, during the Presidential contest—by The Republic, of this city, among others, and quite recently by The Journal of Commerce, of New York. No man, editor or reader, has the right to prefer such a charge against me. or reader, has the right to prefer such a charge against me.

I believe in public as well as in personal morality, and I value
the honour of my country at too high a price to barter it for
any scheme of aggrandizement. And I embrace this opportunity to bear my testimony of approbation to the recent
conduct of the Administration in relation to Caba. I reprobate these repeated efforts to interfere in the concerns of
another nation, and I have no charity for the motives of the
leaders engaged in them. If the people of Cuba desire to
free themselves from the Government of Spain—and a worse

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LINES TO ABBY KELLEY POSTER.

BY C. LOUISA MORGAN.

It was not mine to hear thine earnest voice,
For truth and justice eloquently pleading;
Thy warm appeals for those who ne'er rejoice
In Freedom's smile, the chained, heart-crushed and
bleeding.

Yet though I may not see thee face to face,
I love thee with a warm and true affection;
Thou faithful champion of an outcast race,
May Heaven accord to thee its kind protection!

She is a martyr who can cross the wave,
In humble faith upon her God relying;
Bidding her native land adieu, to save
The perishing, in mental darkness dying.

The world looks on in wonder, half aghast,
To see such heroism in a woman;
The churches' benizons on her are cast,
And she is reckoned more divine than human.

But thou, with courage more heroic yet,

Hast braved the torrent of abuse and scorning;

Colder and sterner spirits thou hast met,

Than she amid the heathen lands of morning.

O, faithful-hearted! thou hast given up all—
All the sweet joys that cluster round Home's altar,
And given thy life for those in captive thrall,
With a devotion that will never falter.

Forth from the ark of happiness and love, Stifling the feelings of a wife and mother, Thou journeyest like the Patriarch's faithful dove, In pity for the sorrows of another:

Pleading for her condemned in chains to mourn,
Driven to her unpaid labors, scourged and gory,
Whose helpless babes are from her bosom torn,
Beneath our country's stars and stripes of glory!

Thou askest no reward, but it will come!

The wreath of amarenth shall yet be given,

When thou at last shalt reach a peaceful home,

Upon the bright and stormless shore of Heaven.

I say that it is a just punishment upon you, Whigs and Democrats, Christians and Americans at once, for having so long upheld a government which has stood dishonored and abhorred by Christendom from its beginning, for this very reason,-that prating of liberty, it has refused to let the slava go free.

Now, all our hope lies here: That the discussion of this law throughout the land, this fall, will so accustom all men to the use of terms which imply that black men are men and citizens like white men, that the moral sense of these Northern States will be rectified and confirmed,-or, better yet, that they shall so assert their strength in Congress as forever to annihilate the despotic energy for evil which animates the South. Were we less strong, our sin would be less; but having all power in our hands, as we have long had, we must stand without excuse and speechless for its misuse these many years.

What remains for you, my friends, to do, is this: to obey the laws of Moses and of Christ, and to give this law of Congress to the winds. It cannot bind you, for it runs counter to the skies. Then next, aid, harbor and protect the oppressed wherever you behold him. And finally, vote for no man, or any party in politics, who will not pledge himself to have that law repealed, and the whole Constitution so amended that there shall not live a slave on American ground. Think of no other point; let party principles and measures lie for a time ; this is the duty of the day, And may the God of nations speedily redress the wrongs of that down-trodden race! Amen.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL: Its History and Unconstitutionality, with an account of the seizure and enslavement of James Hamlet, and his subsequent restoration to liberty. New York: William Harned 61 John street.

This is a pamphlet of 31 pages, published by the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. It is adapted to meet the present crisis, and should be circulated in every corner of our country, light or dark and sown broad-cast over the entire face of the free

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SHERIDAN

HAD a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland in the evening about Sheridan. Told me that one remarkable characteristic of S., and which accounte for many of his inconsistencies, was the high, ide system he had formed of a sort of impracticable pe fection in honour, virtue, &c , anything short of which he seemed to think not worth aiming at; and the consoled himself for the extreme laxity of his practice, by the impossibility of satisfying or coming u to the sublime theory he had formed. Hence th most romantic professions of honour and independ ence were coupled with conduct of the meanest an most swindling kind; and hence, too, prudery and morality were always on his lips, while his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism. A proof of this mixture was, after the Prince became Regent, he offered to bring S. into Parliament, and said, at the same time, that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so the ears of one and the same reader. Again! but S. refused, because, as he told Lord Holland, letters have no sansible substance in the reader. he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained, by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility what ever, to dictate to him." Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high-mindedness, he told Lord H. of an intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to lend him £4,000 to purchase a borough. From his habit of considering money as nothing, he considered his owing the Prince £4,000 as no slavery whatever. "I shall then," he said, "only owe him £4,000, which will leave me as free as air." * * * Sheridan was jealens of Mr. Fox, and showed it in ways that produced, at least, great coolness between them. He envied him particularly his being member for Westminster, and, in 1802, had nearly persuaded him to retire from Parliament, in order that he might himself succeed to that honour. But it was Burke chiefly that S. hated and envied. Being both Irishmen, both adventurers, they had every possible in-centive to envy. On Hastings' trial, particularly, it went to Sheridan's heart to see Burke in the place set apart for Privy Councillors, and himself excluded * * * * In speaking of Sheridan's eloquence. Lord H. said that the overstrained notions he had of perfection, were very favourable to his style of oratory, in giving it a certain elevation of tone and dig nity of thought. Mr. Fox thought his Westminster Hall speech trumpery, and used to say it spoiled the style of Burke, who was delighted with it. Certainly in the report I have read of it, it seems mos trashy bombast. At Holland House, where he was often latterly, Lady H. told me he used to take a bottle of wine and a book up to bed with him always the former alone intended for use. In the morning he breakfasted in his bed, and had a little rum or brandy with his tea or coffee; made his appearance between 1 or 2, and pretending important business, used to set out for town, but regularly stopped at the Adam and Eve public house for a dram. was, indeed, a long bill run up by him at the Adam and Eve, which Lord H. had to pay. I wonder are all these stories true; the last is certainly but too probable. * * * * One day at Sheridan's house, before poor Tom went abroad, the servant, in passing, threw down the plate-warmer with a crash which startled poor Tom's nerves a good deal. She ridan, after scolding most furiously the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, " And how many plates have you broke?" "Oh! not one, sir," answered the fellow, delighted to excuse himself. "And you d—d fool," said S., "have you made all that noise for nothing?" * * * Sheri-Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage had made his will, and had out him off with a shilling Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?"—Moore's Jour-

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS MOORE.

IT goes against the grain to find fault with Lord John. It is most ungracious to rebuke the admira-ble spirit with which men of his order have set to work of late, identifying themselves with the literary taste of the age, descending from their social emi-nence in order to win still higher honour from intellectual labour, and borrowing lustre from pursuits that add to the dignity of the noblest, as they give refinement and grace to the meanest, of men. The homage paid by the rulers of our country within the last few years to the literary profession is

take rank with his fellows.

We declare that no praise can exaggerate the merits of the dukes, earls and barons who have fairly confessed to assembled multitudes that civilized man has something yet nobler to boast of than magnificent descent, and who by their acts have vindicated a glory surpassing that achieved on the battle-field by fire and sword. But let us be permitted to say, something more is required than the bare recognition of the dignity of a profession from him who undertakes to follow it for his own credit and the public advantage. If literature reveals occasionally the preternatural signs of inspired genius, it also includes the more numerous productions of instructed and painstaking art. There is no royal road to science, and certainly no ducal avenue to philosophy or verse. Welcome, noble lords, to the workshop, but do not scorn the tools! habour with us if you will-take your fair portion of the wages earned, but grudge not the sweat that sweetens toil and makes it fructify. Wear the laurel in your coronet, but show your title to the leaf!

Lord John Russell has not edited the memoirs of

Thomas Moore. He has not even done the next best thing. He is a Minister of State, and knows the worth of those unseen hands which undergo official drudgery for the service of their betters. He has not availed himself of the knowledge and experience of a man of letters, whose advice might have been usefully taken in the back-room, while his Lordship was acquiring all possible respect for his undertaking in the front. It is only too evident that his Lordship has suffered his materials to pass through his hands to the press unexamined and un-The two volumes issued comprise the fragment of an autobiography, which, unfortunately, comes suddenly to a close before the writer has reached his 20th year; 400 letters, dating from 1793 to 1818, and the beginning of a diary, the first entry of which is made on the 18th of August, 1818, and the last on the 30th of August of the year following. We have no hesitation in station the feet lowing. We have no resitation in search, the 400 letters, at least 300 might have been dis-We have no hesitation in stating, that of pensed with, and that of the diary a considerable portion might have been omitted without disap-pointment to the reader or disadvantage to the fame of Thomas Moore. It is very clear that if Lord John ntends to proceed with his subsequent volumes on the plan he has adopted with the first two, no ordi nary book-shelf will suffice for his contribution; and equally certain that, after all, we shall be as ill

off for a true life of the poet as we were before his Lordship undertook to edit his memoirs.

If it be not too late, we would respectfully volunteer to Lord John Russell a simple suggestion. The stuff which yet remains in his hands must be abundant and no death contains the abundant and no death contains the abundant set. dant, and no doubt contains the elements of a good biographical work. The public are not solicitous for all the letters of a deceased poet, unless such letters have intrinsic value as records of noteworthy facts, or are remarkable and instructive specimens of prose composition. When Southey published the life of Cowper, and made the letters of that poet the most prominent feature of his work, he had justification for his act, for more charming epistles had never appeared in ancient or modern times, and Englishmen could not peruse them without lasting edification and delight. Southey's own letters, sub-sequently communicated to the world by the Laureate's son, came to us in profusion; but they also found an apology in the exquisite playfulness of their style, in the learning which they occasionally revealed, and in the fine English with which they were invariably clothed. Now, let us admire the poetry of Tom Moore as we may, it is impossible to assert that his letters—judging from the specimens

* " Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Vols. I. and H. London: Longmans, 1852.

dozen that communicate anything worth recording of his inner or outer self, that have reference to the current public events of his time, that teach us anything of the poet's struggles, aspirations, difficulties, and triumphs. All of them, no doubt, are full of warmth, feeling, goodness; but of such qualities all men know Moore to have been possessed, and hundreds of assurances were not required to reach our conviction on the point, especially if the unnecessary evidence could not be accompanied with some

letters have no sensible substance in themselves, in the hands of a skillful editor importance may lent to them by a line or two of connection and exlanation. Not one solitary link is supplied by Lord ohn Russell; so that if interest is here and there by accident awakened, it expires almost as soon as acter, position, and relationship of the correspondent the exciting cause of the writer's transient inspiration. Letter after letter is addressed to individuals of whom no mention is made throughout the volumes. except at the heads of the letters themselves.

Our suggestion is, that Lord John Russell, either with his own hand, or, if that be now too gravely employed, on business of State, with the aid of a ompetent assistant, shall deal with the remaining letters of the poet as so much raw material for bio graphy rather than as biography itself. Heaps of pricks are not a house; and no architect contemplates unhewn stone and rough timber with superstitious and unmeaning affection. If it be really of vital consequence to print all that a poet has prosa-ically written, good or bad, to the purpose or away from it, we cannot see why biographers should not go a little further, and publish a particular account of all the colds and influenzas his hero has suffered, illustrated by the prescriptions made up in order to remove them. Letters, diaries, memoranda, or whatever else the illustrious leave behind them, are sacred relics of which the surviving trustees are bound to make the best use in the interests of society as well as of the departed. Those interests are wholly neglected when the documents are delivered over with out examination, and irrespectively of the public need. What is the duty of a biographer if it be not to discover, not only from the diaries, letters, and acknowledged writings of an author, but from every other attainable source, the true character of his subject, in order that he may present to the world, out of his mind, a complete, truthful, and harmo-nious picture—a living lesson snatched from the grave, for the service of humanity to the latest time?

Space is not thrown away, and time is not lost, by emphatically calling attention to these points. On the contrary, we gladly seize the present opportunity to impress once more upon our writers the necessity of dealing with biography as with any other branch of literatore and art, and of bringing to bear upon this most important department of writing the same conscientiousness and skill as are deemed indispensable in other kinds of composition. It is certainly due to Lord John Russell to state, that if he has not surpassed in efficiency the majority of below them. He has stumbled, it is true, upon the same path as his predecessors, but with a better excuse, it may be, than they can show for going lazily into the old track. We are aware that Thomas Moore consigned all his papers to Lord John Russell, for the benefit of his widow, and we can well under stand that Lord John might consider his stewardship most satisfactorily performed when he had secured the largest possible price for his wares. Poor Tom Moore was scarcely in his grave before it was announced that the princely house of Longman had handed over to Lord John Russell £3,000 for the precious papers; and we rejoiced at the increasing value of literary labour. But we can rejoice no longer if we are to be told that Messrs. Longman are "to bring themselves home" by the publication of some dozen volumes, which, interesting, in many respects, as they must be, are not called for by the by the publication public, and from which readers will not derive the information they are promised, and for which they are anxions. It will be a reflection upon editor and publisher if, after all the volumes have appeared, it shall be found as we fear must be the case that the poet's life actually remains to be written; and we cannot but think that even the pecuniary inteests of Messrs. Longman would, so far from sufferng, have been advanced, had these gentlemen taken ourage to deal with the posthumous papers of complete and all-sufficient work in itself.

In the preface to the two volumes before us Lord states that two embarrassments chiefly weighed upon him while preparing these papers for the press. In the first place he was embarrassed by the fear of overloading his work with letters and anecdotes not worth preserving; and, secondly, deeming that the poet had left much to his biographer's discretion, he was visited by an anxiety preserve the interest of letters and of a diary written with great freedom and familiarity, at as little cost as possible to those private and hallowed feelings which ought always to be respected." compels us to remark, that the amount of "embarrassment," whatever it might be, was manifestly insufficient to save his Lordship from the commission of the very errors which he tried to avoid; for, not only are the two volumes, as already intimated, fear-fully over-laden with letters that are altogether valueless; but "private and hallowed feelings" are by no means respected to the extent that sincere piety would suggest. Had Lord John been visited with profitable compunctions, he would unquestionably have omitted from the diary much that has re-ference to the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Had he perused his documents with ordinary care he would have expunged much that bears upon the history of Thomas Moore himself. That the editor has not taken extraordinary trouble with his interesting occupation is made singularly evident by one instance of carelessness, which we strongly recommend to the notice of Messrs. Longman, whenever they publish a second edition. In the second page of his autobiography, written in his early manhood, Thomas Moore deliberately states that "on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born." In vol. 2, page 253, Lord John Russell writes in a note—there are not a half a dozen notes in the two volumes—that "it

must be recollected that Mr. Moore always supposed he was born in the year 1780."

It must be borne in mind, that although the Life of Sheridan was not published by Moore until 1825, et, as he states in the preface to that work, the first our chapters of the life were written as far back as 1818; and it is now clear from the diary that the years 1818 and 1819 were to some extent occupied n the collection of facts and anecdotes relating to this biographical undertaking. In truth, the diary, as far as it reaches, is, for the most part, a commonplace book for the recention of Sheridaniana Moore pays visits, makes calls, dines out mainly to collect gossip for his future publication; and the reader will not be astonished to learn that a plentiful harvest of scandal was gathered and duly garnered up in the note-book in question. We are forced to inquire whether it did not once occur to Lord John diary with the following looser passage from letter Russell that justice to the living as well as to the 218, vol. 2, p. 321. It is addressed to Mr. Power, dead might demand the erasure of passages never, the publisher of Moore's music: "I have collected we are convinced, written down for permanent record, and only admitted at the time into the poet's diary as recollections of gossip idly dropped, though industriously picked up, at the dinner-table? Poor Sherry! Has the grave covered over these forty years, the faults and foibles of your melancholy life only that they may be now dragged to light again with a more offensive odor by your self-styled friends? Are there no hearts still throbbing to whom the memory of Sheridan may be dear and precious, who private and hallowed feelings" worthy of respect, and who may not be disposed to prove, as easily they might, the inconsistency of the idle tale writ down in the diary, with the selemn judgment pronounced by Moore himself in the published life of Richard Brinsley? The impression of Sheridan derived by the reader of Moore's diary, as Lord John Russell has suffered it to go forth to the world, unstripped of any of its light and idle gossip, is that the author of the "School for Scandal" was a swind-ler and a scoundrel. But such was Moore's opinion

already given—add anything to his fame, or very in the world for disbelieving—to wit, the evidence much to the information which Englishmen are submitted by Moore himself in his life of the orator anxious to obtain concerning the public life or private doings of the author of Lalla Rookh. Out of the time rather with the view of meeting the prethe 400 published letters, there are positively not a
possessions of his Whig patrons, than of apologizing possessions of his Whig patrons, than of apologizing for the frailties of the dead and defenceless man of genius, contain deliberate and frank admissions wholly incompatable with the feeling inspired by the stories that are left to blast Sheridan's memory in the diary-admissions which, if they prove any thing at all, show, beyond a doubt, that although in his search for materials Moore did not hesitate to note down for remembrance every anecdote and piece of information, indifferent or good, that came in his way, yet eventually, after seven years' investigation of the whole case, he felt bound to dismiss from his mind all the calumnies that envy and hatred had engendered, and all the scandal which, unfortunately, a too lax career had provoked. Was it, we ask, for Lord John to expose in such a case as this what Moore himself had suppressed? We find it stated in the diary that "the conduct of Sheridan was of the meanest and most swindling kind," and that, "his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism." Hard measure this for poor Sheridan, did not the memoirs, seven years subsequently, give the lie broadly to the whole assertion. Those me-moirs distinctly state—we entreat Lord John Russell, at his leisure, to refer to them -that, although it was only during the last few years of his life that Sheridan behaved recklessly, yet, even "amid all the dis treses of these latter years, he appears but rarely to have had recourse to pecuniary assistance from friend;" they aver that, whatever may have been the falts of the man, the tremendous sufferings of his lat days were more than a sufficient expiation for hs sins; that his sense of what was right survived his ability to practice it; that he "always mean fairly and honourably, and that to the inevitable pressure of circumstances alone any failure that occurred in his engagements was to be puted " that, "so far from never paying his debte, as is often asserted of him, he was, in fact, always paying; " that " his debts were by no means so considerable as has been supposed;" that he often paid a debt twice over rather than run the risk of not paying it at all; that, if his pecuniary irregularities are to be considered in reference to the injury they inflicted upon others, the quantum of evil for which he is responsible becomes, after all, not so great, that "one actually wonders at the unlucky manages ment which contrived to found so extensive a reputation for bad pay upon so small an amount of debt; that "there are few to whose kind and affectionate conduct, in some of the most interesting relations of domestic life, so many strong and honourable testimonies remain;" that "it is impossible to regard his career otherwise than with the most charitable allowances;" and that, finally, "had he been less consistent and disinterested in his public conduct, he might have commanded the means of being independent and respectable in private-he might have died a rich apostate instead of closing a life of pa-triotism in beggary—he might have hid his head in a coronet, instead of carning for it but the barren

who never moved a finger to help the living, took delight in blackening the good name of the dead; but we do complain that Lord John Russell when he met with the slanders heaped upon the head of a man who, though from the ranks, still, like himselt, loved literature with the same ardour that he cherished popular rights, did not inflict upon his memory bitter wounds, oh, how much easier to open than to One hour spent in the study of the Life of Sheridan, by Thomas Moore, would have sufficed to prove to Lord John Russell the propriety and absolute necessity of drawing his pen across the unauthenticated passages in the diary, which are fatal to the reader's good opinion of Sheridan. That hour was too much, and the present generation are ac-cordingly, left by his Lordship, without one syllable of counsel or of warning, to believe that Richard Brinsley Sheridan was a swindler, a debaucher, and our recent biographers, he has also not fallen much a libertine, with not one solitary redeeming virtue from the

We do not murmur because "noble associates,"

wreath of public gratitude.

Moore himself suffers almost as much as Sheridan from his editor's want of thought and care. The mother of the poet had a laudable ambition. She was the wife of a man who kept a small wine store in Dublin : but she was also the mother of a lad who from his childhood exhibited remarkable ability, and her strongest passion was to raise the youth as high as she could in the social scale. Tom was placed as early as possible in the way of great penale, and we must add the youth took to his com-pany as cordially and eagerly as it took to him. It is no wonder that the larger portion of Moore's letters should be addressed to a fond mother; and it is not a matter of surprise that the greater number of these letters should be filled with childish expressions of delight and vanity at the condescension of the fine society to which the poet-because he could sing and otherwise amuse it-had found instant admittance. But it certainly is astonishing that such epistles which could have been intended only for the mother's heart, should be new offensively thrust before the stranger's eye, which cannot choose but turn involuntarily from communications with which it has no concern and which it can never properly appre-ciate. Had Lord John Russell desired to create a feeling of disgust in the minds of his readers, he could not have set about the task in a more business-Moore as the genuine and valuable ingredients of a like manner than by the publication of such letters noderately sized and perfect history, rather than as as the following. We will give a brief specimen at length; there are unfortunately dozens to match:

> CHATEWORTH, Jan. 25, 1815.
>
> MY DEAREST MOTHER: I snatch a moment from the whirl of lords and ladies I am in here, to write a scrambling line or two to you; they are all chattering at this moment about me—dukes, countesses, &c., &c. It is, to be sure, a most princely establishment, and the following are the company that sat down the first day I came: Lady and Lord Harroway and their daughter (he is a Minister, you know), Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Borington, Lord and Lady Leveson Gower, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord Kinnaird, the Duke himself, and the poet myself, with one or two more inferior personages. I could have wished Bessy were here, but that I know she would not have been comfortable in it. She does not like any strangers, and least Снатемовтн, Јап. 25, 1815. comfortable in it. She does not like any strangers, and least of all would she like such grand and mighty strangers as are assembled here. I hope, my own dear mother, I shall find a letter at home from you, with better accounts than my father gave me in his last.
>
> Ever your own,
>
> Tox.

We can see the flush of maternal pride that suffuses the old lady's cheek as she reads this valuable communication for the twentieth time. We can also understand the unsatisfactory feeling with which the indulgent reader peruses it for the first. Why is it necessary to perpetuate such documents? What do they show us of the poet's life which we care to look at? What characteristic do they illustrate which we are solicitous to admire? Why should we, page after page, be annoyed when no annoyance was intended? and why are the sacred communications of mother and child to be thrown indiscriminately to a word that makes no allowances for the extravagances of affection when it is severely appealed to as a critic and a judge?

Let no man henceforth leave his papers to the discretion of an editor until he has prudently reduced to ashes whatever documents a decent regard to his character for consistency renders it necessary to de-stroy. Tom Moore is not generally a moralist, whe-ther in his diary or in his letters; but one entry in the former is too remarkable for the distinct enunciation of a fine moral sentiment to be overlooked. The question is concerning the paternity of Scott's novels. "Another argument," writes Moore, "between us (Rogers and himself) was the justifiableess of a man asserting solemnly that a book was not his, when it really was. I maintained that no man had a right to put himself into a situation which required lies to support him in it. Rogers quoted Paley, about the expediency of occasionally lying, and mentioned extreme cases of murder, &c., which had nothing whatever to do with the point in question, and which certainly did not convince me that Scott could be at all justified in such a solemn falehood. At last Rogers acknowledged that saying on his honour was going too far; as IF THE SIMPLE, SOLEMN ASSERTION WAS NOT EQUALLY SACRED!" We recommend Lord John to compare this stern entry in the all the little squibs in the political way which I have written for two or three years past, and am adding a few new ones to them for publication. * * * * I shall, or course, deny the trifles I am now doing; yet, if they are liked, I shall be sure to get the credit of them." What imaginable need was there to retain either of these observations, and what, at all events, but downright madness or premeditated malice could

have suggested the printing of both!

But Lord John is not content with exhibiting this single instance of self-contradiction! He keeps back nothing likely to damage his hero. What editor but his lordship would have thought it necessary to transmit to posterity the following letter, addressed by Moore to his mother ?

"There is so much call for the opera that I have made a present of it to little Power to publish; that is, nominally, I have made a present of it, but I am to have the greater part of the profits, notwithstanding. I do it in this way, however, for two reasons—one, that it looks more dignified, and, the second, that I do not mean to give anything more to Carpenter, but the profit is not in the profit of th of his eloquent countryman, we have the best reason something of consequence to give Longman." Or the following to Mr. Power:

"I told you a little sb about the Examiner, and the reason was, I had no idea it would have taken notice of what I thought a very foolish thing, and was ashamed to acknowledge even to you. That is, however, the only squib I have sent Perry since I left town."

Or the following to Mr. Longman, which puts forth an announcement quite as dishonourable—if dishonour there be at all—as Sir Walter's half-serious denial of authorship; Moore is speaking of Lalla

Rookh, which is not yet completed-" I mean, with

your permission, to say in town that the work is fin-ished; and merely withheld from publication on ac-count of the lateness of the season. This I do in

order to get rid of all the teazing wonderment of the literary quidnunes at my being so long about it, &c. It would be easy to repeat these instances ad nau-seam. But we forbear. None but the most indifferent hand would have permitted them to remain without one syllable of comment or explanation in the teeth of such paragraphs as those we have quoted from the diary; for, standing in their nakedness, they indicate a prevailing state of mind which we are convinced did not belong to Thomas Moore, and convey a seriousness which the writer never intended to attach to the syllables Thomas Moore was not an habitual liar, yet we must conclude from the above gravely recorded passages that he was a hypo-crite and a liar both. We repeat, a very little trouble and time only were necessary to qualify the force of expressions uttered in lightness of heart and with no disposition to deceive. But the trouble and time are not vouchsafed. Tom Moore left part of an autobiography behind him; he left piles of letters behind him; he left a huge diary behind him; and here the whole cartload is cast in a confused and undistinguished heap before us, in order that we may ourselves extract as best we may the jewel that lies

imbedded there. We shall humbly endeavour to perform this office. An interesting life is that of Thomas Moore, and not without its uses. It shall be our part to trace its course for the advantage of the reader from its origin until the period at which the present volumes leave it. Grateful as we are for the spirit in which Lord John Russell has undertaken this service of love, and eager as we are to welcome the spirit of literary brotherhood that has exhibited itself in high places, we can only lament that these volumes are less satisfac-tory than we know it to be in the power of Lord John sell to have rendered them. - The (London)

Times.

of street suppressed that question for ever. Slavery has marched from the Carolinas to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to New York, from New York to Boston, and now sits enthroned in State street, and we have got it good act of a man's life is, so far, a protest against at arm's length. That is where we are stronger than before. The first condition of victory is to have the opponent within reach. When men understand that they are not battling with evils in Georgia, or Mississippi, or Virginia, or even in Delaware, but close among us-not with a distant institution, but with the money power in the city and the conservative power in the State-then they will be strong; then they will take their position, and do their work. And it is this conviction which is rousing men to a nobler conflict than any in which they have yet engaged.

I use warlike phrases, for the conflict with sin is a perpetual death-grapple. But we make some improvement in weapons from age to age. We fight no longer with bayonets and bullets. We have melted all our lead into types for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Men said, 'Let this agitation be suppressed!' and Liberty an swered with fifty thousand copies of that book. They said again, Let it be suppressed! and the answer was. 'A little more grape!' and a hundred thousand copies more were sent into the homes and hearts of the people. Another hundred thousand, and we shall hear little more of the claim to have suppressed agitation. The work goes on. The politicians try their little manceuvres every year, and fix their trifling plans to introduce into their party a little more Anti-Slavery than a year before, or a little less; and their stratagems go on, like a body of ants labouring at their little hillock, and look! there stands the great sun above them, and what are all their petty plans to that?

The earth rolls on. It takes with it the conservatism of the age and the reform sentiment of the age In each generation, the conservative stands where the reformer of the last generation stood; and still the earth rolls on The Slave Power tries, from time to time, to bribe the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North with the glittering bauble of the Presidency, as the sovereign of Venice tries to wed the ocean with a gold ring; but I have never heard that the heaving waves f the Adriatic grew any calmer for those golden nup

science in him is so far, indirectly or directly, con- by the Abolititionists, long before. It was to their sciously or unconsciously, an Anti-Slavery man. Every every evil on the face of the earth. If there remain in a man a single thrill of generous impulse, there is the beginning of an Abolitionist. Talk of inconsistency! many a man is saved by a few generous inconsistencies. But we must believe in men first, before we can regenerate them.

And the agitation must keep on. A moral evil needs a moral sentiment to overthrow it; and this only agitation can sustain. What said the Spirit of God to the old prophet, when he mourned the sins and captivity of his people, as we do now? It did not say- Do not waste your influences'-it did not say, ' Keep silence, for this thing is exciting '-it did not say, ' Find some prudent citizen to cipher you out a plan of emancipation-make the best compromise you can with Babylon and the Chaldeans-and keep clear of Jeremiah, for he uses hard words'! What said it, then? It said this

only- Overturn-and overturn-and overturn-til

he shall come whose right it is to reign.' Even so saith

the Spirit of the Lord to the children of this generation

WE commence the report of the Trial of Reed, But you will see the speech reported in full, so it's d at Albany, convicted of aiding in the escape of he fugitive Jerry, and shall give the conclusion of it next

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXVIII.

Amen.

THE ARGUMENT. - Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society The Correspondent rebuketh its harsh language— And giveth it over to a reprobate mind—It spareth not the Free Soilers—Education of Grannies—The Grandfather question—Dr. Pillsbury anatomizeth Mr. Sumner's Speech—Also General Washington's Portsmouth letter—Parallel between Potter and Washington-Which the greater patriot ?-- Mr. Phillips Defence of the Abolitionists - Their thunder claimed for them-Mr. Milton's ideas cited-Mr. Parketh speaketh-Mr. Webster's Will-The "friend considered-What Shakspeare saith on the bject-Posthumous Benevolence without assets-Marshal Tukey's Meeting in Faneuil Hall-Ingratitude of Republics-Scandalum Magnatum, &c. &c.

BOSTON, January 31st, 1853. THE Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has just finished its course with joy and prosperity. Its history was that of all its predecessors. Beginning with a handful on the first morning, it went on from strength to strength, until the Melodeon could scarcely contain the crowds that thronged together to hear what these fellows that were turning the world upside down, and who had come hither again, had to say for themselves. And they had a good deal to say for themselves, and not only for themselves, but against other people. It was painful to a charitable and catholic mind to listen to the way in which they talked about our wisest and best men, our most eminent divines and statesmen. You will hardly be able to believe it, but they even spoke spoke contemptuously of that valuable "product of our institutions," as Mr. Hillard called him, the late lamented Daniel Webster. Mr. Clay did not escape their pestilent tongues, and the Reverend Clergy and the Church were very evilly entreated. They seem to have no sense of the value of the conservative element in our institutions and to be ready to demolish everything in them that does not exactly square with their own crude notions of right and wrong. But, somehow or another, people will come together and hear this kind of talk, even if they don't like it. They can't help themselves, one would think. They, occasionally, express their dissent by a slight sibilation, but it only answers for their own relief, for I have never yet seen the first of these fellows that could be made ashamed of himself, much less silenced, by any demonstrations of the disapprobation of the bet-

And they not only pitched promiscuously into Whigs and Democrats, but they also bestowed much whole some castigation (intended solely for their good) on the Free Soilers. Now these "tender Juvenals," in their ignorance and inexperience, sometimes wince under the rod and try to escape it. But they may be assured that their advantage only is meant, and that they will yet thank their pedagogue the longest day they have to live, for his fidelity. But they don't think so, in the ignorant present. They may think of him, as a very eminent Free Soiler said of Mr. Garrison, once on some such occasion, " Why, this man does not understand his own business!" Which was, surely, the very latest example of teaching one's granny how to suck eggs. For, as George Thompson once said, " a Free Soiler de nying that he had any connection with Garrison, was like a man affirming that he never had a grandfather!" Mr. Pillsbury, on the first evening of the Meeting, made. a most minute autopsy of Mr. Sumner's Speech in the Senate, and certainly presented it in a great novelty of new lights. All its weak points were most unmercifully exposed, and many persons went away with very different notions of it than they brought with them. When I say it was done unmercifully, I do not mean that it was done in any unkind or savage spirit. The criticism was as calm, dispassionate, fair and candid, as it was masterly and thorough. I trust that it will be given to the public, that it may be refuted, if possible.

And he was not satisfied with this treatment of the living; but he even did not withhold his hand from the Dead, and ventured to dissent entirely from Mr. Sumner's view of the conduct of Washington, in the matter of the Slave woman he wrote to the Collector of Portsmouth to catch for him, if he could without public scandal. Mr. Pillsbury seemed to think that Mr. Sumner would have been a better friend to the memory of Washington if he had not exposed him in the character of a Slave-hunter to the gaze of the world. There, certainly, was no moral difference between Washington and Potter, the master of Thomas Sims, excepting that the latter thought more of "the infinite importance" of the example, and less of his own character, and the former more of his own character and less of the wholeome example. Both sent on to have a slave caught for him, only one did not care whether it " would excite mob or even uneasy sensations in the minds of welldisposed persons," and the other did. And if the reovery of Slaves be a thing right to be done, and of good ensample, I must say that I think Potter the reater hero and patriot of the two. For Washington never regarded the wishes of the woman, any more than Potter did of the man; it was only his own charcter and the feelings of well-disposed persons that made him leave a discretion to the agent; which Potter scorned when a public duty demanded the sacrifice The idolators of Washington had better pass as gingerly as possible over this passage in the life of their hero. It is possible that posterity will put him in a lower niche than the universal Yankee Nation have agreed to assign him, since he died; for while he lived, they were by no means so unanimous about him. Mr. Pillsbury concluded his remarks on this matter by reading Mr. Sumner's statement "that the fugitive lived in freedom to a good old age, a monument of the just forbearance of him whom we aptly call the Father of his country," and remarking that he supposed, on the same principle, it might be said that Jesus Christ lived as ong as he did (it being recorded that he had several times narrowly escaped death at their hands) " a conument of the just forbearance of the Scribes and

Mr Phillips occupied the whole of the second evening n a masterly Defence of the Abolitionists from the charges brought against them of precipitation, denunciation, the want of discipline and a just method, and specially of a superficial knowledge and headlong and nconsiderate treatment of the question of Slavery. He showed the laborious and exhaustive manner in which the question had been treated by technical Abolition. sts, historically, economically, statistically, constituionally, legally, morally, religiously, in works which ad never been answered. And he affirmed, and oledged himself to the proof, that there was not a sinele topic, view, doctrine or illustration of Slavery in ts various relations, which has been brought forward lives our esteemed friend, Curtis Rider, in whose excelsince the Anti-Slavery Movement entered Congress, lent family we were made more than welcome during

Meanwhile, every man who has any remains of con- that had not been suggested, elaborated and publishe treasury that even John Quincy Adams, and man others since, applied for facts and arguments when pre paring for a special conflict with Slavery. It was t Garrison, and the movement in which he is the nucleus that political Abolitionists have to come for illumina

" Hither, as to their fountain, other stars Repairing, in their golden urns draw light."

This was his idea; the quotation is my own thunder. He made a thundering good one, however, from the same work of the gentleman I in

no use for me to botch it. The third night Mr. Theodore Parker made an excellent Speech, and also Mr. Phillips again. But they are both to be reported. The Meeting closed with the Song of the Fugitive, volunteered by the Hutchison Family.

The principal amusements of the town, lately, have been Mr. Webster's Will and Marshal Tukey's Faneuil Hall Meeting. The publication of the first is attributed to Mr. Webster's friends. But it seems impossible. Some enemy hath done this thing. No friend could have put a dead friend in so eminently ridiculous a position before the world. A man bequeathing his heavy debts to one set of friends and giving legacies which are to be paid by another! The long-suffering innocents of State Street may well exclaim with Macbeth :

the times have been That when the brains were out, the man would die And there an end! But now they come With twenty mortal murders on their heads And push us from our stools—"

from our Counting-house stools, that is, and sponge us from their urns. The only pendant to this story is a Will now recorded in our Registry, where a man after bequeathing, specifically, whatever property he had to his natural heirs, then proceeded to make most magnificent bequests to all Public Charities and Literary Institutions, to be paid out of the residue of his estate. As he had some property, it was necessary to have it proved and recorded, so there it stands " plain for all folk to see;" but the nose of this worthy oddity is now effectually put out of joint by this Testament of Mr. Webster. It will be remembered as long as he will be. Marshal Tukey's Meeting was held in Fancuil Hall on Saturday evening, for the purpose of defending himself from charges of malversation in office, and urge his election as Alderman, to fill a vacancy. You will remember that, for all his merits in saving the Union by eatching Sims and making our Supreme Judges go on their bellies under his chain round the Court-house, he was turned out of office a year ago. Such is the gratitude of Republics! Ever since then he has been engaged in a fight with Mayor Seaver and his Aldermen. His Meeting was a most tumultous one and not a little resembled the famous Thompson Reception Meeting, which he enjoyed so highly. However, he was heard. and made a variety of statements as to the private amusements of our Civic Fathers, which certainly amount to Scandalum Magnatum, if he cannot prove them, and will be certainly a Scandal to the city if he can .- p. Y.

LETTER FROM A LECTURER

WEST HARTWICK, Otsego Co., Jan. 10, 1853. DEAR GAY: I have but this moment mailed my communication for the Standard, bearing date of 8th Janu-But, having nothing to do until evening, and feeling more like scribbling than doing nothing, I think I will, while my hand is in, do a little of what will have to be done some other time, if at all, by way of taking a few notes of passing events.

My wife is out making calls. This is her native place-the home of her childhood. You will not be surprised to learn that the countenances of her old friends are changed towards her, since she has become so unfeminiae and indelicate as to let her voice be heard in public, especially in behalf of a class of people despised and descrited by the Church. Don't wou think it rather "resembles Ocean into tempest tossed, to waft a feather, or to drown a fly," for a woman to attach so much importance to so small a matter as to break loose from all the restraints and time-honoured customs of refined society, in order to aid in the work of destroying Slavery? What is the degradation of a million and a half of females, sold into wholesale prostitution by the Christian Government, aided by the Christian Church of this country, to be compared with the loss of a Northern white woman's reputation for feminine qualities and accomplishments?

JAN. 11. In spite of all untoward circumstances, our meeting came off, last evening, with a full house of hearers. Not being in a mood to mince matters with those reverend and pious hypocrites, who, for party and sectarian advantage, apologise for, and join hands with, thieves, robbers and adulterers, and, for a pretence, sing pious psalms and make long prayers, we spoke the truth with all boldness. Some fifteen or twenty of the congregation, being pricked in their consciences, probably, fled before the meeting closed. The majority, however, stood the fire, manfully, and womanfully. A few only greeted us in a friendly manner, at the close of the meeting.

A leading Methodist here acknowledged to me, in conversation this morning, that the Methodist Episcopal Church would not permit its own ministers to meddle with the subject of Slavery in such a way as to disturb the harmony of the denomination-that is, expose its connection with slaveholders. He is a prominent member in that Church, and laboured to justify it in this particular. Were the Methodist Episcopa Church, for its own advantage, to extend the hand of fellowship to the keepers of brothels in New York city, and refuse to allow its ministers to preach against the iniquity, would not this man as readily retain his membership, and justify the Church, as he now does? What infernal iniquity could that Church practice, and not be justified in its course by this man? Is not Slavery

the sum of all villainies? A prominent Universalist argued the right of Slavery He saw and acknowledged the foolish inconsistency of his Methodist brother's position, and evidently chose rather to be considered a knave than a fool. I am sorry to have to say this of an old acquaintance. But the intelligent Northern man who argues the right of American Slavery, "ought, if any ought, to wear the chain." The collar about his neck for a while might bring him to his senses. The Baptist minister here, Rev. Mr. Pixley, has carefully avoided our meetings all through. Whether he controls the people or they him in reform matters, I don't know. One thing is certain. Had a law been passed, rendering one member of each family in the State of New York liable to be sold, at any time, into interminable Slavery, including those of Baptist priests, he would have scoured the whole town in behalf of our meetings-unless he is as destitute of natural affection, as all priests who turn their backs upon Anti-Slavery meetings are of all Christian principle. The Methodist minister does not live in this place. His position, however, like that of others of the profession, is, of course, determined, or, at least, ascertained, by that of his congregation. Probably not

half a dozen Methodists were at the meeting. Jan. 27. Not many matters of interest have come under our notice since the 11th. The weather has been very much against us for the last two weeks. From Hartwick we returned to Fork Mills, where we held one more meeting, and one on Christian Hill, in the same town. Our next place of meeting was on Jerusalem Hill, Herkimer county, in the vicinity of which

is in the place a small Female Reform Society, which two years past, has maintained its organization and ke up its regular meetings in favour of the reforms of th day. Considering the general character of the place and the influences against which it has to contend, and also the fact that its active members number not more than three or four individuals, I think the Society deserving of great praise, and ought to receive the encouragement of similar societies throughout the country. spent a few days in Devereaux, the place of my residence from 1842 to 1849. This place was, a few years ago, one of the strongholds of Anti-Slavery. It numbered one Anti-Slavery Church, and wielded a strong Anti-Slavery influence in the community. It is now the hold of every foul spirit. The old Anti-Slavery Church is in ruins, and a new pro-Slavery Church has taken its place. The present state of things, then, is owing partly to a determined spirit of sectarianism in the Anti-Slavery Church, and a union of the pro-slavery Pilates and Herods out of the Church. A sectarian, Anti-Slavery Church may seem to many an anomaly or something worse, and is, no doubt, in fact. But I use the term as understood and applied by sectarians. In my judgment, a Church that denies a man the rights and privileges of membership and fellowship on account of the mere complexion of his theological views, can no more be an Anti-Slavery Church, in the true sense, than one that denies him such rights and privileges on account of the colour of his skin. If Anti-Slavery includes not the principle as well as the form of liberty, if it does not relate to the soul as well as the body, to thought and faculty as well as hand and foot-if, in short, it does not mean Liberty for man, it is hardly worth the efforts and sacrifices that are being made in its behalf. But a large share of the so-called Anti-Slavery in the religious circles of the country is of the sectarian type. Human rights are of secondary consideration, as compared with human opinions. And not a few of the would-be-called Abolitionists are digoted and intolerant to the last degree. We came near being turned out of door, in the middle of the night, not long since, by a man whose name has gone out as an Abolitionist, because we did not believe in and worship God after his peculiar fashion. On our return from meeting to bis house, after the family, at least the man and his wife, had expressed themselves as being well pleased with the remarks, the fact that we neither worshipped God by making audible prayers, to be seen and heard of men, nor believed that He ever authorized His servants to slaughter husbands and wives, mothers and little children, and hand young virgins over to be prostituted by a licentious soldiery, as Moses is reputed to have said he did, was drawn from us by direct questioning. Whereupon our host, seconded by his wife, declared that if he had known as much beforehand, he would have given no countenance to the meeting (they both attended the meeting, and were well pleased)would not have consented to harbour us over night (we had been invited to stay with them) -and, as it was, would CHARGE us for our keeping. After informing him of his ignorance of the first principles of the Anti-Slavery Reform, and that he had come into the world some five centuries after his time-that he belonged to the dark ages, I called for our bill of fare and our horse, though it was then near 12 o'clock at night. About that time, however, the tumult of pious passion began to subside, and we were at last very strongly urged to tarry, without money and without price, which we consented to do, on the acknowledgment that muc had been said under temporary excitement. We also promised to call no names--reserving the privilege of

*The writer refers to a theological discussion going on in the village, which had kept the people away from the Anti-Slavery meetings. We omit the passage of his letter referring to this discussion, as not strictly in place in our columns, however just they may be in themselves

stating the facts .- J. H. P.

THE Camden (S. C.) Journal is informed that at the sale of that portion of the estate of the late John S. Cunningham, lying in Pickens County, Ala., negro women brought from \$1,000 to \$1,100, and fellows from \$1,000 to

"It is not likely that negroes will belower, especially while cotton and naval stores keep up to anything in the neighbour-hood of present prices, and there is not much prospect of a material decline, for some time at least. And again, the in-flux of gold from California, even should both cotton and na-

val stores decline in price, will have a powerful tendency to-ward keeping labour up to the present mark."

WE find the following in the Brandon (Miss.)

Republican, of Dec. 16: "A tragical affair occurred in the southwestern portion of this County on Monday evening last.

Mr. William Williams, a planter hving on Richland Creek, as we understand had recovered the presented. we understand, had recovered the possession of a negronamed George that had for some time been run away. Mr Williams, on his return from Jackson, chastised the negrowith considerable severity, and had him confined with a chain with considerable severity, and had him confined with a chain. During the night the negro by some means released himself from his confinement, and having obtained possession of an axe, he inflicted two severe blows on the head of fits master. The negro made his escape on the same night, and has not since been arrested, though a company are now in parsuit of him. Mr. Williams's life is despaired of at the last accounts. One of the blows which he received was with the pole of an axe on the forehead, which fractured the skull; the other was with the blade on the top of the head. Since writing the above we have learned that Mr. Williams died on Tuesday, and the negro had not, at latest accounts, been captured, though a company with dogs were in pursuit."

Deaths.

RUTH GALBREATH.—On the morning of December 25th, Ruth Galbreth, wife of Nathan Galbreath, at their residence in New Garden, aged 73 years.

From the commencement of the Anti-Slavery movement, the slave has had no advocate more energetic and persevering than the deceased. She and her venerable partner were among the first to extend helpful sympathy to Benjamin Landy in his efforts to arouse the nation to the wrongs of the slave, by publishing the Genius of Universal Emancipation. In his efforts to arouse the nation against the annexation of Texas as an Emporium for human chattels they gave him efficient support. Ruth Galbreath was among the first to welcome the Liberator into the field of contest with oppression, and during the twenty years of its existence she has been one of its most constant and delighted readers. Its stern, uncompromising advocacy of the rights of man, especially of the outraged slave, has ever called forth her warmest sympathy. Nor did she ever object to the paper or its Editor because it sometimes gave atterance to sentiments on other matters which she could not approve. She had a bold, discriminating and far-neaching mind, and accorded to all others, and claimed and exercised for herself, the most absolute and unrestricted freedom of thought and expression on all subjects pertaining to human welfare. She deemed no opinions, practices or institutions, in religion, government, or social and domestic life, too sacred to be investigated and improved, or abandoned, as reason, affection, or justice might decide. From their commencement she has read the Anti-Slavery Standard and the Anti-Slavery Bugle. No woman in the country has been more thoroughly conversant with the Anti-Slavery Enterprise than Ruth Galbreath, so far as in-

Standard and the Anti-Slavery Bugle. No woman in the country has been more thoroughly conversant with the Anti-Slavery Enterprise than Ruth Galbreath, so far as information could be obtained from Anti-Slavery publications. Anti-Slavery Bugle.

Judd., pastor of the Unitarian church and society in that place. His loss is most deeply to be deplored. He was the author of Margaret, 'Philo,' 'Richard Edney,' and other works of sterling merit. He has died young.

BURLEIGH.—In Plainfield, Ct., on the 28th ultimo, Lydia Burleigh, wife of Rinaldo Barleigh, aged 73 years 94 months. She was the mother of C. C. and C. M. Burleigh, and has always been a faithful intelligent, and energetic friend to the Anti-Slavery Cause.

THIRTY DOLLARS has been placed in the hands of the Directors to be offered as a Premium for THE BEST ANTI-SLAVERY TRACT, which shall be written for publication by the Am. Reform Tract and Book Society, Manuscripts should be directed to Rev. C. B. Boynton, Co. Sec., Cincinnatti, O.; and must be sent before the 1st day of March next. None thus sent, excepting the one receiving the premium, will be published without a previous arrange ment with the author.

Postponement.

OLD SARATOGA DISTRICT ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

In consequence of the prevalence of Small Pox in the Village where the Meeting was to be held, it is decided to abandon the idea of holding a Convention, at least for the present.

Samuel Wilbur, Secretary.

North Easton, 2d mo. 2d, 1853.

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28.4 \$ (8) 15 grad - (8) 20 20 20 18) 891-4-25-8 8 1816 som and - Ing Com 1000 at 21 promy 21 81 3. 45 44-68 88-03 stor who species in sta guille 85 :5 28 "6 410 g tre #4 7 unl 9/8/ 20 10 56.68 - E tenhors noug- st 86"1 10008 - 21 -#101 light 78 .. -- the gounds -2 /20 pm/ 9/81 10.88 Ams find Am 200 Att - If to goods To minal 1818 was 20th By bush -... - Book in 57. 14888181 of here & magn 1817 May 1612 to good 89-18 708-18 9, Com (10) 26-018 1819 94816 th Society 181. 44-4 95-11 of ying the of his wish 1181 9181 59 6 8 1016 Minh 30th 13/4 18 1/81 per 20 6 101 1 1816 March 30th to good of outoling 14 th May buil 1815 Sept. 192 to goods 06 0 18 sulting as to a hy Luch \$ 0. QQ. 16.8 18/4 Alles as for Josep Sook - 4.99. 16:4 Ly Jamining oury 181 & 181 July 18 poly 2241103 800 \$18hop

184.79 1 44.03 work to the trum - (2008 # - 120 M 17-46 \$677 22 8 light 4/61 16.42 1819 Feels to my Cont. 00-81 15-51 48-9-16 -8-89-4 00-1 And with as the on the day W18 Justino const 4 - 461 bull 100x 8 11 " 7. 35 54.66 Cook of Sauch 45-6-40.4 - the Good -16008 -4 . - . 4/8 13.8 3.50 44"/ some live of 5 yrs 40 "H 18/6 Minh 29 th 11/2 Bush humanghold and 2 101 1000 6 4 2 2 miles 2101 86"1-65.1118 486 ms 9 1000 g of 92 "11/2 201 mas des 2101 25 2 July 28:15 And thrownship - 620 tenging 00.5 1656 88.6 10006,00 troup. A - -- 316 fm/1 the 1 00-1/91:04 2H"Hwork at - thouse 69"4 gun f at 4101 84 2 g fun on f 18481 - hearly at 18 16 Jung by 4/8/4 800 mil 6476 26 0% acoupt at 86 funtains July Cult 1914 111 Cush 00.0% 10.02 0086 -12494 6981 Linder - 29 my bush 3" 64 14.61 — 19.000 or har hour hour to the 19.41 — - And for - ing bush 10:20 00.11-Amd get All 181 Les Sunta 2006 May 2, 1818 Million oftwens ha Ming of 181 de comme Tra-

Grand Linnes to Laser Not houghto 44 wmg older 24 75 51-11# 40.5 8563 /4/1 4 8 1 horps - -41 Cynot - mod ful selling dies - stops will 00-1 - 201 sing 1 4108 to goods 06 .. -7/66 1 30 00 Muy 23-1815 Mains Physy attelled the grown A4 lynle June 16 th 1014 18 26.. 46 possof at . . grang 19 11 1800 9.02 to goods --60 11 04" grond, of 419 4911 woods of of AND 84"-04 "8 Sept to good 14 1 good of 166 99" 1000 g g 6/ :844 A to 1 goods 8000 W 10 44 11 26:11 8 2000 1 4 6 19/ .8411-84 Roof a 1120 plup 80.1 800p d 181 plup 16.000 g. 3 - 29 I gunes --: "my year 99011 400h 4 18 cyros by The mount 84 4006 19-61 800h 9-41 - And Depth 21:4280 841 18"groof 02 41 Muguit of By 3 he sor he 24 May 9 2th 1813 - Contra 20

Porner to theye 119 19" E146 7.61 444 munto sample of 9 486 or south ## "-08"4 1 44.46 54"of 4100 Even of 7/81"6 9 9401 grown & 4-5" 2781 01 419 30 th to 19 "-496 49 "-9 766 99"/ gran fi 07 4/61 45" 01 4/6/ 68" Sunlin to 04. 1) dous 27.47.6 08" Bon 10 19" 8000 - at 201 99 .. 9 41 13th to pouch 14.1 O Motor 11 to good 49" grown of 4446 yrall 1 st \$416 145 mals -01 89" 00 "1 80 "1 0000 of 40 18.19 Bred thomas huge 119 0H4 2 18th of south mas 6 00 06 16"1 16th 6 2 seul 239 to 48.00 pools - 8008 - 8008 - 8008 - 8008 8118 7/89'81 11199/1 12 first doors 9411 118" 19" Proop of \$100 41.08 19.80 8 00 po at 58 pin/2 from phi the not 86 "8 81 49"1 groot 1 hay lash 14 " 248 way to (26) to your of 869 3., 00 766" Eroup promos & fed 18 pluste 0106 your yest to good 48" yearly princing get Al Dearing 4-9" 20.00 to histal soft =17 Evel \$ 96 lmp

82-03 1891 Jul 15 by bash his of Deans Sund Sub 1981 (18) 5.06 9 menon on some common 46-18 1817 Sen 222 mg Eush - 57 - The File- 218 to Secon 45 "-90-08 - (2 Jung/3/81 Book - ot 52" Den 23)-The good 18 " 1816 Bur 30 # 685 Bush 418 1015 culps 201 1200 g a 16 .. -6-5 " to goods \$70 5 4 56 fayer gouss - "35 96120 wh 5101 1000/ 94"-1800031 -61 mmg 6411 A due 29 th 1000 to 100000 to 04"-66 "-Welster + Ath 4000 f 1 st 6911-Read & bd -8/4/ Aps \$ 6.25 87011 Read & at -Jung 24 th 1015 my 4uch 87 - 2 Cin pund Res & let 080 Han- agir my bush 1406/ The good 00 6 4 61 han 6 08" your buy the the your by of 10.00 66:4 800 Ju 10:1 19" 16. 48 p 3 600 101 to May of my out (18/4 Child 12 th much thous delibert 88"1 99 ... 09 ... Lind for the 1814 101 dinhed to grows 8/21 is west 09" 49 1814 1814 181 grand only to 3, 11 in 16 - - Garl 1974/2 17 to grows 1.95 Lung as Affinented 1911-12 to your 1.25 19.11 while for I to the bo 9.1.52 1, 25 Mayaking Combe Mengat 1811 Jeauce ab remin -101

98, 8 - your liet 1817 - (8. lyul) 48 1 Sient 7181 my the 1 of 1815 actober 1/4 to 190001 1816 -56.1-411 900 1000 6 Whan 1 44 14 - MM 3000 48" 48/ ffre 89" -98. (whom 89 ... 86.1 - to lynt 50 .. 05. 06 --& 2 pmy 96" 56"61 8 May 19 th 1015 hy water 95" 4 m 2 les 4101 401 401 4 mily July 6 th of good 184"61 81"9 06.21 8 Thy Sate to Bream 11- to spools of -11 8 M. 30 181 600h 00 "5 00" 0 My hal stall for you 290 1 mag 1 1 good 88 .-And poly by to 88 und yough so for the sough sol 48011 8181 874 8 popy Mugot 1913 Centre 20

1820 Alle 25 ly bush - 82 63 89-20 - - - mong of 241 Comment 9181 18/8 august 32 12 16 Gentins sie 381- 61 1818 Whilly the to see 31 1818 1911 of the sty bush and bush 1818 Munh 10th to goods 21 4.2 Benyomin Broken Band Bonde 91"-18/18/18/ what all in hy but - \$18.191 1.691 1.91.1 yunde 1 H to tot youch 49" May 24 th 1813 - Contra doug at ditapulle 1913 Thoulen Durunt. Mayoth win Dente Mayoth 1813 Jonathun Burken Low

Great comme to hage non flege 22 - 18 - 4101 - 18 - 180 25...3 May 24 - And Sunter 40.4 24/4 20 allers et 1/ --1815 Mouth 142 10 th 12 10 th 2 41 Amoly 7161 \$ 23.16 25 1 1 mg groups of 71.86 02. - years your les 64"4 -to - 1 souts E Justing to -1 goods -10 mg 1 4 to 6 / 00 to 419 hort to good to 96" 94"the pools P6" -- 4000 P Ell ount to yeach 1000 to a -3673 -45 .. -05"11 06 "4 word of summy 300 hot mys 08. 1011-- 4000 st gune Att - As Butter 97" -- the frage May 26th Bars hour mis Butter 1600 f of 1 5.26 1801 to the house of goods 1 work at-84"1 Also live 1812 young 74" 98"8 8 1" 43 Am & pet 18-19.32.12 9 " 4/8/ - dust at - Littens 1.1841 6818180 18 13.34 det of the house Der 1 th by bach to bulance 10"/ 96 11speeds, 9 61 8x10/3 8008 1/80 "1-Sugar as to good 60118180 Brook of - 12 1701 Essel priming fil Emil 94"1 98" 6 74116 19th to good Muguitie By Butter grosto 9 901 19"/ good by the light July 18 hay 26 th Buller 84 " 1111 84.1 29 th goods 7610 9111 June 98 to 9 1868 hum 48 68 ...-June Alby 9th Butter 9/"11 84" 2911/-40"1 800 g pro mus \$ 46 2t Buy of the Buller 09 "1 To your so he king buch 18 90"/ Mug 224 1813 - Comples Mulgge, 1816 18 Suther Brouge - 200 1



8161 11-1186 1000 \$6.38 49"-44 nul 8/11 19.1. - 6. froll 87"/ grange. 4196 13006 220 - 10 contin Christish HA wort, 40 "1 6006 911" Bood. March 49 ..of voust 06... 4125 4 68 H 1840/11 01 80 81 galle 23 tong of the soul 84." It as 29th to guild 16" year Shouge 1.73 41111 many a selle to Oth to good - 80008 ocas of 86 sold 50 .2 96 "-98 "1 8446 8006 109 46 9911 18 12 of soci 18116 8200 to 11 South of 1 July 76 to 90008 8 10 19 90008 1,69"81 49.80 45-61 8 88.78 7.9 Cymbo 12 to the the see of the July 10th June 2 18 soul 39 " Resonant your get 9.9 to good 24 68 1 go. 6 undine 1.33 (2) to 8 unding you Amd pus #11 mys 4/81 to good in him hay hard 881760loop May & Mal

414 ms 414 1988 3601 797 word, #18 the 100001 14"/--711 spul 1 Juni 2 13/ Celings 18.8 - B. fine 7156 Q 45,00 - 316 19 " - Just freel - 33"23 3463 4600 8/16 Jung 5/81 461 19"7 85.1 - studing pil Horason & 68th ET 1 88" - - Ullo live - colyul My Cheese - - - - 1.70 pamath - hy church onthe hours - 20 9. 4.th - - - Thy year - - - 157 OH. E wood gripal pol --98" - Who by -1 my 1 th th - - th 1 post 31 84 - umy four years full 4101 5 26 Junto 1600 p at 4101 fil July 19"1 \$ 33.84 13. 16 - queding out of 2 per out 48"88 19.2 my bush to Buline 2.99 Soft 3 to good 8,000 b 00 HAD choof / 2.40% 96". 13 to 1 9 0008 Rung- promised for the Amile Grash of 1116 years of 19th Bridges state 80 "4 8000 for 961 16th 18th & 201 19th goods Lind Ling to mit 90 "1 July 3 to 9 800% 0111 fit to your Show 19 19 318 8 mes 2 - 6 sun / 91,09 04-11 14"1 8,000 00018 64 .. -8 pm 4 18 4811 26th By 14 th Wall to odunding good in how hour Book -1, 47 May 225 13th Contra

1819 water 26 by lush -1818 Denz 19th to Guest -- 4 in 2 ful BIG sur 6 (181 1817 april 19th to 20th Courses 31 1 5 50 May 22 1816 12 6001 1600 g 00-1815 orfinition to good as 84.8 8 - And fur A101 A10 - 40 20 20 20 20 - 2000 g. or 4161 2141 Armill 18 1918 19.26 2 5 th 1014 Aud bush to Bellinu 15.81 6891 Luca & w AAR ind 8200 0 1 18/6 8200 0 1 18/6 8200 0 1 18/6 98'11 9411 96 "/ your the eyears as he toughout May 21 2 1813 Contra

18/19 Much 19 th Le South - - 25.00 20-5\$ 1818 Now 20 th By bush Level gonellette frances -8-000118 00001180 - year or 18/2 un 6 46.66 hour phil the mod 884 8 22.6h - Just to the Court 00 199 Swing of the your 9048698 8000 poly 24 26 2000 2000 poly 14/00 2000 poly 14/00 2000 1.906 30 86980 00:418 69.34 96.34 98189 Now 1st to Cush Ile. Such felt Handing 68" 79 61.991 19th 6 20 ash 40. 411880 90194 grade My gittlest 68"411 down at the tength They osundy yourles a. 1416 your of it lout 3 1/ July 1 Held St. Hum 11499 24/11 By obunding greedes in for to wy Books 2, 43 11/19 Ameth 188 Melsis, y lessett 4. Abbet Kon 13/100 J- 804:21 min/20 4/8/

6814 # 42 sunt - the espect of of mile 35 1846 Much 23 3-00 woon a to- 5000 2 - 01 Jett. 25th 1000 / - 1 - 1000 11 - 1000 11 - 1000 11 - 1000 11 - 1000 11 - 1000 11 181 - milis to good 2 9 2 minos 14 28"/ 1808 f di .. 84.2 333 the goods 44.8 100/08 id - - 5 40/ 8911-1815 year & # 12 to freel 988 1 31/1 - 1 3/4 minus 85.5 igosto, 88 "6 99"4. 56"1 38448 - one fre it is the 18. 24 1814- Much 30th my a Doshows 1000 1000 04.2 1000 11 9 June 12 th 1815 1845 May - 461 1000 1100 mo 2 lif 4101 #41 0/0/0 charge at 4/01 to 1th 260 8 1. H. J 49"618 Energy of 18 18 finling 14:1 49:41 8 08.4 - - 22 cust the ting - 20 1000 f at - - 4101 follows for the follows for 56"-1.39 umb his The Alpe pul 3.33 1:30 Just first 1014 Land grape de de fort 05.4 68 11 80 00.6 -Manch + to - to good of while of 6 HE 1 AH 12 has and Cut 11. 892 1814 gant 200 th Janes 98 " 48 young the grown 91"1-98-98 mes his most of guns ## "-28"7 706"1 yours 18th to Sunding grows is her try hour 26 By h were how 00 1180 May 91 52 1913 - Estable Mores of Congrandes 281 /31.8 pull

25 .. -Ly rosks 2208 02.4 0.6" -All Hot 18 11 - 4108 nyul 16006 01 06"-Loool of 1611-4/4/m/1 3886 3846 1800-6 29" 100 de 03 414 4000 le, 9 aprilez 880 ... 4000 1 19 91 4 HA con HH a 4 /1 4401 P. 2 11good 21 2101 mil 88"1 01 446 fron & 1/6/1 of 481-100 Elines & Courses Brook, 91" 1- cx 4/11 98 11 gross Aur H # 10 - by weed 4.200 1-01 49/ groot, 2 ortown 1st to your yours -400% 06 " of up to 1500 9 196 4 - 56 07. at 186 11 15 month sarale at 101 8 map 1 4 4 4 4 408 06.18 30 to good John - - 1st - that 04"7 July 6th 101th May - Jours orworm 84" 09 14 youls 1 4 81 00000 62 11 9 9 6 6 9 900 8 9 900 8 9 900 8 900 8 900 8 900 8 900 8 900 8 14th wo 16th 124 Cash 13'61 09"here he hy Beach 69 "6 Hered of of My Chukono 08 "1 99"4 aloth At the hay 12 willer 8 1 4 18 de 4 4 800 8 8 4 4 800 8 09. 85" which yet of 9.3 - 6 good 471 - with the fill 81 mouls 8-08/2 01 - 11 - 10 Grous of 11 1.500 48"-280 98011 - rother 12/80 91.26 grand to the speed rolling 12 14 19 9/11 1911 year by 78/ma to a afel. The gre bunderethe

Hober & to 10000 00 13883334 61"1 Roals 7 4166 67" 1000 6 9 M 69" 2000 f of the 15 things 11" 1. 800 p & 2. 29 - 99, - 800, p & 24 11 8. 800 p at 8 1. 89, - 11, 800 p & 101 - 8.89 1. 800 p at 8 1. 800 p & 101 - 8.89 1. 800 p at 8 11, 800 p b at 411 44188 8 96"-Minich 10 th 1014 Con by 18 with to hulle 19.09 38" 90 "1 81, 8000 p 32 1.01 1-19,18,00 p 31,11 Auni q to good 1,19 - 41th to young 1 -981 61 "1 18. 8m p diang 8 - 14.18mm p - 05 20 04 "1 - 3 - 2000 of 200 - 1000 of 200 of 200 of 200 of 2000 7/08 "-4.9 Soup at 200 - 11, Surap at -12. 18 " 13, to yours - 20 - 15th to yours 10 416 08" A- Book of \$101 -01,820 good - A - 02-080 g at - 62 - 7 - 680 g at 1:46. E 16 .. 06" - 01- cours of 498 -01-1200p 101411.6 41-8000 to 26 119 - 16 th to exces-14 98 " 1060 81 yposto 1961 48. 200 d Ap 1- 24018200 2 201 PEO 800 01 TH -9 800 10 H Engla of Ath lenguils 766 "9 07 47 98" 22th 6 4000 764.4 76011 14 the by yours 46 41" 889" Goods, pools, of Goods, 9 88 " 4. 8000 p ut 84.11 18 masto 1 (90) Erospo d to sure Ath - And il and holders 48 goods 7 (81) 41 19 ... 00.2 growy of the 96 "/ or hay Burn out 00 "01 194.90 7.81" Mad 12 2111 18411 71" rolling ph 2 2001 49" 19th 1 Bay work 99 to 1/200 Courtors 2 (28) to Surany year \$19 19 0411ghe the troin 99 " 48" - - 06 - my 1 1 (46) 41 mong : 91 9 9 9 Am Alah Count 00 "1 9. t. 1 - 3th chars 1,00 to the huller - 3. 1 . 3. H out ghe my thather 9.4 to 1, to builder 10 (25) to Soud Dem 121 _ , 22. 06 " 9.4 to Stone tungton sugar un year - 10th 18 1/4 1/4. 06" 1/2 A 1/2 0 Lother Chill 2/6 while pet the by the 10 "1rading & 1811 2 18 pull

1821 Jane 13 land to wear store linger 1019 Much 30 to good 28'98 1819 De 29 12 Malun on Myschilles on 2 - 2 - 5-4 1810 Sur 29th My Bulinu on \$1-05 88 - nosmit the bash hus with golines 10101 48-89 - mu lu 411 over 8181 18 84 1818 Ash 18, to 68'418 . Broof to - - - to set 18/8) 1000g 12 - A 120 Chill 68.9 -89 6841 1000g - 4 - - 32 mente 1818 Which 14 th my note - 13, 64 500 of 5 5 5 millen 5 72 to 800 7181 1819 gray ht ang conh - - - 1- 25 88-18 84-19 84-9/ 84-19 - Arnd for the Ary 6181 7. 24 88.81 11-41 5 - Brook 6, cr. - - - 186. Christ ATA to police Mind of the bedding - 5.00 60-1 was of a ground of the grounds 9906 00 "01 78 11 35 88118 - and got 23/2/20 7/88/16 8,23 why 16 to cert wind on not wer brandy 1919 10 to lash 1608.340 00 miles of 1008.60 of 1008.600 of 1008.600 of 100 miles 111,2 yours to By sulforth 11876 88 "/ royus of self 16 hop -19 Mosserpello Ang 2 861 21 April

4 Burness 460 er 424 2000 4.81 good 3 15mal or. grown of 1 418 4189 Frank 44 8894c 10 8411 4908 18 - 49 8 con le et 38-02,0 20 16 6 403 0 E. Lang at 4 -0 4. Lough of 181 mode - 4 p. 8.00 g of # 20 0 00 3 4 60 04"-6 of Lend a Chara 3 - 0 p. Eus a de 2 A A. 2000 at 2191 Marin to 1 10000 8 mon le 01 7108 25th to grand-0.9, about wat 11 - 31, mest of A18 48 ... 96 --- Al. (2004) a to 10 - 01. Ereap at 101 94 "8 11, 8000p - 4 81 - p. - 4000p - at 171 86 1 4 down of 81 - 29 hours at #11 2 Lith ythe yours 27 - 3 to yours 2. 81 4006/94 901 46 yours - of 61 -Gross of 411-6 45 hosp at 191 - 97 98 19/4 to goods -19th to your 29 16 th operato. 21 to operation of 9411 9.8 16 9.008 19.1-8 9.6 9.008 1.80 9.9 6 9.00 3.24 8.19.1-8 9.5 1.00 9.00 1.00 36 to years 19th (26) to your of 39 29. to 1 hundeline 5 (28) to youth 66 12 mil get (23) to H. S. hum 2.h 8000 0 01 18 8006, 9-41 15 to 1 years 5 (16) to 1 suffee 100 11-15 goods 31:49 8006/9-8 in unti Server 184 Asome June to the door 00 "09 in on of the the minn 24 to glads brundyth (28) to good 1922 97" 791 92 to 1 stiffine sutto (26) to sunchay your 8 8 th equity 24th By Million 46 "8 to good us por hour Book May all the son beath May 20th 1813 my ingy

47.66 24 to salute of sommed 4 tellion to grass Munch 24th 64.88 24.41 2181 4141 mil 1800 8, 4 49" & Howat A Pust 1 d 19.1 4466 1600 p 1 d 8161 ros 18 1621 00" Elber 4th Eros & st 6.5 8 49 ... 490 Justing Book a 67" 18 Luch 30 con free 0700 - 47 81 ming 96"1 to of south - 42 grands 2600 0 89"/ 69.56 to 9 asst - " 52 1000 f of 5006 09" List Bass to the wither of suis Api hold Must at Hh .-1818 to good Thing by ying by 9101 45 mill 07" Mand home 1 Cook or 88"6 8196 ound & 96.6 Habrel st. Every 6 3 69 ... 80% yout of 7001 719 Junt guns 49 "-4.00 wholen- 4/6/01th my bieden 4101 041418 06418 be to dead 06"81 Jeen 25 th by bush to Bullinue 800 g to Chulled 60 "1 1 my 2 6 th 4 soul 90 11 196 190 2.8 to yours giff to goods 180 16 31 to flower 8811 29 to greed when love to sep & 29 98 By Nanhin 1901 98" to 1 26. Lafler 101 with get 1013 - Control

4 mount at amond cool, 411: 26" 21 Ems 20 01 4106 88 14 9 401 11.18 of 44 and 18 ... inno 61 cz 4466 Bros 6 8800-101 6 month though 119 01 4116 9,000 to 19 11 10 19 00 18 11 1 1701 9. 11 01" from 61 0 4191 68 1 hough to a stall 54'36 80 78"17 as to 1 goust 04 "4 good \$ 5 4 400 60"1 - 4,000 p. 01 81 19"4 out - 16th to yours -- ying or o ount 970" 0 - might at 446 8 1 8 may 2 48 8 - H Sweep of #01 - 0 L. horse it 12/11 8000 41 yord of 491 - 9 long 1/1/1/2 1 401 Long so forthe or 46 4-800/ 01-4+408=813-80p 4 286 6/11 Jak to be gent of the to good of the to good 3 6/2 1 2/2 2 5 - 1 9/4 to good 3 6/2 1 2/4 - 6th to good 3 6/2 04" 8411 7,06.9 1911 184 the opened 2.6 19th 10 group 1211 1/48"-765"-1 29 to good 3 (21) 26. drong of 12/ pluly 96" 9% 87000/2 07-61 48,11 16111 Just 14 th Week and Story 26th 1 His Shur 25 (28) to 1 Don. Couchers 17 9.2. 4.1 At & Sherr 26 (26) to the Brundy 9.0 51068 Moure to the 18 of a to to the holen 49.2. Book & (11) 26 mund 25. 1810 1011 6104 65.0 19th to the sail 12/1/2 (14) to Sundry 46 1890 11th to 1th. Bulle. 19 to 1 gh silhunnes. 84 11-1 1 1 9t. 3. hum 26 (11) to good 68 mis of her yes 94 spinned & (4) 72 mind 3, 4 de Sundy 68 " 04.16 49 .. . Eury famile dily 98 " 25 to 44 May 25 to 8th chasse 100 - duous pill - Not 24 "1 to 1 the S. hum 2.6 to butus withers in 50 May 19th in Combon

1816 Den 64 1/3 6 mil 1816 March 12 At 1818 4181 56 "-1615 gune is to goods andres takkete 18/6 gul 29 th 13 selenn in December 161 64.8 78"1 Lat. 19th 101 A 104 Earl 3. 49 46.91 Left 3. to good groots of it b groots of it b groots of it b 04 44 21 10 14 lay bush the dens dens 1/2 111111 441 98" 191" 80"1 Mely- 9? to goods believed your 64 "1 49:180 Henry 19 to goods 26th 1 June hufer 20 119" 8181 ybi hope 79

64:51 to Gust here for his busine 200 44-5 Aft the lumbus 16008 of 1600000 46 Sout 5th By buch - gur of the 106 29 petoter + # (My & with January 200 1 2000 1 2000 00 - 6 por 101 3/8/ 1816 May 15th By Early 66'96 Sen 2/82 8.79 1smas, wood 19 selector 19-46 1800 17000 4 Suss (Bas & - 0) June 1925 00 "5 # 4 690 15- 410 gray. 14 "6 good? Grang P. of the man 1840 } 11 - 3/10% ALL 26,72 19 11 496 68.01 Asud for the May Lush, (orange 96 11 -416 Wy Ber 6 Jud file - 3/8/20 mil 00"4 80 " 1) acus 261 a. - 4 41 fill good ! 96 " 00 25 98011-10001 water drawly - By Liberyan 14.0 1815 Hoby 25th to gues 1/2/2 the 4/01 281 2 dinos 15.4 Brong as of All - Do H. 86,18 10 14 bir by built the 200 fe 8800 201 his un 6 4/01 8398 1000 f t 446 - 400 mab 2 406 04.8 1 196 1 gray 45 to yours July 15 16 90008 91 98 "1 74"41 88 " 8000 2 01 61 19"1 14 to good 00 "91 25 /39 bush - 22 A800.8. to 1 showed hill to I have hill jihi hay

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9 ... 30 25 16000 June 14 6 10 14 13 9 18 36 To for 110 787 1000 le cost 4/8/ y sans grand, The myo 10001 0 Goo to 1000 g - 496 12 th they median When Aylt to Avosor May the try thinker magges 04 - Muchylanthe 26th to Buens 04 1844 of 200 July Thursh 17th By age and house 15th to ground your of the mather 99" 1814 grove 6 2 40 to good 16 18 y us of hel the finish 40 seed of The live of 49 "1 Fred And but such in the med - 31, hosp to years - 5 www. to years 15 15:01-80 THING your 86"# - 91-800 g 6 4 8 148 69018 - 11 Buly 14 44 outre 1st Baliman hy whee - 91 - Bost of 4.9 96 grodh gast 21.8200 to the - 42 asso po to the 11 8000 p 14/11/ 14"5 - 14 had pt # 6 - 1/20 806 18 8 4 3 6 6 4 4 6 8 4 1 8 9 work & 2 6 6 48 49 6 0.500 999 16th to good 15 - 20th bosh 1 1161 11 88 19 hy boush one supply -19. Book a 111 628mg 1 01 3/21 -64" 30 to 4 4000 29-1- 19th 19 1900 6 3 600 8 600 8 6 9811 1100 11 - 10th de poll 4.01 8.00 b 19008 88" with tist & morting 82 2800 01 (28) - 0. 6 dosop d 19 24th Butter 48,80 14 Crosp of (29) 62, Casp of 19 14 Crosp of (2) -182 Casp of -21 smily 6 crosp of (81) - 4,000 of -91 061. July 8th hay Buller 7/18" 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 19 " 6 .. 12-134 8 to Butter-95". Except produits of 4.9 your the fry 2 th Butter 9%" the clause y years as her hay beaute at May 19th 1213 8187 ij 61 hory

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